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Radio MIRROR



ROOSEVELT Believes Radio Fostered Nation's Faith

Kate SMITH Tells All in "I Speak for Myself"

Is Will ROGERS Becoming The Home-Spun Crusader?

HE8690
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It Happens

TO THE BEST LAID PLANS









GIFT OF PUBLISHER DEC 30 1926

HOT and AIRY

Mercury brings you all the your favorite artists; what what's happening to them microphones. Follow Mercury



Eddie Peabody, the lightning-like banjo player who is heard over the NBC chain, plays a dozen other string instruments as well

TIN PAN ALLEY can't resist that impulse to inject naughty insinuations into its ballads. And the Hollywood songsmiths, if anything, are even more dextrous in devising dirty ditties. Between them they are taking many liberties with the lyrics and producing numbers altogether too hot for the kilocycles. Result is, the song censors are again functioning in the air castles.

Really, the radio rajahs are being hard pressed to preserve their vaunted 99 and 47/100 percentage of purity. Heretofore their stars have been immune—or lucky—and they have been untainted by the breath of scandal. Now their records—and such records!—of bed time stories are being played in the divorce courts, and the front pages of the newspapers are ablaze with their didoes. And whisperers are circulating spicy yarns of great goings-on between sponsors and songbirds, the same presaging no good to the industry.

To further confound the microphone moguls, Actors Equity charges graft, favoritism and a surprisingly low standard of wages and working conditions with the smaller fry of radio actors. Famous band leaders are represented as refusing to play numbers unless song publishers cross their palms with silver, gold no longer being legal; directors and minor officials are reported compelling the better paid performers and musicians to "kick-back" part of their salaries; and numerous other rackets are played in the studios—according to common gossip.

All these things are causing executives of the National Broadcasting Company and Columbia sleepless nights. They don't like to think that Radio is going Hollywood but that conviction is being forced upon them. It would appear that Radio, now fourteen years old, is no longer in its infancy.

All is not joy in Alice Joy's home. She is suing her hubby for divorce in Chicago. He is Captain E. Robert Burns, an ace in the Canadian Air Corps during the World War. . . . Buddy Rogers is all upset because people persist in engaging him to Mary Pickford. "I'm engaged to no girl and never will be", says Buddy. "I'm always going to be a bachelor." Always is an awful long time. . . . Will Osborne's new radio contract becomes null if he marries. . . . At the time of the raid on New York City's Welfare Island prison with the exposure of conditions among a certain

The Hunt for TALENT

IF there is any one field or profession where the odds, judged by past record, and the conditions, considering present circumstances, are against the unknown seeking success, it is in the radio broadcasting field.

So many hopefuls with nothing but their own belief in their talents and the praises of relatives or friends in the home town to bolster their courage write to this magazine asking "How can I become a radio star?" The answer is almost "via the route to Mars." Tenors who croon in their own parlors, pretty little blondes who think they can imitate Ruth Etting all seem to believe that they only need an audition to become one of the radio famous. Thousands of them have bombarded the broadcast studios in the past year, so many thousands of them are granted what they believe is the privilege of an audition before some important executive, and then immediately forgotten by everybody but themselves, that the whole routine of present-day auditioning is a tragedy. The breach between an audition and a sponsored program is wider than the gap between a visit to a third-rate theatrical agent who wants a deposit in advance and stellar billing in an M-G-M super-special film production.

Occasionally some unheralded newcomer does get a break on a program and jumps right into popularity with an unusual appeal, but these events are so rare that they are epochal. Unless some radio celebrity is personally interested in the stranger at the microphone or some executive is determined to give the unknown every opportunity, the unheralded applicant for broadcast recognition has as much chance of getting it as you or I have of swimming the Atlantic. The prevalent prejudice against talent not yet established in any definite field of entertainment is too big a handicap for any but an applicant whose first hearing actually proves the promise of sensational and immediate success.

Out of more than 20,000 men, women, precocious children and barking dogs who were auditioned by one of the big chains last year, two eventually reached radio prominence. Now what chance has Mary Smith from Gainesville or Tom Jones from Scranton in the face of those statistics?

Even the well-known artists from the theater and the movies and the concert stage have gone through long processes of many auditions and then never had anything result from the heart-breaking negotiations.

The fault is partly that of the broadcast people who have no faith in embryonic talent and really do not give obscure applicants a fair chance. Then, too, there is the ridiculous presumption of the mediocre performers who aspire beyond their own possibilities.

It may sound harsh and hard to discourage ambition which will take some hopeful man or woman to a studio day after day, trying out his stuff before those who are only mildly attentive at best, but it's really kindness to give warning against the almost overwhelming handicaps which are existing at present.

Though I know that in spite of the failures, regardless of all the thousands and thousands of experiences that preceded failure this year will probably see the same long lines in pathetic parade to the audition rooms. For each one thinks his own case is different.

Julia Shawell



Radio MIRROR

VOL • 2 NO • 1 MAY • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

special NEXT MONTH



A voice in the wilderness has gone out on airwaves to reach crowded centers and remote places with a message so sincere it cannot be ignored. In a few years, from a station in Detroit, Father Coughlin has become "The Shepherd of the Air" and his words have been a pertinent message to all types and all creeds whether he talks on politics, economics or religion. This amazing man, who has so strongly become an outstanding figure in radio, has a thrilling story aside from his association and mission. Next month RADIO MIRROR brings you the inside story and the informal pen portrait of Father Coughlin and promises you one of the most humanly interesting stories your broadcast magazine has ever run.



Life isn't all "ducky" for the funny-mouthed Joe Penner. Read in the June RADIO MIRROR what fate and facts did to the amazing Mr. Penner to develop his propensity for national laughter in an exciting, entertaining story by Mike Porter, who has brought so many interesting air personalities to these pages.

Psychologists say there's a life story behind every voice; that happiness can be detected in one's voice. If that is so, there's a logical reason for the dulcet tones that make Julia Sanderson's broadcast a happy weekly event on a national hookup. Ada Patterson, who knew Miss Sanderson when, and has followed her varied career in many fields, will tell you the reason for Julia Sanderson's mellow voice and tinkling laughter as it reaches your receivers.



Fat or thin, jazz-minded or delving into concert arrangements, Paul Whiteman is always himself, and by that we mean a celebrity who has reached the top and always remains himself. An intimate friend and an exacting critic of his, Herb Cruikshank, one of your favorite RADIO MIRROR writers, will tell you all about Paul, his career and his personal life in next month's issue.

Kate Smith continues the interesting story of her own life and success; we have a story about Tamara you have never heard before and which we promise will be a pleasant surprise. Then there's the glamorous story behind Enric Madriguera's Park Avenue arrival. Besides, dozens of other features which we promise will make the June issue of RADIO MIRROR the outstanding number in its young and progressive existence; fashions with Ruth Etting; Homemaking features that will send you right into your kitchens; intimate photographs better than ever before; news and gossip that will take you into the studios and into the homes of your favorites; but wait until you read it and we know you will like it.



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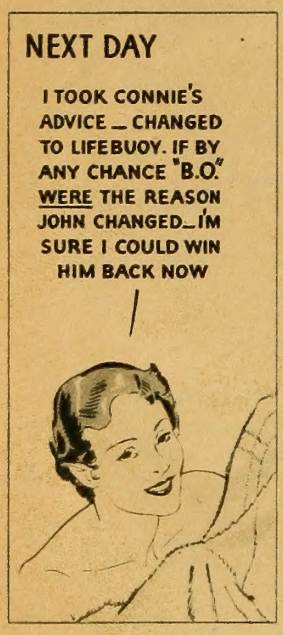
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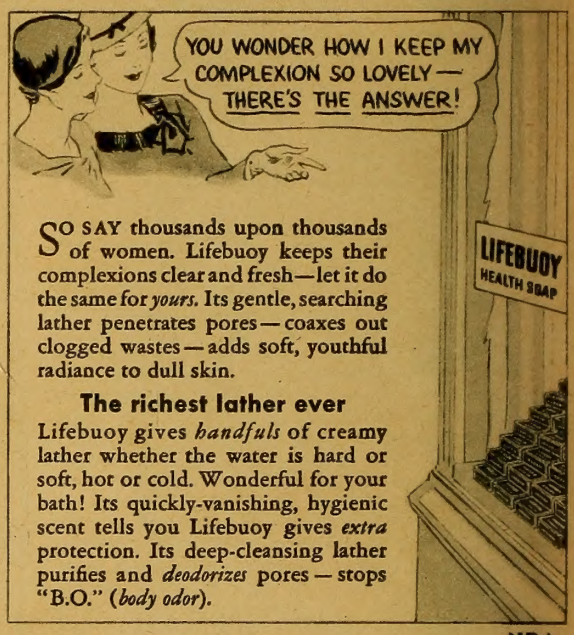
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SHE HATED WASHDAY UNTIL ...

NRA









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Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Safe for colors—easy on hands. A little gives a lot of rich, lasting suds *even in hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get Rinso today.

Rinso

latest gossip and news about they're doing on the air and when they're not facing the and know everything!



Ethel Merman goes over a west coast broadcast with Raymond Paige, maestro of programs out of Hollywood

by MERCURY

type of male convicts, Musical Director Peter Van Steeden suggested that the name be changed to Welfairy Island. . . . Lottie Briscoe, a movie queen 'way back in 1910, frequently appears in NBC dramatic sketches. . . . You may not believe it but it's the gospel truth that one of the actresses in Fred Allen's Revue is a lady named Minerva Pious. . . . Columbia announcers in a secret poll voted Edith Murray their favorite girl singer. . . . Joey Nash, vocalist with Richard Himber's orchestra, took exception to the statement of a certain tenor that he could hold a note a full minute. "Why, I've held his personal note for more than two years," he cracked. . . . Tamara, the beautiful heroine of "Roberta" and the girl who made "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" famous in that show and on the air, is a discovery of Louis Sobol, Broadway columnist for the New York *Evening Journal*. Sobol found her strumming a guitar and singing sad Russian songs in an obscure East Side cafe. His extolling of her talents brought her to Broadway and Radio Row.

* * * * *

Speaking of Tamara and "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes", did you hear about the maestro who lost his job with a cigarette sponsor because he insisted upon using that number as a theme song? It wasn't the tune that the ciggie concern objected to, of course, but the words. The origin of the melody of this song, by the way, has been traced by Harry Horlick, the A. & P. Gypsy Chief, 'way back into antiquity. Horlick found that it was similar in theme to a Russian folk song which in turn was inspired by Mendelsohn's "Spring Song". And that is supposed to have been founded on "Traumerie"—but why go back any further?

* * *

Some gag writers are as temperamental as some comedians. David Freeman, collaborator with Eddie Cantor, hires a press agent to see that his good deeds are not ignored by the public press. Result is he gets full credit for Cantor's comicalities, thereby upsetting the equilibrium of Wolfe Gilbert, a coworker in the vineyard of fun who buys advertising space in a theatrical weekly to print an affectionate

(*Continued on page 62*)



ROOSEVELT *believes* RADIO *fostered*

Behind the scenes in the White House when the country's outstanding radio figure takes the air

THE owner of the most famous voice in America has merely let nature take its course: he has neither cosseted the remarkable vocal organ with throat lozenges nor wearied it with diction exercises.

This I learned on excellent authority the other day in Washington where I had gone on assignment from RADIO MIRROR'S editor to discover firsthand what the champion broadcaster of this country thinks of broadcasting. I was not, however, neglecting my duty when I paused to pick up the bit about the famous radio voice for champion broadcaster and owner of the most talked-of voice are one and the same illustrious person—no other than the President of the United States.

Here for once is a title that nobody seems inclined to dispute. Ever since March 4, 1933, radio officials have been bragging about Franklin D. Roosevelt's wonderful air personality and fans have been writing ecstatic letters about it. Recently at one of the stations, I even heard a hard-boiled engineer compare the President's air performances to those of other First Gentlemen to the former's great advantage and end by characterizing him with slangy but earnest enthusiasm as "a sweetheart" on the ether waves.

With all the broadcasting world extolling him, it is pleasant to report that President Roosevelt thinks just as highly of radio as radio does of him.

I discovered that he definitely attributes a great deal of the success of his reconstruction program to the facilities the great chains have put into his hands that enable him to reach all the people of the country simultaneously when he has a message for them.

That is not to say that radio gets all the credit. Everybody around him knows how the President feels about the loyal cooperation he has had from the newspapers and newspaper boys who keep the people completely informed of all that goes on in their national capital.

But broadcasting performs a peculiarly important service by carrying the President's own voice with all its warmth, sincerity and charm to the homes of his auditors when they sit relaxed at the end of the day ready to listen and respond to the friendliness and optimism that come to them out of the air from the White House.

With characteristic modesty our chief executive maintains that his radio contacts are responsible for the fact that he gets each day at least ten times as many letters as any of his predecessors ever did. Sure enough, many of the letters of suggestion and comment are direct responses to the President's microphone efforts to make every citizen feel himself a partner in the new ventures.

From his first broadcast President Roosevelt has been perfectly at home on the air. He never, for instance, has known the meaning of mike fright, and looked mildly surprised when he was told that heaps of stage and screen performers, entirely self-possessed on their native heaths, yet suffer acutely from a species of buck ague when they face the disc which makes the world their stage.

Also, Mr. Roosevelt takes not the slightest credit to himself that his is what engineers and executives call the ideal radio voice. As I said in the beginning, he has no rules for broadcasting, goes through no complicated regimen of preparation. So far as he is concerned, a radio voice is just one of those things you have or haven't, like blue eyes or brown.

The people of New York State first discovered the Roosevelt radio voice four years ago when as governor, Mr. Roosevelt began to broadcast. Keeping in touch with his constituency by air became a habit with him until now he reaches probably the largest audience of any broadcaster in the world.

Never did a voice in public life create so much discussion—partly of course because, until radio, voices were not so important politically, but mostly because the voice really is extraordinary. The control room personnel beam as they listen to it, and even such a conservative group as the National Association of Teachers of Speech not long ago hailed the President as using the best American English spoken in this country. The speech teachers called his choice of words "lively, varied, excellently pronounced and enunciated."

The point is, of course, that unlike the average possessor of a Harvard accent, President Roosevelt uses simple language and speaks without making the listener conscious of his pronunciation. He is, in short, an American citizen who speaks English and it is too bad that this being so, he should be so unique.

It interested me to hear that there is another excellent radio voice in the Roosevelt family—that of James, the President's eldest son. Indeed, when James goes on the air he sounds so much like his father that even members of the family can scarcely tell the difference.

Perhaps you think when the (*Continued on page 47*)

by MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

NATION'S *Faith*



I SPEAK FOR MYSELF

by KATE SMITH



Here's Kate as the tomboy of her Washington school days before she ever sang

VARIOUS interviewers have asked me, "Do you ever fall in love, Kate?" or "Do you wish you led a quiet family life?"

Now I'm speaking for myself, and I'm going to cover questions which have never been asked, and answer some questions to which I have never had the time to fully reply.

Does anybody know that I was underweight when I was born? Yes, I was absolutely scrawny as a baby and as a young child, brown-eyed and tow-headed. Now look at me! My silhouette has completely changed and my hair has darkened to a light brown in my twenty-four years on the good earth. All of which goes to show that parents can't afford to draw hasty conclusions about the future appearance of their youngsters.

I was born twenty-four years ago in what was then a little village across the Potomac River from Washington—Greenville, Virginia. The two places are not far apart, but my mother wanted me to be born beyond the Mason and Dixon line.

My mother, Charlotte Smith, loved the green country of Virginia, but as my father was in the newspaper business in the Capital, they bought a comfortable frame house on B Street, where I grew up. In those days, Washington was not as citified as it is now. We had a large back yard with a pear tree in it, and a front lawn well worn in some spots by one o' cat games, and croquet.

In a way, I was a problem child, because I never spoke in more than monosyllables until I was four. When it was time that most babies begin to replace words and sentences for their babble, I stopped babbling and remained as silent as the Sphynx. I just *wouldn't* talk, and no amount of coaxing or suggestion did any good. My family were terribly worried about this reluctance to speak, because it seemed that I was a backward child.

Then suddenly one day—without any conspiracy on the part of the grown-ups—something happened which broke my apparent vow of silence! Mother used to play the organ at the church and I, who adored to listen to the vibrant music, always tagged along to choir rehearsal with her. This particular day, I was tremendously thrilled by the soprano voice of the woman who was rehearsing a solo for Sunday morning. In fact, I was so impressed, that I began to imitate her when I returned home. Mother heard me singing and mumbling what lyrics I could remember—and from that day on I chattered like a magpie and sang as incessantly as a canary.

As far back as I can remember, I had every kind of pet imaginable crowded in our back yard—chickens, dogs, cats, guinea pigs, rabbits, pigeons, turtles—in fact, everything but prehistoric monsters! I mothered every stray kitten and scrawny pup that appeared. Whenever my animals died, I held elaborate funeral services under the pear tree, with the neighborhood clan as mourners.

I think I spent at least half my childhood on the front steps of our Washington home. My gang all played "school" and "button, button, who's got the button" on those wooden steps. And I'd sit there to sew my doll clothes, knit my first sweater, and read about the Bobsy Twins' adventures.

Another favorite haunt of mine was that staunch old pear tree in the back yard. The boys in my clan helped me build a plank platform in a crotch of the tree, and I used to climb up there on a stepladder, dragging up a small wicker chair. It was my way of "getting away from it all", and I used to sit up there to meditate if I had had a scolding from Mother, or a quarrel with one of my chums. However, I couldn't drag Billy, my grand old bulldog, up there with me, and he would destroy the peacefulness of my meditation by barking at me from below, and anxiously

Her time is spent making other people happy, but what does life do for Kate Smith? Here for the first time she tells all —her past and her future plans



Kate Smith as she is today, the Songbird of the South, the happy harbinger of many pleasant hours to millions of her unknown audiences all over the world.

pawing the tree-trunk. One day, I fell off the platform, but no bones were broken—although my mother, who heard my yells, told me that ten years were scared off her life! However, I was quite a tomboy, and she soon got used to having me come home scratched and bumped.

Christmas was the most important day in the year to me as a kid. I utterly believed in Santa Claus until I was nine. Every year I wrote a letter to him, describing exactly what I wanted him to tote down the chimney for me. I put it on the top of the stove, and believed that the message would go up in smoke and reach him like radio in the magic place where he lived. I hardly slept a wink the night before Christmas! I stayed awake listening for jingling bells up above the roof, and my imagination was so strong that I often thought I heard them.

My mother and father never disillusioned me—but one of the older boys in the neighborhood finally broke the terrible news to me that there was no such person as Santa Claus. I went to Grandfather to make sure this was true, and he confessed that he trimmed the tree!

Mother and father let me have full rein as a kid. They weren't the kind of parents to restrain me. They didn't often administer spankings—and their method was to make me feel ashamed if I had misbehaved—(an unworthy member of the Smith household!)

The most infallible way of encouraging good behavior was to flatter me. If anybody said, "Katherine's such a good little girl. She always is a darling"—then I'd sit up and smile just like a cherub. I *did* hate to be imperiously ordered around by any grown-up relatives; and I'd obey rather ungraciously.

I think the worst thing I ever did as a kid was to go around the house with a pair of scissors and one of my father's straight razors, scraping off strips of wallpaper, snipping off tassels, pieces of bureau scarves, and the fringe of rugs. The grand finale was cutting most of my own hair off! Whew! I can still see mother's face as she walked into the room and took a good astonished look at the debris! (That day Katherine Elizabeth Smith DID get spanked!)

I was a disconcerting combination of a tomboy and a regular little girl. I adored my dolls, and was always making them new dresses out of scraps from mother's sewing basket. But I liked nothing better than a good noisy game of cops 'n robbers with the gang (*Continued on page 56*)

Is the AMERICAN becoming a HOME-SPUN

WELL, folks, all I know about Will Rogers is what I read in the papers—or hear on the radio.

The hearin' part generally comes in the evenin', and the readin' next mornin'. Like a while back I heard Will say that this here little doggie we've been singin' about is really a coyote instead of a cow. Next mornin' came an awful howl in the newspapers from the Amalgamated Crooning Cowboys' Association, or some sich. The boys were all het up over it. And more 'specially over this renegade's crack that a cowhand cain't sing nohow.

Then another time I tuned in on Will he referred to "nigger" spirituals instead of Negro spirituals, like we all do when we get South of Harlem, or North of it. And although Will was all full of compliments about Ethiopean harmonics, the papers were crammed with the rantings of claques and cliques that infest these prairies and spend money to register indignation, wrath and venom via Western Union.

I've noticed that if Will says something nice about the Democrats, the Republicans get a mad on right quick. Then, next time, like as not, it's the Democrats got their dander up and go around whisperin' that Will is just a Hoover in homespun. But there's a whole passel o' folks, fifty-sixty million or so, who don't give a hoot-owl's howl about crooners, cowboys, Democrats, Republicans, cliques or claques. And it's these fellers who chuckle when Rogers chuckles, and snort when he snorts.

Will Rogers packs a political wallop in his own peculiar style



Here's Will Rogers all dressed up in the kind of clothes he wears when he's just a private citizen

Yes, sir and ma'am, Will's got a follow'in', and while he ain't never been elected much 'ceptin' Mayor of Beverly Hills, he's generally right in the runnin' with a couple of votes for everything from President down—or up, according to who's nominated. He doesn't precisely hold a mandate from the people, but then, who does? Will has called himself by various titles at various times. Once he was "Unofficial Ambassador". Just figured that was what the country and the publishers needed, so appointed himself to the job. And did all right for all parties interested, especially Will, Mrs. Rogers and the three kids.

Another time Will was the "Homespun Philosopher", a sort of feller such as hangs around the cracker-barrel and is pointed out to the city slickers as a "character". A Vice-President of the United States, with a phiz like a cactus plant, conferred a boon on Will by callin' him "Ol' Hoss Face", which was right up Rogers alley, and perfectly in keeping with the portrayal which puts him right along in the class with Joe Jefferson, James A. Hearne and other fine, old thespians who devoted their lives and talents to putting on a show for the Great American Public.

Things are seldom what they seem. And Will Rogers is one of 'em. His, in the last analysis, is not the "common touch". His is not the voice of the peepul. His comments, for one thing, are far too shrewd and penetrating. They are the remarks of a politician; of one who can discuss political trends with understanding, clarity and accuracy; of one familiar with the in-

HICK CRUSADER?



And this is the lariat-swinging philosopher in the garb best known to his public.

terlocking directorate of politics, big-business and international alliances that form the actual government of the country. But for all the world like the zany who pushed his wheel-barrow upside down because if he turned it right side up they'd put bricks in it, Will snaps over his sharp observations with the blandness of the bumpkin.

Rogers manages to arouse the ire of the few, but he might easily antagonize the many by merely being as pompous in person as are his philosophies once reduced to essentials and put into language smacking less of alfalfa. In his present character the public may patronize him a little as a paid entertainer. He fixes it so the masses may feel a little superior, even when he drops in on princes and potentates, presumably with hayseed in his hair and a wad of gum in his jaw. But if Will sounded off with chest-thumping oratory, the newspaper and radio intelligentsia would get them a new boy.

Although Mr. Rogers as producer of his one man show has cast himself in the role of clodhopper, or Son of the Soil, as you prefer, the record shows differently. If Will wasn't born quite literally with a silver spoon in his mouth, he was born with money in the bank. And they had gold in banks in those days, too. For although he made his debut in a one street, if scarcely a one-horse town, Pa Rogers was—guess what?—the President of the bank!

Nor was Will any doggie turned loose in the prairie to just grow-up. For the time and place he got a better start than most—school at Neosho, Missouri, and later the Kemper Military Academy at Booneville. Not Harvard and West Point, perhaps, but pretty good for the Indian Territory forty years ago. And while you might imagine that the Rogers peregrinations from the home fences was a matter of the Saturday night ride to town, he is one of the most widely travelled men in modern life. He has a record now as probably the world's champion aerial passenger. He's flown further than a drummer rides on smokers. And he began that wandering way back yonder when Oklahoma was given over to Osage, Crow, Chicasha and Caw blanket braves as the last spot on the Continent to be of any value to the noble White Man. That was before they found oil. But that's another story.

I don't know just where Will's much-vaunted Claremore comes into the story, for according to the vital statistics, a dot called Oolahgah was his birthplace. Maybe they changed the name. But they hadn't on November 4, 1879, and that was the day when the Bank President bought cigars to celebrate the advent of a son christened William.

Will filled in some time as a ranch hand. That was a cattle country then, and the babies used to rope their bottles, play with lariats and ride Daddy's knee with bell-spurs. Naturally, Will learned to ride and rope and use a branding iron. It was as well understood that he should be a cow-man as it is for a Yale alumnus to sell bonds. At that, though, Mrs. Rogers wanted her boy to be a Methodist preacher. If he had, he'd have out-Billied Sunday.

But at an early age Will wanted to get away from it all. The confining atmosphere of Oolahgah stifled him, so he and a youthful pal headed for the Argentine, and as the "Caricola" was unknown then, the boys must be credited with a typical American kid desire to play Indian, or as Indians smelled most unromantic, to play gaucho. So for a while they roamed the Pampas.

Stranded in Buenos Aires, the young adventurer manicured mules on a transport (*Continued on page 49*)

by HERB CRUIKSHANK



When Lopez directs, the result is smooth music perfectly played.

WHEN

"Lopez speaking" was the first salutation from an orchestra leader ever heard on the airwaves and the good-looking baton wielder and his band are still going strong

by DOROTHY HERZOG

VINCENT LOPEZ' parents wanted him to be a missionary. Lopez fancied the idea himself, but with a difference. His parents dreamed of him spreading the gospel in China. Lopez dreamed of spreading the musical gospel in America. Lopez dreamed true, but the realities of his dream were not always clear sailing.

"No career," philosophizes Lopez, "is without its bad breaks and its storms."

Particularly so with a man of Lopez' temperament. Born in Brooklyn, New York on December 30th, 1897 of Spanish and Portugese parents, Vincent Lopez inherited the dark, suave charm of his Latin traditions. He is emotional but appears to be unemotional. He is shy, yet appears to be aloof. He is friendly, yet seems to be high hat at times. This is easily explained. Lopez is near-sighted, but he wears glasses only when he reads. In a large room, people are only blurred images to him.

His hair is black and combed to a lacquered shine. His face is round and full. He has liquid brown eyes and long heavy lashes that droop sleepily. Beneath them, however, his eyes are not sleepy. When he is playing the piano or directing his band, his eyes frequently seem to be closed. They aren't. He has merely permitted his lashes to droop lower than usual. He is always immaculate. Though clothes may not make the man, Lopez believes they play a significant part.

Women are fascinated by him—that is, many women are. But five feet six inches tall and rather stockily built, his appearance is heightened by his charm of manner. Lopez has a way with a woman. He might be in a crowded, festive cafe, but if he is with a woman she alone appears to exist for him. He is punctilious and solicitous about little things. A woman is usually enraptured by this trait in a man. Lopez knows hundreds of women, yet he never discusses his feminine friends.

"Some matters," Lopez explains with quiet finality, "are sacred."

He has been teased about his reticence in such affairs, but he merely smiles and keeps his own counsel. Indirectly, I have heard of a few women who at one time were so enamoured of Lopez that they threatened to commit suicide if each were not called the One Woman. Thus far, such threats have never been seriously executed, though one girl did take a plunge in the name of Lopez and unrequited love in New York's Central Park Lake several years ago. She suffered a cold as a result. Lopez has yet to choose the One Woman.

Lopez is a diplomat in affairs of the heart. He has no intention of appearing to favor one type woman over an other. On the other hand, he doesn't object to confessing to being a sentimentalist. He saves old programs and he has trinkets that were either given him or that he purchased in every city he has ever visited. Among his prized souvenirs is an ivory baton given him by the Duke of Marlborough when he, Lopez, opened in a musical show in London back in 1925.

Nor does Lopez mind risking any humorous jibes when he admits that he used to carry a book around with him

Lopez PLAYS

called, "Fear Nothing and Nothing Will Fear You."

"It's an excellent psychological book," Lopez contends. "Have you ever read it?"

I hadn't.

"It's worth reading," he advises.

"Did it help you to gain self confidence?" I asked.

He smiled. "Yes. It also helped to introduce myself to myself."

Lopez is a student of himself. He has taken the adage, "Know thyself," seriously, but he talks of himself only in rather general terms. He doesn't mind telling you that he has been deeply interested in Theosophy for years. Theosophy is an occult study. Religion—faith—belief in a Divine Power—is its motivation. To be a student of Theosophy one must be serious. Lopez is serious. He is reticent, however, of discussing subjects seriously. People grow weary of thought and opinion. Lopez permits himself expression only on matters he considers of interest to others.

He believes numerology — the science of numbers—is interesting to others. It is to him.

"I use numerology in my work," Lopez says. "I never engage a musician without first analyzing him by this science. Since I began this practise, I have always had perfect harmony in my orchestra."

Harmony is essential to Lopez. Discord irritates him, even frightens him, for from it frequently comes nothing but frustration, and Lopez, to create rhythm, to enjoy his work, to know others are enjoying it, must have all who are working with him in harmonious unison with him.

A musician in his band confided to me that "Lopez is fine as a man and as a musician." He also confided an amusing idiosyncrasy of the man. "Lopez," he said, "has one curious trick. He holds his baton in his right hand, but he really directs with his left hand! It's his left hand that we in the orchestra watch."

I asked Lopez how he fell into this trick.

"I don't know," he seemed puzzled himself. "I suppose I just wanted my left hand to be active while my right was holding the baton! That's how it was."

"Are you ever sorry," I queried, "that you didn't follow your parents' wishes and become a missionary?"

He smiled. Lopez does smile, but he rarely laughs. "No, I'm not sorry. I think I would have been too self-conscious to have been a good missionary. Besides, music was the profession that attracted me." (*Continued on page 59*)

When Lopez touches those ivory keys, nobody wants brass.



The Girl behind the PERFE

DOUBTLESS, most radio listeners are familiar with the system of field workers for organized surveys—the ladies and gents who canvass the public and ask them what they like best on the air. And if perchance, one of these earnest solicitors should ask you who owned the most beautiful, the most soulful voice in the radio realm, you'd begin to think of Rosa Ponselle, Lily Pons, Jessica Dragonette, Virginia Rea, etc., etc.

But the right answer would be—Elsie Hitz.

This isn't just my opinion. It's the expert decision of vocal and dramatic authorities, and to confirm it, we have the fact before us that Elsie Hitz is in unique demand whenever and wherever there bobs up a dramatic sketch in which they need a character with whom hero, villain and the public will instantly fall in love.

Elsie Hitz has been the voice of a hundred heroines in some of radio's big dramatic shows

By some hocus pocus of the imagination, the voice of Elsie Hitz, whether she was playing in "Dangerous Paradise," "The Octopus of Paris," the Eno Crime sketches, or the memorable "Arabesque", literally tens of thousands of listeners, for no reason at all, have associated her murmurings, her intonation, and her inflection with those of a screen actress, whom she quite unconsciously personifies —Norma Shearer.

I happened to mention to Miss Hitz once that her voice reminded me always of La Shearer. I was blissfully ignorant that so many others had the same impression, and Miss Hitz nearly floored me by indicating piles of fan mail which insisted that she presented the same visualization to the writers.

Elsie, largely because of her vocal spirituality and command of dramatic modulation is, paradoxically, a very highly compensated, and yet, most thoroughly abused girl. I doubt if even Pearl White of the old Movie thriller days could approach Elsie in the matter of violent adventure. She has been thrown over cliffs, tied and gagged aboard yachts, imprisoned in burning buildings, sent to jail, captured by sheiks and aboriginal headhunters, thrown into Turkish harems, and cornered in several old and mouldy castles by no less a fiend than the Octopus of Paris, than whom there never was a more maniacal fellow. Naturally, all of these gentle and romantic criminals have abused Elsie because she has a nice voice. That is what got them. The voice, logically, presupposed, so far as the listener deprived of vision is concerned, implied beauty and youth, and sometimes, just the proper amount of sophistication to be tantalizing.

And, as a matter of fact, in this case, unlike the instances where you might possibly have been fooled by the cooing of a telephone girl, the voice was not, and is not deceptive, for Elsie is a good-looking person, chic and alert, slim and smooth-mannered, just as you would have supposed.

If, by any chance one of those survey workers should up and ask me to name the veteran of all female dramatic stars of the air, I would select Elsie. She's been romancing on the kilocycles for well over seven years. She has been proposed to (in the script) exactly 1468 times, but has married the heroes only six times. I think she is due for her seventh radio nuptials pretty soon, or whenever the sponsors decide to climax the current series, on the NBC waves, of "Dangerous Paradise." If she does become a bride again, it will be as the wife of Nick Dawson, who once before wooed, won and wed her, but on a different network. That was in the glamorous days of early 1933, when the Magic Voice was holding forth.

It was during this series, which began as a telephone romance, that Elsie figured in a radio expedient that made history. It was a real case where the show just had to go on, whether the heroine was on her feet or not. The Magic Voice was the serialized romance of a naïve couple who fell in love with each others' voices over the phone, and delayed meeting each other for months just for the sake of blissful suspense. Try as they would to clown with each other, the lovers' hearts told them the truth, and so the usual complications developed. Toward the hectic climax, the script called for the sudden illness of the heroine, who must elude her lover by going to an isolated ward in a hospital.

At this point, a droll fate took up the drama. Elsie actually fell sick, and was really taken to a hospital, and by the same token, she was isolated, and the only way to keep the show on was to set up a mike at her bedside, and stage the drama there, with all the cast heavily saturated with disinfectants, for Elsie had some such foolish malady as the measles, or maybe it was the mumps.

She snapped out of this eventually, but capricious old fate pursued her. It was in the form of a jinx. She hadn't been at her home in Jackson Heights, Long Island two weeks before a little niece was "taken" with scarlet fever. She was Elsie's favorite niece, and so Elsie nursed her—and was "took down" herself.

This trip, there was no fooling around. The doctor said no dramatic cast could break into the sick room for a broadcast. Not unless all were prepared to live out a two-week quarantine.

But maybe you've heard about that legend which radio has borrowed from the stage.

The show must go on.

And it did. WABC sent an engineer to Jackson Heights. He called in another engineer, and on the evening of the broadcast, Elsie was propped up in bed, with a mike in front of her. There was a panel at the foot of the bed with little lights in it. The engineers told Elsie that when she saw the red light glow, it was (*Continued on page 50*)

CT VOICE



●This is Elsie Hitz whose lovely speaking voice has no doubt often thrilled you

by MIKE PORTER

There's Only One for Me . . . By Bing

Last month Bing Crosby told of first romances; and now he love and what his marriage to

OF all the sayings, rules, axioms, and adages handed down from parent to child, I never forgot this one of my father's.

"Never try to move Heaven and earth for anything, Bing, or when you get it you will be sorry. The things that come naturally are the best, if you make the best of them."

That always seemed pretty reasonable. As a kid, it always worked out that when I turned everything and everybody up-side-down to get my own way, there was a fly in the ointment somewhere in my triumph. By nature, I am inclined to take things easy, so I didn't move Heaven and earth very often.

But there is, as they say, an exception to every rule. And the exception to my father's adage was Dixie Lee. She is the only person I have ever moved Heaven and earth for—and am I glad I took the trouble? Ask me!

The greatest influence and force in my life surrounded me the night that Johnny Hamp's orchestra opened at the





This is the beautiful Hollywood home that radio built and the little mike that does the trick; upper right,

Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood, February, 1929. I entered the Ambassador Hotel with the swaggery demeanor of a stag out for a good time—as usual! I left those same portals smitten by a winsome blonde and wondering, in an agony of uncertainty, whether that same blonde considered me a worthy specimen. It was the first time in my life I had ever worried about a woman's judgment of me!

The winsome blonde was Dixie Lee.

Though I had seen, and admired, many photographs of the lady—then a rising Hollywood starlet—I hadn't guessed her power to throw an everlasting spell over me. But I had suspected she would be attractive, so when I heard that a friend of mine, Richard Keene, would be her escort to Johnny Hamp's opening at the Cocoanut Grove, I begged him, previous to the occasion, to introduce me.

Marriage Crosby

his boyhood flirtations, his reveals the details of his Dixie Lee has done for him





for the Bing Crosbys—left, the boy with the irresistible voice
Dixie Crosby's newest portrait in a pose that radiates happiness

When Richard assented, he didn't realize he was starting a romantic feud. For Dixie and I turned out to be sweethearts, with many obstacles thrown in our path to happiness.

Cocoanut Grove—where the film stars throng to dance, to see and be seen in their masquerade of glory, was throbbing with romantic music the night we met. There were soft lights, the tinkle of glasses, and laughter. The people therein all had a tinsel-like quality, with their synthetic beauty and their synthetic conversation. It was hard to imagine that anything real could have happened to anyone there.

I ambled into that familiar room, crowded with bland Hollywood faces, and looked around for Richard and Dixie. I located them at a table near the dance floor, and even before Richard presented me, I noticed her twinkling hazel eyes, her turned up nose, and halo of blonde hair.

Of course, in such an atmosphere of hustle-and-bustle with interruptions of dancing, greetings from friends, etc., I couldn't "get to know her", as the saying goes. We said trivial things—so trivial, in fact, that I can't even remember them. However, it was obvious that the little Lee girl had an A-1 sense of humor, and was as pert and arresting as they come.

She gave no evidence that she was particularly dazzled by me. I heard later that someone had tipped her off that I was kind of stuck on myself, and, being a contrary Mary, she didn't want to encourage me. However, I managed to snag her telephone number before I went home exulting—and feeling faintly apologetic that I had horned in on Richard!

I called day after day until Dixie broke down and gave me a date. By that time, I had learned why it was practically suicide for her to be seen around with me. We met at the house of a mutual friend, Sue Carol, and discussed our difficulties.

Dixie had a Fox contract which was about to expire, but which would be renewed if she were a good girl, heeded advice and worked hard. The studio had great plans for building her into stardom, but they feared that her reputation as a sweet, simple and girlish ingenue would be wrecked if she were seen around Hollywood with one of its better bon vivants as an escort! Dixie's parents objected for the same reason, so she was roundly forbidden to have anything to do with me.

That upturned nose of hers is a sign of independence, and Dixie did not intend to be shoved into a career above the dictates of her own heart. Besides, she was beginning to be disgusted by methods employed by the Hollywood moguls, and I was as good a reason as any to rebel against them.

Of course, I had some slight *(Continued on page 55)*

YOU ASK HER Another

Mrs. Goldberg, the mike mother of radio's best-known family, really lives her air character and would go crazy if she had a vacation



Q. What is your real name?

A. Gertrude Berg.

Q. How old are you, or is it a secret?

A. 34—errr—make it 33.

Q. Where were you born?

A. I was born in New York City.

Q. What did you do before you went into radio?

A. I wrote most of the time.

Q. Which is your favorite character in your air family?

A. David.

Q. What was the most satisfactory incident in your broadcasts?

A. The great response to our sponsor's question as to whether or not the radio audience wanted the Goldbergs to continue on the air. The fact that so many wanted us to remain on the air was most gratifying to me.

Q. How long do you think you'll be Mrs. Goldberg on the air?

A. I hope until I'm a grandmother.

Q. Do most people confuse your air characterization with your own personality?

A. No.

Q. What is the most exciting fan letter you ever received?

A. One which impressed me the most was from a young man who said he listened religiously to "The Goldbergs" because it was as though his dead mother had come back to visit him every night.

Q. Does most of your audience take the situations of the Goldbergs seriously?

A. They sure do, as I can tell by our mail.

A. How did you come to be Mrs. Goldberg?

A. I had been writing of Molly Goldberg's trials and tribulations long before I ever thought of radio.

Q. Have you ambitions for any other type of radio entertainment?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you (*Continued on page 61*)

★ Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars ★



HARRIET HILLIARD

The girl who sings with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra not only has one of the most intriguing blue voices, but has one of the most ravishing figures among the radio stars as this portrait in negligée reveals



Ray Heatherton



This twenty-four-year-old singer, despite his youth, is one of the veteran broadcasters, having made his début as soloist with the Paulist Choir. He also played all of the principal vaudeville circuits, and is now heard regularly over the NBC chain





Nancy Kelly

Little Nancy, who is just twelve years old, is considered one of the most important of the juvenile broadcasters, and is heard regularly in dramatic presentations of the Wizard of Oz programs

There's only one Gershwin, as the whole country knows, and George and his music are a most welcome feature of the Feenamint program heard on the NBC airwaves

GEORGE GERSHWIN





DICK POWELL

Out of Hollywood—Dick Powell, well-known cinema star, who is the delight of female fans, lends his voice in the interests of Old Gold Cigarettes over the Columbia chain



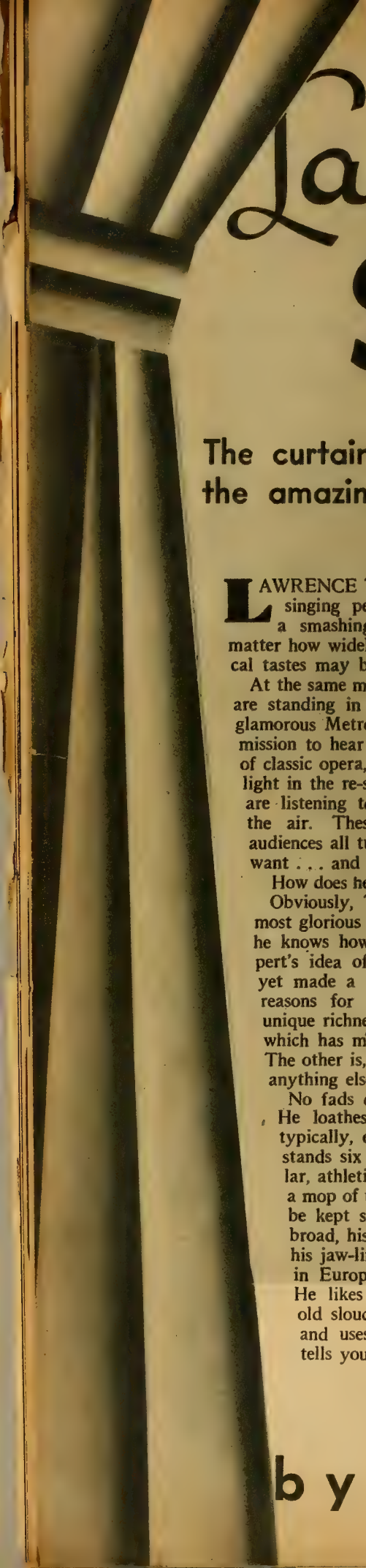
Connie Boswell

Connie's been at it for a long time, soloing and with her sisters. Now this Southern Miss broadcasts on the Camel Caravan programs



Priscilla Lane

Priscilla is one of the two beautiful Lane sisters who warble ditties weekly with Fred Waring's orchestra during the Ford programs



Lawrence Tibbett's SECRET

The curtains are drawn and we present Lawrence Tibbett, the amazing man behind the most glorious baritone voice

LAWRENCE TIBBETT is perhaps the only singing personality who has registered a smashing click with Everybody, no matter how widely different Everybody's musical tastes may be.

At the same moment that hundreds of people are standing in line at the box-office of the glamorous Metropolitan Opera House, for admission to hear him in his "high brow" rôles of classic opera, thousands are still taking delight in the re-show of his films, and millions are listening to his ballads and songs over the air. These vastly different types of audiences all turn to him for something they want . . . and get it

How does he do it They all want to know.

Obviously, Tibbett possesses perhaps the most glorious baritone voice of the age, and he knows how to use it. But a music expert's idea of "good singing" alone never yet made a popular idol. There are two reasons for Tibbett's appeal. One is a unique richness in the experience of living, which has made him a real human being. The other is, that he has never tried to be anything else! He's just himself.

No fads or mannerisms can hold him. He loathes "temperament". Tibbett is typically, enthusiastically American. He stands six feet two. He is lithe, muscular, athletic. He has keen blue eyes, and a mop of unruly brown hair, that has to be kept slicked down. His forehead is broad, his nose short, adventurous; and his jaw-line square! He has never sung in Europe. Clothes don't bother him. He likes "ranch duds". He likes an old slouch hat and a vintage sweater, and uses a razor ten years old. He tells you he is "just an average, middle-class American." At least that's what he tells you.

He comes of pioneer stock. His grandfather trekked West in a covered wagon. His father, the sheriff of Kern County, California (where Lawrence was born), was shot to death rounding up a gang of bandits. Lawrence spent his childhood on a ranch in the Tejón Mountains, where the cowboys took a liking to the long-legged, inquisitive kid, and took him with them when they rode the range. Before he was ten, he could straddle a cayuse, rope, brand, shoot coyotes, and cook over a camp-fire. Later, he went to school in an adobe hut in the woods. Until he was ready for High School, the dream of his life was to be a grand, big, broad-shouldered policeman.

The family moved to Los Angeles, the boy was taken for the first time to a theater, and then and there he was done for. Tibbett developed one of the worst cases of stage-struck-itis on record. He joined the Manual Arts High School Dramatic Club . . . under the direction of Maud Howell, who was later to be stage manager for George Arliss . . . he sat in the peanut-gallery of the local theatres, and recited everything he could lay his hands on. Ye-e-es, he could sing too, but shucks! music was sort of sissified for a man! He wanted to act.

His family wanted to send him to college. But the first summer he was out of High School, he joined Tyrone Power's touring Shakespearean stock company and learned literature that way. He lost his job, for whistling in his dressing room. One of the pet superstitions of the stage is that whistling in dressing-rooms jinxes the show. He spent agonized months looking for another opening. Nobody wanted him. At last he found a tiny place in a light opera troupe. Then the U. S. A. joined the war.

Though he was only nineteen, Tibbett volunteered immediately for service in the navy. He was sent aboard the S. S. Iris, as instructor in seamanship. All he knew about seamanship was how to tie knots. In his free time, he used to sit cross-legged on the deck and sing cowboy songs. Nearly every day the captain would call down the hatch:

"Hey, shut up that blasted roaring! Is that Tibbett again? Well, lay off the noise!"

by ROSE HEYLBUT



Tibbett looks at home in the jaunty uniform of a Devil Dog —but oh, how he thrills when he sings those Marine songs!

When he returned from service, and jobs were scarcer than ever, and the rent money lagged behind Tibbett turned to this singing of his as a career. Just because there was nothing else to do. He sang in "movie" houses, between the reels of the feature. Sometimes he earned as much as fifteen dollars a week!

And then he was bitten with the idea of going to New York. Because he had not a red cent in the world to pay his way, he borrowed on his life insurance. He believed he ought to have a chance, and he gambled with the future to get one. In New York, he was wise enough to seek out Frank La Forge, perhaps the best known vocal coach in the country. La Forge looked him over and heard him sing.

Just what sort of work do you want to do?" he asked.

"Oh," said Tibbett modestly, "anything. Maybe I could get in a musical show?"

"How would you like the opera?" Tibbet just sat and stared at him For over a (*Continued on page 46*)

IT PAYS FRED ALLEN TO BE FUNNY

by R. H. ROWAN



Fred Allen broadcasting with his wife, Portland Hoffa and Irwin Delmore



It's raining jokes at the microphone with Fred Allen providing the funny lines

IF you could happen along one of the streets of New York right now and should encounter a tall, serious-faced fellow, with bland blue eyes, a set mouth and a serious demeanor you might at first think him a country product in from the sticks to find out for himself if the blades of grass do sprout up along Madison avenue in the springtime to give you that certain April nostalgia.

That is, at first you might think him a homemade product from the rural spaces. But then if you got a good look at him, caught that crinkly twitch of flesh below his eyes, a sudden upward twist of lips as though he were having a laugh all by himself, you'd know you were facing a philosophical man. And if you'd happen to see a photograph of Fred Allen you'd realize after a hesitation that you were gazing at the famous comedian who came to the airwaves last year to repeat the sensational success he had on the stage.

Fred Allen, the trouper and Fred Allen, the private citizen are the same. There is so little of the actor and so seldom the attitude of posing about this fun-maker that it is difficult to differentiate between his leisure hours and his microphone moments.

The first thing that strikes you about him is his understanding kindliness. Or perhaps that should come second for he is fundamentally the humorist who brings out the fun in an amusing situation rather than the brief laugh in a smart gag. He has unjustly been accused of being a sophisticated type of comedian and, rightfully, he resents that. The fact that he doesn't descend to lowbrow cracks, to obvious jokes; that he is an astute student of human nature, born to brighten life for people of more sombre mien and that there is a keen philosophy in all his funny business has caused an erroneous impression to get round about his work.

THE popular air comedian was born with a gift for laughter and the necessity for making it buy him coffee and cakes. This is the real Allen behind all the comedy



Ready to say "Good-night," and Fred Allen hopes the millions liked this program. Did you?



A typical moment when Allen gets into his stride and the listeners get hilarious

He gets his material from an analytical appreciation of the ordinary happenings but admits quite frankly he is an ardent reader of his own extensive—and expensive—library of old joke books.

Recent polls, localized and national, have proven the popularity of the Fred Allen broadcasts. The air comedian and his material are familiar to millions. He writes all his own stuff and every week turns out a skit that might be the bright spot in any Broadway hit. A famous producer, listening in to one of Fred's programs recently said, "It's a tragedy that this sparkling dialogue should go on the air for fifteen minutes and then go right into the ash-can when it might be repeated for months in a theatrical show."

In spite of his repetitious weekly successes, Allen approaches each new script with fear and doubt. Even after his broadcast he is uncertain of its reception and will humbly turn to a bystander with the anxious remark, "Do you think it was any good?" That isn't an act, either. He means it. Sometimes he's amazed when a chance comment of his, a typical Allen retort, will bring loud laughter in an informal conversation.

Not that it is such an effort for Allen to be funny. Humor flows with his most casual speeches, spontaneous and sparkling—not in a glib conceited fashion, but as a natural, unpremeditated utterance of the unique turn his thoughts are always taking. That doesn't mean his broadcasts are extemporaneous because, most of the time, he is so unaware of how funny he is that he works as hard over his material as the comedian whose humor is his job and not his own personality. He will struggle along for a week over a program and then tear it up because he thinks it's dull—start over again and in a few hours turn out a script he thinks will be all right.

Allen was born to work and started in at it the earliest age when he could earn his livelihood. But he never knew until audiences started laughing at his lines how interesting and pleasant a job could be—and how lucrative as well.

He's a product of New England (*Continued on page 54*)

WHEN Mark



Life isn't all baton-wielding for Mark Warnow, the Columbia ork pilot who enjoys an hour of quiet reading in his own living room

★

★

★



When Mark gets hungry and there's nobody around he knows what to do about it—just goes out into the kitchen and gets busy

Warnow GOES HOME

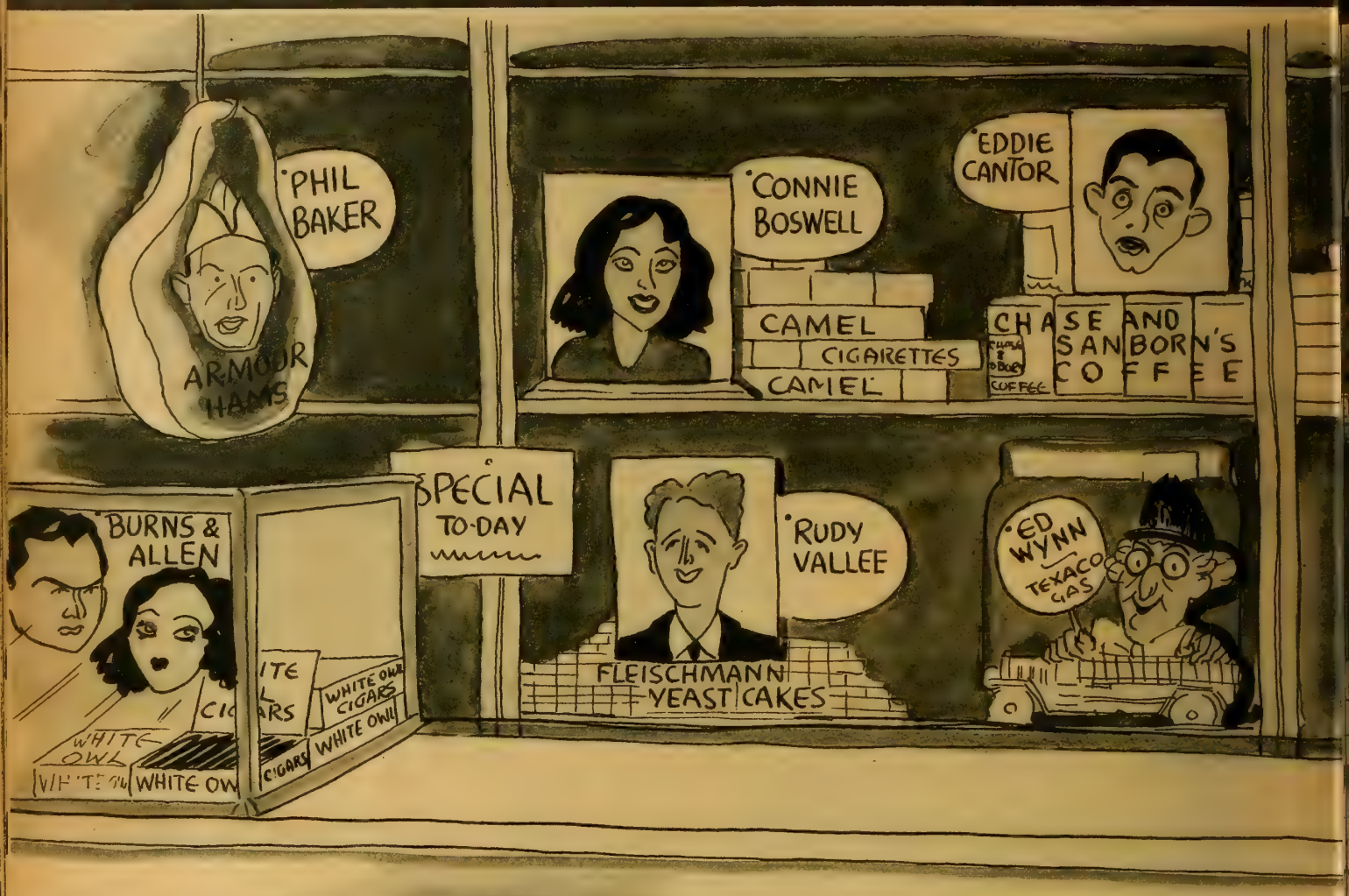


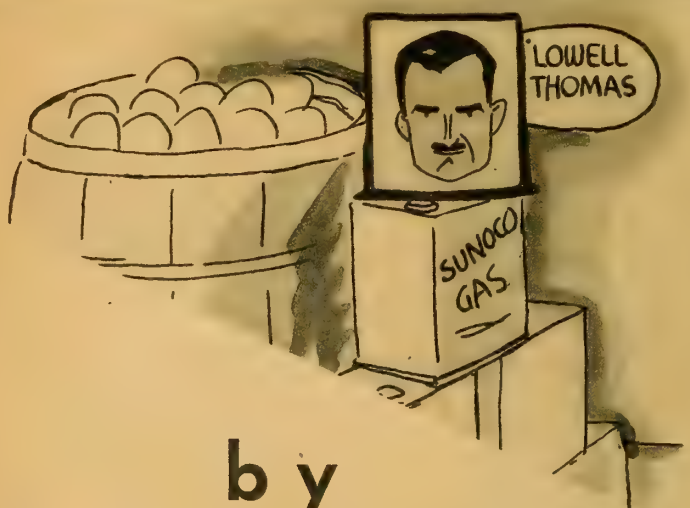
Here's Mr. Warnow the fond father with two of his youngsters, Morton and Elaine, whom he is helping out in a little checker argument



Arranging a brand new number for his band, Warnow dons a comfortable dressing gown and tries the piece over on his own piano

FROM FURS to





by

NELLIE

REVELL

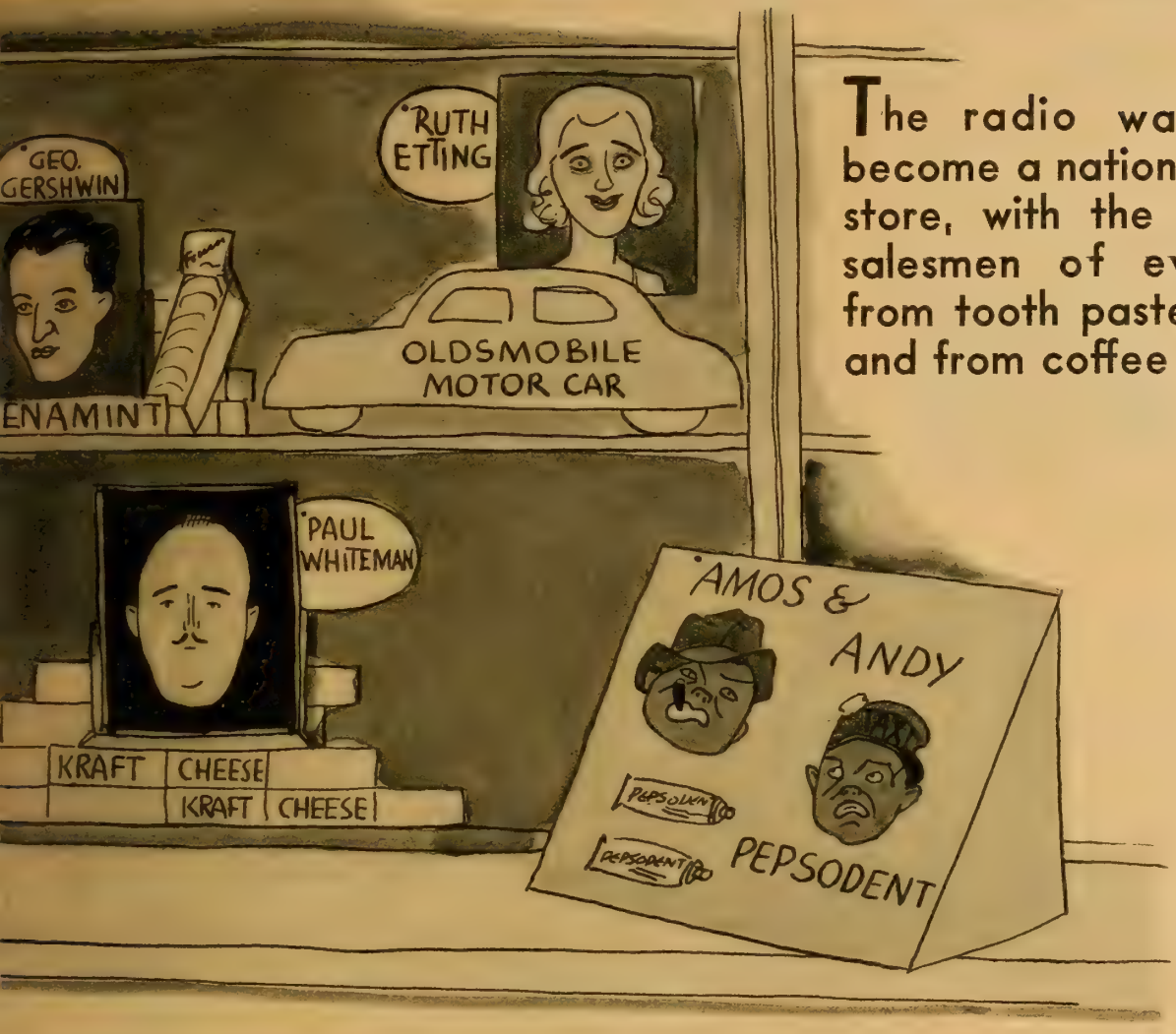
ON the air they sell everything from furs to fertilizer. A country store can't do any more.

And the similarity doesn't end there, either. Not by a jugful. Consider the loudspeaker as the merchant's shop window, the entertainers as the salesmen and the announcers as the bundle boys (and, for heaven's sake, Mr. Typesetter, don't make a "g" of that "d" in bundle, no matter what your personal convictions) and you begin to get the idea. The broadcasting stations themselves enter into this scheme of things as the middlemen, serving as the connecting link between the producer and the consumer.

Radio went into the general store business back in 1922. It began, of course, in a small way, the only article sold then being butter. At the time it was said that radio was embarking upon an undertaking for butter—or worse. And it turned out just that, if you are one of those who object to the advertising ballyhoo on the air. But though butter was the first commodity to sponsor an air program, it is probably the only product not now on the ether waves.

Starting with butter in 1922, radio gradually extended its stock until today it services its customers every article to be found in a country store—and then some. A critic recently complained that the only thing not advertised on the air was a burial plot. But that is because he hasn't listened in enough. There's a mid-western station which has been selling cemetery lots for some time.

FERTILIZER



The radio waves have become a national country store, with the artists as salesmen of everything from tooth paste to teeth and from coffee to motors

(And why shouldn't burial plots be sold on the air? Everything else is, from spirits to spiritual consolation. Undertakers, masquerading as morticians, have no hesitancy in exploiting coffins. So, if a cemetery has bigger, better and deeper graves to sell, it seems appropriate to this advertising age that it should say so—on the radio. It shouldn't be hard to put listeners in a receptive mood; just render "The Last Roundup" as a requiem and the customers will be dying to buy a lot in Greenwood.)

To get in the spirit of this story and to refresh my memories of a country general store, I went exploring one week-end in Northern New Jersey. My thought was that in a country store itself I was bound to find inspiration for a choice lot of similes; and these, if happily employed, should help to prove the editor's contention that radio is run strictly on country store lines. Thus would this article be bolstered and possibly justified.

Instead, I uncovered a condition so surprising that all idea of working out the analogy was abandoned. Presently, you will learn why.

First, I want it distinctly understood that locating an old-fashioned country store in the country is itself an achievement. They have given way in most villages to the chain store system, but in hamlets on back roads occasionally you can find a survivor. I had to penetrate to a remote section in the Sussex hills before stumbling upon this one. It is situated at a crossroads and there aren't a half-dozen buildings, including barns and sheds, in the neighborhood. But it is an old-fashioned country store, all right. A weather-beaten sign with letters so faded as to be almost illegible proclaims that. It reads: "A. R. Shay, General Store and P. O."—the P. O. standing for postoffice, I discovered.

A farm woman entered the store a moment before my arrival and by that circumstance I was soon made very happy. For it was my good fortune, while awaiting the storekeeper's attention, to eavesdrop on the following conversation:

"Mornin', Mrs. Roe," greeted the proprietor, a man built on the generous lines of either—or both—of the Sisters of the Skillet.

"Mornin', Allan," returned the customer pleasantly, "and how's Mrs. Shay?"

"Tol'rable, jest tol'rable," he replied. The social amenities thus observed, he went on: "What kin I fetch you, Matilda?"

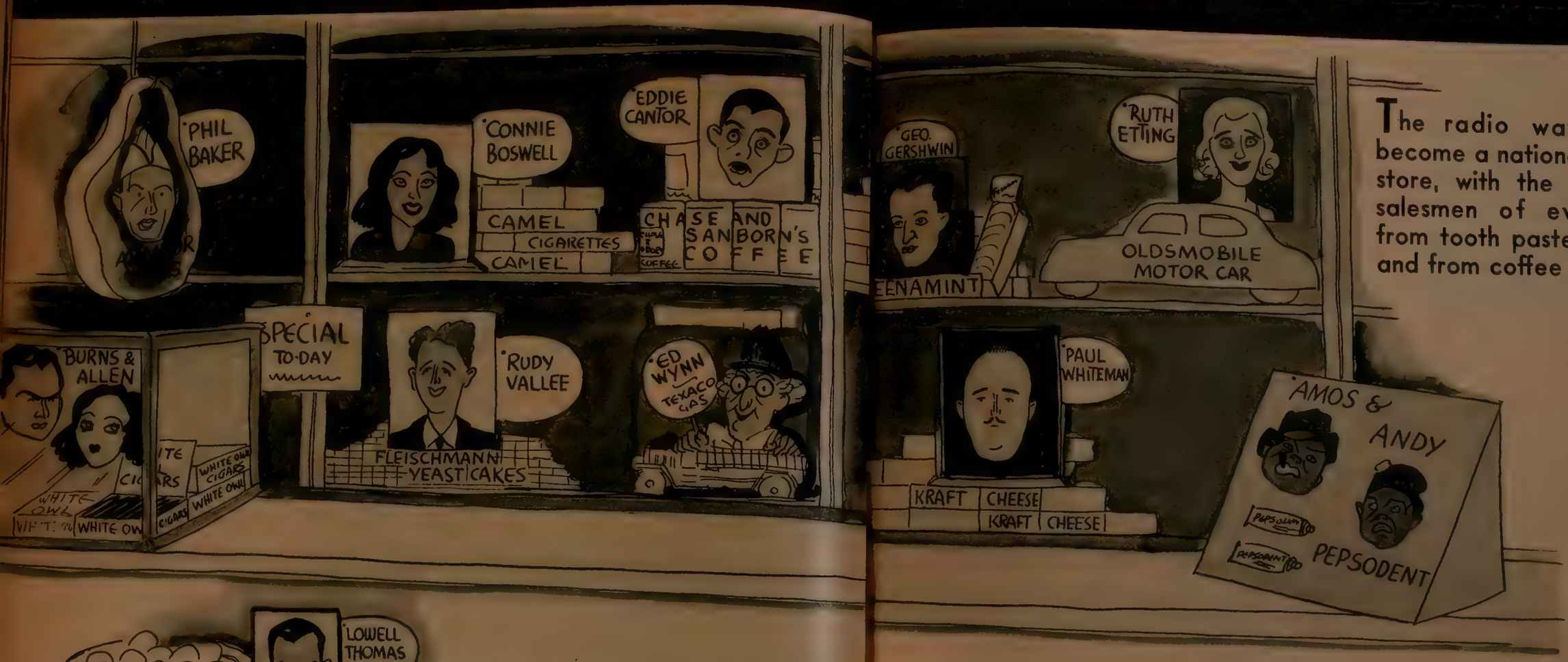
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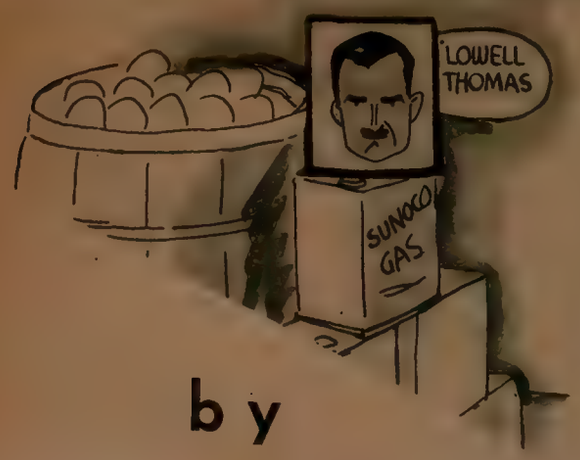
"Reckon you mean Chase and Sanborn's, don't you, Matilda?"

"Land's sake!" exclaimed the lady. "Of course, that's what I meant. Dated coffee is (*Continued on page 57*)

FROM FURS to FERTILIZER



The radio waves have become a national country store, with the artists as salesmen of everything from tooth paste to teeth and from coffee to motors



by NELLIE REVELL

ON the air they sell everything from furs to fertilizer. A country store can't do any more.

And the similarity doesn't end there, either. Not by a jugful. Consider the loudspeaker as the merchant's shop window, the entertainers as the salesmen and the announcers as the bundle boys (and, for heaven's sake, Mr. Typesetter, don't make a "g" of that "d" in bundle, no matter what your personal convictions) and you begin to get the idea. The broadcasting stations themselves enter into this scheme of things as the middlemen, serving as the connecting link between the producer and the consumer.

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"I'd like a pound of Eddie Cantor coffee."

"Reckon you mean Chase and Sanborn's, don't you, Matilda?"

"Land's sake!" exclaimed the lady. "Of course, that's what I meant. Dated coffee is (*Continued on page 57*)



This is Phil Regan, Columbia's tenor with the pearly teeth and sweet notes

WE HAVE

● SUNDAY

11:15 A. M. Major Bowes' Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo conductor and violinist; Tom McLaughlin, baritone; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
Still wishing you a good Sabbath morning.

12:15 P. M. Baby Rose Marie—songs. (Tastyeast). WJZ and associated stations.
The precocious child in grown-up ditties.

12:30 P. M. Radio City Symphony Orchestra—Chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.
The better music and well done.

1:30 P. M. Little Miss Bab-o's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
The clever juvenile has the sponsor she deserves.

2:00 P. M. "Broadway Melodies" with Helen Morgan, Jerry Freeman's orchestra and chorus. (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.
La Morgan singing about love and what more can you ask.

2:00 P. M. Bar-X Days and Nights—romance of the early West. (White's Cod Liver Oil Tablets). WJZ and associated stations.
Strong love and two-fisted fighting out on the ranches.

2:30 P. M. Rings of Melody—Ohman and Arden, piano duo; Arlene Jackson, songs; Edward Nell, Jr., baritone. WJZ and associated stations.
A pleasant variety show for you tuner-inners.

2:30 P. M. The Big Hollywood Show, with Abe Lyman's orchestra and "Accordiana". (Philips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
Movie-land's favorite orchestra in peppy moments.

2:45 P. M. Gems of Melody—Muriel Wilson, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor; Harold Sanford's orchestra. (Carleton & Hovey Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
A lovely soprano in good company.

3:00 P. M. Lady Esther Serenade—Wayne King and his orchestra. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WEAF and associated stations.
Cold creams in waltz time.

4:15 P. M. The Wildroot Institute with Vee and Johnny. WEAF and associated stations.
The well-known pianist going vocal.

5:00 P. M. "Roses and Drums". (Union Central Life Insurance Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Romance in crinoline.

Stephen Fox is the man behind all those thrilling dramatic characters



5:00 P. M. Big Ben Dream Drama—(Western Clock Company). WEAF and associated stations.
Radio receivers in pillow slips.

5:30 P. M. Grand Hotel—dramatic sketch with Anne Seymour (Campana Corporation). WJZ and associated stations.
A continuity of hotel corridors.

5:30 P. M. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.
Sweet slices of the staff of life.

6:00 P. M. The Cadillac Concert—symphony orchestra; guest conductor. WJZ and associated stations.
Music notes in a sixteen-cylinder tempo.

6:30 P. M. "Smiling Ed McConnell"—(Acme White Lead and Color Works). WABC and associated stations.
Laugh lines from an old timer.

6:45 P. M. Ward's Family Theatre. Act I with Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, James Melton, and Billy Artz' orchestra. (Ward Baking Company). WABC and associated stations.
Some old favorites from the footlights.

7:00 P. M. The True Story Court of Human Relations—dramatization. (True Story Magazine). WEAF and associated stations.
The best of the air's high drama.

7:00 P. M. Real Silk Show—Ted Weems and his orchestra; guest artists. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.
Ted is good and everybody knows it.

7:00 P. M. The American Revue with Chico and Groucho Marx and Freddie Martin's orchestra (American Oil Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Two of the Marxes cutting up capers.

7:30 P. M. Bakers Broadcast, featuring Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist, and Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra.

WITH US—



Mabel Todd who makes fun with Al Pearce's gang and her litle dog Ezra

WJZ and associated stations.
He gets better and better according to his fans.

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A good idea expertly executed.

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When he's funny he's very funny and when he's serious he's a crusader.

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You'll surely think of violets along the Bois.

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One of broadcast's best bets in a smoothly paced show.

9:00 P. M. Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Gene Rodemich; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.) WEAF and associated stations.
A brass ring with every ride.

9:00 P. M. Gulf Headliners—Geo. M. Cohan, guest artist; The Revelers Quartet; Emil Coleman and his orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
The Yankee Doodle Dandy, and is he good!

9:30 P. M. The Jergens Program—Walter Winchell. WJZ and associated stations.
Through the world's biggest keyhole.

9:30 P. M. American Album of Familiar Music—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer's Aspirin). WEAF and associated stations.
The grand pair of singers who know their air stuff.

10:00 P. M. "Patri's Dramas of Childhood" (Cream of Wheat Corp.). WABC and associated stations.
How to bring up children.

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Radio wouldn't be the same without this program.

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11:15 P. M. Little Jack Little and His Orchestra—WABC and associated stations.
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Rita Gould, the versatile personality lady heard on WOR Sunday nights

● MONDAY

10:00 A. M. Breen and de Rose—vocal and instrumental duo—daily except Saturday and Sunday—WEAF and associated stations.
Old-timers and they're still good.

10:15 A. M. Bill and Ginger (Mueller's Spaghetti). WABC and associated stations.
What might happen in your own home.

10:15 A. M. Clara, Lu 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Colegate-Palmolive-Peet Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
The gossipers still talking about their neighbors.

10:45 A. M. Will Osborne and his Orchestra with Pedro De Cordoba and his friendly philosophy. (Corn Products Refining Co.) Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
Music and philosophy with a grain of salt.

5:00 P. M. Skippy—daily except Saturday and Sunday (Philips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
Time to call the children in.

5:30 P. M. The Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.
How to keep the children quiet while you're getting their dinner ready.



Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday programs continued on page 52

DARD TIME

WE HAVE WITH US—



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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday programs continued on page 52

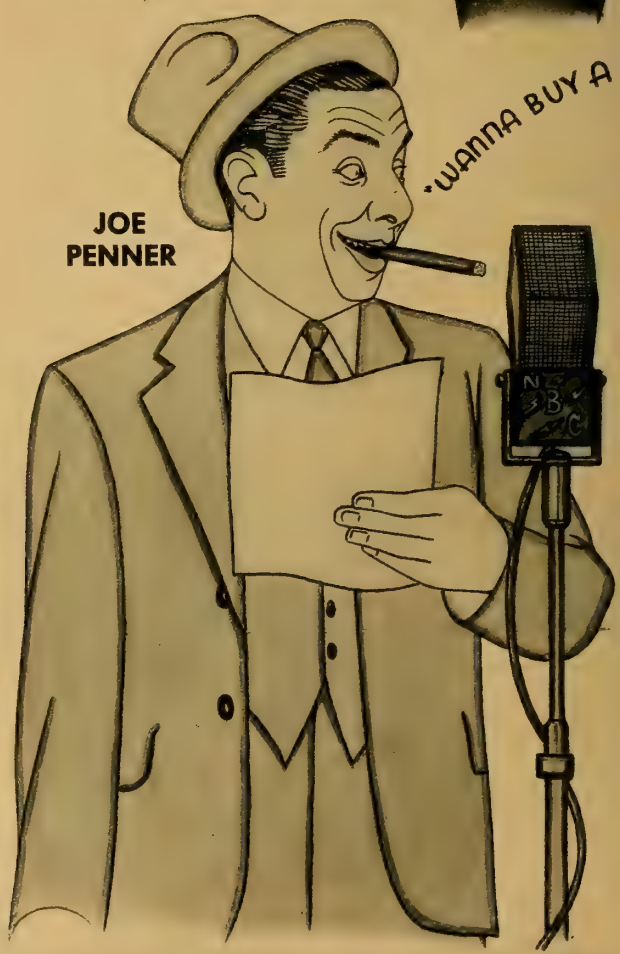
EASTERN STANDARD TIME

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE









GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.

Cap'n Henry takes his time



Charles Winninger, veteran stage star, finds new fame in radio as the beloved Cap'n Henry of Showboat—but he also finds time for leisure hours at home. Above we catch him in his favorite arm chair eagerly perusing a new book; left, playfully exercising with his dog on the living room rug; right, out in his own kitchen and we assure you the dinner that he cooks will be good



Glamorous Gowns for



Over a dull black crêpe evening gown with emerald green cord and tassels Miss Etting wears a black and green taffeta cape lined with green



Ruth Etting in a black and white printed ensemble trimmed with black fox, black gloves, bag and hat

Below, the radio star is ready for any sport event in a two-piece suit with plaid skirt and yellow top



CLOTHES they say make the woman, but in this case the girl makes the clothes too. Or at least Ruth Etting used to run up her own little wardrobe. But now that she's a famous star she hasn't the time for those little domestic pleasures but Ruth, whose voice goes out to you over the Columbia chain always looks stunning whether she's wearing a simple little beach costume or a gorgeous evening gown.

In the portraits on these pages you see the popular Miss Etting in new fashions which were created for her type by Bergdorf Goodman and they couldn't have found anyone who would wear them to better advantage.

The black dull crêpe evening gown has a high front, low back and an emerald green cord with tassels around the waist while over it she wears a black and green taffeta cape lined with emerald green taffeta.

The black and white printed crêpe ensemble for a festive afternoon has a three-quarter length, short-sleeved coat and luxurious black fox bands for trimming.

Miss Etting's afternoon suit in the right hand corner picture is of a light weight wool in beige with a large matching collar of

Gorgeous Ruth Etting





Here another view of Miss Etting's evening gown made of dull black crepe. The front is high but the back is very low and it fits to perfection

Below, in a leisure moment Miss Etting dons pajamas of brown and white dotted surah with white piping

This beige light wool suit with matching fox collar, above, is Miss Etting's garb for a fine spring afternoon



fox and a crêpe blouse of the same beige tint.

. Who doesn't love pajamas for those hours of lounging and this time Ruth chooses a tailored model of brown and white dotted surah with white piping on the coat and trousers.

. The radio star loves to walk, when she has the time, and is perfectly attired for a jaunt around the park in the two piece suit with skirt of brown, white and yellow plaid wool; a top of canary yellow jersey and scarf and belt of the same material as the skirt.

. Sports clothes for the late spring have taken on two distinctive classifications—the severe and almost mannish suits and loose fitting matching top coats for the country and the more feminine type adaptable for town wear. Either type suits the blonde radio star equally well.

. Evening clothes, in spite of all the talk about the wind-blown fashions have more flowing lines, with the fullness definitely placed either in the front or in the back of the skirt toward the hemline. High fronts are still good though the newer prints have low necked bodices and the sleeve treatment continues soft and flattering.



Connie Gates, the lone singer of the air, likes her own kitchen, too.

In the

MAY is the month of flowers, gay colors, and hectic days of shopping, rushing to the summerhouse week-ends, and more than a little laxity in our every-day procedures.

Many of these dishes may be taken with you for the week-end, or be prepared Saturday morning and served when you return on Monday. The menus for this season are lighter, and require less preparation.

Mary Eastman gives a delightful Vegetable Ribbon Salad for your bridge or your luncheon. Chocolate Doughnuts for the Children to eat when they return from school, or to entertain their friends as made by Ma Perkins will be a great success.

Wayne King suggests the most luxurious of cocktails for your dinner party, a Crabmeat Cocktail. Al Jolson gives Ruby Keeler's own Deep Apple Pie recipe, and many new and appetizing dishes.

Mary Eastman, the very lovely Columbia singer, tells the secret of new and interesting jello salads. This Ribbon Vegetable Salad is very attractive and delicious to eat.

Ribbon Vegetable Salad

2 packages lemon jello
1 package lime jello
1 can tomato juice
1 cup sliced celery
1 cup thin sliced stuffed olives
1 cup cubed carrots

For the first layer we will use one package of lemon jello, and to this add one pint of heated tomato juice. Put in refrigerator and allow to jell enough to hold its shape. Then add the cup of celery. While this is becoming firm, mix the other package of lemon jello with another pint of warm water. Allow this to form its shape, and then add the thin slices of stuffed pimento olives. Then pour this mixture over the first layer of the jello. Lastly combine the lime jello with warm water, allow to cool as before, then add the small cubed carrots. When this is solid enough pour onto the two layers. Allow to freeze until ready to serve. Arrange beds of lettuce, slice salad into desired portions, and place at the side a mound of salad dressing, covered with finely chopped nut meats. This makes a very nice luncheon salad.

Vivien Ruth, the daytime songbird of CBS, suggests a real English treat, this Yorkshire Pudding to serve with roast of beef.

Yorkshire Pudding

1½ cups milk
3 eggs
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt

Mix salt and the flour, and add milk gradually to form a smooth paste. Beat the eggs lightly and add to the paste. On the bottom of the pan place some of the fat from the roast beef, then put in the mixture. Baste frequently when the pudding is well risen, baking for about twenty minutes. Cut in pieces and serve steaming hot with the roast.

Charlotte Harriman tells you how to make a very special pie for the strawberry season.

Strawberry Pie

1 tablespoon Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
4 eggs
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup strawberry juice and pulp
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Soak the gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Slightly beat egg yolks and add ½ cup of the sugar, lemon juice and salt. Cook until a custard consistency over boiling water, add the gelatine, stirring well; then put in the strawberries. Beat the egg whites stiffly and add to this the other quarter cup of sugar, and when mixture is cool, fold in the egg whites. Have the pie crust baked to a golden brown and fill, allowing to chill thoroughly. Before serving this may be spread with whipped cream and attractively garnished with whole strawberries.

Virginia Rea, popular NBC entertainer, makes this inviting Tomato Stuffed with Pineapple Salad.

Tomato Stuffed With Pineapple Salad

4 medium tomatoes
8 tablespoons crushed pineapple
4 tablespoons French dressing
Salt
16 cheese straws
8 leaves of lettuce

Stars' Kitchens

Cut a slice from the stem of tomato and remove the center. Sprinkle lightly inside with salt. Turn upside down and chill in ice chest for at least a half an hour. Allow crushed pineapple to stand in French dressing until well seasoned. Arrange in center of lettuce bed and at side place the cheese straws.

Ma Perkins, one of your favorite comedy entertainers, makes these Chocolate Doughnuts that will delight the entire family.

Chocolate Doughnuts

1 egg
1 egg yolk
½ cup sugar
½ tbl. butter, melted
1 square melted chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 cups flour

Mix all the ingredients in the order given, sifting the flour and baking powder, and melting the chocolate. Mix well and roll on floured board and cut with cutter. Fry in hot fat, 365° to 375° F. Roll in powdered sugar.

The famous baton waver, Wayne King, tempts his friends with his own Crabmeat Cocktail. Try it sometime. It's very tasty and will whet the appetites of your guests for the main course of your big dinner.

Crabmeat Cocktail

1 tin shredded crabmeat
⅓ cup tomato catsup
¼ cup lemon juice
1 tbl. Worcestershire Sauce
1 tablespoon horseradish
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon grated onion
4 tablespoons minced celery

Use all except the crabmeat and mix thoroughly and chill. Mix the cold crabmeat at this point in the sauce and set on ice for about ten minutes before serving.

Whether you like Tony Wons' poetry or not you will like these Stuffed Baked Potatoes.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

6 large potatoes
3 tablespoons butter
Salt, pepper
2 tablespoons hot milk

Bake potatoes forty minutes in hot oven, or until when tried with a fork are soft. Remove from oven and cut lengthwise in halves. Take out the inside; mash, add butter, salt, pepper, and milk. Refill shells, sprinkle lightly with paprika and bake about six minutes in 450° F. oven.

You have heard Eddie Cantor tell the virtues and accomplishments of his wife and finally he has gotten her recipe for his favorite Baked Bananas. (*Continued on page 64*)



Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the veteran song-smiths of radio's baby days, as we catch them in a culinary moment.

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

THROUGH THE Looking Glass

Springtime, with its fragrances, the sweet smell of earth, the fresh scent of new blossoms, brings thoughts of perfume and its uses to the well-groomed woman of today

OFTEN the women of our country do not realize the importance of perfume to their grooming; as they do the rouges, powders, lipsticks, and eye make-up.

The scent of your personality must be selected with the wisest of care and no other kind used. It is ridiculous to think of young girls wearing sensuous lipstick and eye shadow, although it is commonly found that many of them wear an odor far too sophisticated for their years.

There is no perfume we can say you must use constantly as it is entirely a matter of your mood, your personal liking, and the occasion. We now have odors for romance, outdoor activities, theatre visits, and at last that which is acceptable in the office.



Elizabeth Love, radio dramatic star chooses a rosebud whose fragrance goes with her type

The Greeks were the first to use perfumes with discretion And there is no need to remind you of the beauty, charm, and successful adventures of the Grecian women.

Throughout history the Europeans have used perfumes far in advance of this continent, and many famous figures could be named who used their pet scent as a weapon on entering the most precarious of ventures.

It was not long ago that a woman in America never dared to use perfume; a little later it was considered proper for evening wear only, and now it has found its way into the daily usage with cosmetic appliances.

Men are especially susceptible to perfumes; and that is no idle thought but a fact every one must accept. An odor of violet, or your own fragrance indelibly stamps your personality on a young man that he may never forget. One man told us that upon arriving home one night he felt excitement and a little recklessness in the air. There was not a single change in the apartment, and his wife was dressed as usual but the scent she was using conveyed to him her mood, and being a clever husband he acted accordingly.

The things you want most to do may really be brought to you in your selection of floral odors, and the impressions you want to give are all possible without a word having been uttered —this is what your perfume does to others. Of course you must be most careful in the amount applied, only the slightest touch of the scent is to be used. Never try to make your own perfumes unless you are very adept at this, as the results most of us attain are never those we desire.

Bourgois, who brings to you The Evening In Paris program over the Columbia network do exactly as we have said. This perfume makes the women feel gay, and brings the pleasures of Paris to them. Another of the perfumes they make is Springtime In Paris, with the feeling of lightness, and joy of spring. The Barbara Gould perfumes are divided in an unusual way, according to the ages of those of the fair sex. Every year getting a more sophisticated scent.

The important factor in choosing your own type is to remember that perfume is essentially a part of YOU and if you are a demure and unassuming person the scent must be in accord.

A heavy perfume is most difficult to wear, and only the most sophisticated should do so. The most advisable choice for the theatre or any evening in a large group, where there won't be much space or air, is a light perfume, as any strong one is annoying to others.



Ernestine Schumann-Heink, heard frequently on the radio, epitomizes a great artist whose career never interfered with motherhood



Gifts for mother on the day set aside to honor all mothers are one thing, but Miss Covney has a new idea to make mother happy on this Mothers' Day

Our Mothers Day Party

THE national holiday that means more to us individually than any other, is Mother's Day. On this occasion everyone is endeavoring to make it a happy time for his mother and yours. All radio programs will include poems, and songs in honor of Mother, but the thing that you do yourself will be most important at your gathering.

The flowers, jewelry, and candy are gifts that mothers get every year, but to have the dinner, planned, purchased, and prepared for her is something very different and especially pleasant. Invite all the married members of your family home for dinner, as this gathering of the entire group will please mother greatly. The kitchen territory is yours for the morning, and the others must entertain mother in the front of the house while you get ready these delightful surprises. The others may clear the table, and do the dishes, but the joy your loved parent receives will be sufficient compensation for your effort.

If you wish you may substitute another vegetable if you know your mother's preference is for something else.

The appropriate flowers for the table for Mother's Day are either carnations, roses, or any other that your mother prefers. The two mentioned are very popular, and in demand at this time.

(Continued on page 60)

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

"OUR PUBLIC"

OUR PUBLIC FANS AND READERS ARE FULL OF IDEAS FOR THEIR RADIO MIRROR and they have very definite ideas about what they like and what they don't like in their radio programs.

So have we. Generally, as we gather from the thousands of letters that have come in, radio entertainment is a boon not only in the isolated districts but in the big cities as well.

We are glad to feel that broadcasting has meant so much to so many people. We are happy too that they seem to like RADIO MIRROR and we are blushing a little at the avalanche of praises.

What we would like, however, is some honest-to-goodness criticism and not so many bouquets because we are a little dubious that the magazine hasn't more faults in the eyes of the thousands and thousands who declared themselves permanent readers.

Many object to the advertising blurbs on the air and we don't blame them. Some don't like one comedian and others do. Some think there's too much jazz and others think there's not enough. But, as we have said before, you can't please everybody.

The radio executives and the editors of RADIO MIRROR are doing their best. Speaking for RADIO MIRROR, we will have some surprises for you very soon and we hope you like them. As for radio broadcasting, we can only hope that the listeners will continue to voice their opinions so that the air artists and their managers may be guided.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF RADIO BROADCASTING? DOES IT SATISFY YOU AND WHAT CHANGES DO YOU SUGGEST? And, what is equally important to us. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR RADIO MIRROR AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE THAT YOU DON'T GET NOW?

WRITE TO CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY IN LETTERS OF NOT MORE THAN 150 WORDS. THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE $20.00, the SECOND BEST $10.00 AND THE NEXT FIVE BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE $1.00 EACH.

ALL LETTERS MUST REACH THE CRITICISM EDITOR NOT LATER THAN THE TWENTY-SECOND OF APRIL.

Here are this month's winning letters:

$20.00 PRIZE

The radio studios are on the constant search for new ideas in broadcasting and program building. Why not one of the networks inaugurate an "Experimental Theater of the Air?" Here will be produced unusual plays, sketches, comedy programs, and anything of an experimental nature. It will be the "testing ground" for any idea never used before on the air, or for any program that the networks have thought good but have hesitated to bring before the public. Due to its "Experimental" nature, more laxity will be allowed in choosing material, and the listeners will become intensely interested in this program because of the fact that they are being "let in" on something new. The public reaction can be accurately judged before the particular type of program is adopted as a regular policy of the broadcasting studios.

In regard to your own magazine, your increase in circulation will attest to its popularity more than any words of praise from me. May I suggest the following for future issues of RADIO MIRROR:

"THE OTHER HALVES". An article on the wives or husbands of famous artists—not the ones who are famous themselves, but the ones you don't hear about. Give their hobbies, ideas on radio, how they take care of their husbands, or feel about their wives being famous, and like facts.

"EAST IS EAST (And the Twain Has Met)". How radio and the movies have gradually "merged" together, each taking the best artists from the other.

"WOMEN AND JAZZ". Short biographical sketches, combined in one article, about the girls singing with famous orchestras, with a history of girls' advent into dance orchestra.

BEST FEATURES EACH MONTH OF THE INDEPENDENT STATIONS. Giving a short sketch and maybe a picture of artists who may soon "graduate to the networks".

THOMAS J. MACWILLIAMS,
Nashville, Tenn.

$10.00 PRIZE

RADIO MIRROR is a delightful publication which has now become The Magazine of the Air. It is standard equipment, necessary to have on top of the radio to get at the bottom of affairs on the airways.

The main trouble with said airways is that they are cluttered up with the applause of the claques watching certain so-called humorous stars perform on sponsored programs. Applause in studios is a bore to the listeners out along the ether waves. It is distracting and it gives the impression that it is not founded on merit. We out on the air have a decided feeling that the applause is regulated by signals, as the clamor is often deafening when there is little wit in what the performer has said. The applause not only annoys those out in the hinterland, but it also makes them feel that the program is not given for them, only for the audience within the studio.

All applause in studios should be eliminated.

TOM STIFLER,
Danville, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE

A good radio program instructs or entertains the alert listener, or it does both, and it never offends. My belief is that the majority of programs today can be classified *good* with perfect honesty.

Often it is the little thing that offends me. Take the matter of pronunciation. I hear words like "program", "dew", "inquiry", "often", and "comparable" mispronounced frequently, not to mention numerous uncommon ones. Speakers occasionally say "fixing the hair"; they use "and etc.; say "different than"; and suggest that something be kept in good shape. When such expressions are used in advertising, there is the reaction to distrust rather than to be convinced; when used by radio stars, there is the temptation to minimize their performance. Giving listeners faultless English will go a long way toward building up interested patronage.

I read most of the radio magazines in circulation today. People who have been at all observing will agree that "RADIO MIRROR" has attained a reputable position already. Although young, the content, illustrations, and features are not surpassed by any other competitive magazine. It's a publication, too, that we expect to improve with each issue. May it succeed!

MRS. ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.
Merrick, L. I., N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE

Wherein I give a TIP to Sponsors. I count RADIO BROADCASTS among my daily blessings, and when I

BROADCASTING



Ted Fiorito and his orchestra form the musical background for the Old Gold programs on Wednesday nights over a nation-wide CBS hookup

discovered Radio Mirror, I realized radio lovers now had a permanent rendezvous with pleasure. People have definite ideas on types of programs they desire, and sponsors will watch your columns for constructive criticism and advice, because it is the public they wish to please and SELL. Radio programs to them are chocolate covered pills with advertisements enwrapped therein.

Here's a tip for Radio Advertisers: Be sure the pill is not hard to take! If you're giving a silly program, people listening in probably enjoy the light fantastic, so have your advertising tread the same measure. CHEVROLET'S PROGRAM is a good example. Their advertising is adroit and funny . . . going over in a big way. That's the secret of RADIO ADVERTISING—silly programs, light advertising talk; heavy programs, dignified advertising. In other words, match the advertising to the entertainment given.

Sent in . . . with best wishes from

Patricia Clafford,
Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE

In emulating our nation's leader by trying to find out the collective opinion of a people in listening to its individual voices (via the written word) you have hit on a really sound idea for working out the policies of your publication. For this, your friends are on both sides of the microphone as Radio Mirror is a true mirror of radio in ALL of its ramifications. Need I say more in your praise?

As to kind and quality of radio fare now current I have nothing but praise. My criticism is one of timing. I think a stagger system for special features is sorely needed. A play fan, for instance, gets jittery when forced to choose between two very good offerings simply because they are occurring simultaneously on different stations.

Plays, sports, news and other special periods would not clash if the stagger system were used co-operatively by the major stations. The jittery public would calm down again knowing it could listen to favorite broadcasts without missing a better one elsewhere. The other broadcast would be heard later—or earlier as the case may be.

Louise Kaye,
Passaic, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE

Radio programs are, as a whole, entertaining, instructive and broadening, but why not have more dramas and worthwhile stories? Many people enjoy serial stories during the breakfast hour. When Today's Children was on the air each morning, we enjoyed it along with our breakfast and anticipated it with pleasure.

Almost everyone enjoys such a program as First Nighter and Grand Hotel and wish we might have more of them.

Ever so many people have expressed a desire for the return of such stories as those featuring Old Timer, sponsored by the Great Northern. Would it be possible to have more of this type of entertainment, enjoyed alike by young and old? It affords a splendid source of publicity for any business, and this type of program is appreciated, not only in large cities, but especially in small communities where radios are the principal source of entertainment and diversion.

My main aversion to the radio is the cramming of too much advertising in an otherwise splendid program.

The Radio Mirror is a medium much appreciated by radio fans and is a splendid value.

The many pictures are very welcome and the contents diversified and entertaining.

D. L. Loveland,
Denver, Colorado.

$1.00 PRIZE

To me, radio is THE wonder of wonders. There is something awe-inspiring, something (*Continued on page 64*)

Lawrence Tibbet's Secret

(*Continued from page 27*)

year, Tibbett slaved at his singing. No parties. No studio rackets. Just hard work. In 1923, then, La Forge helped him secure an audition with the Metropolitan. At his first try-out nothing happened. After his second he got a contract to sing the smallest, almost nameless parts. And for nearly two years, like a hopeful young ball-player, he "sat on the bench" and waited for something big.

It came on January 2, 1925. Verdi's *Falstaff* had been revived for the adored Antonio Scotti, and Tibbett, the beginner, had a small part in the cast. After a duet between Scotti and Tibbett, the house went wild. Scotti and the cast went out to take the applause. And then a cry went up.

"Tibbett! Tibbett! We want Tibbett!" The operatic powers back-stage pushed the amazed young man out. And Lawrence Tibbett stepped before the great gold curtain alone. People stood up and shouted. The Golden Horseshoe forgot its dignity. No American artist had ever received such an ovation at the "Met". Tibbett had a very clear sensation of wanting to run away. Then he went out and telegraphed the news to his mother. Then he went home to bed. When morning came, and the newspapers with it, Tibbet was a star.

His contract ran for one year, and he had made his sensational success in mid-season. For the rest of that year, he was the most talked-of star in the company, he drew the largest houses, received the most fan-mail . . . and earned sixty dollars a week! When the opera closed, he booked his first coast-to-coast concert tour, and offers had to be rejected. The first thing he did, was to go home to Bakersfield, to play on the local ball team.

FOR several years, then, Tibbett sang leading rôles at the Metropolitan and toured the country in concert. But he reached, for the most part, only music lovers, and his rank was that of a "high brow" artist. And he wasn't satisfied. He wanted to reach, not the high-brows alone, but the people, the plain, average, everyday human beings from whom he springs. He didn't want to be "out of their class." So he turned his attention to the motion picture offers which had been coming to him. He entered picture work for two reasons . . . to sing to the people through a medium that is close to them, and to test out his belief that good music and good singing films can be just as entertaining as straight plays. It is certain that money alone would not have tempted Tibbett to Hollywood . . . though his picture fees are something around the $50,000 mark. He went into the movies because he believed in them. When he appeared on the lot, nobody knew quite what to do about him. Plans had been made to welcome a cotton-batting-wrapped Prima Donna, and executives feared an outburst of temperament. When he got there, he made a friend of the errand boy. He played outfielder on the baseball team. He told stories about his Uncle Ed, who had been a bar-tender ("And why not? He had the cleanest saloon in Bakersfield. Everybody respected him!"). He talked real music to Lionel Barrymore and jazz to Cliff Edwards. And then they knew how to treat Lawrence Tibbett . . . like a real person.

He entered radio work for the same sort of reasons. Money alone would not have lured him . . . frankly, he doesn't need money. But he believes in radio as a supreme form of entertainment. Because it is convenient of access and free of cost (except to the sponsor!), it reaches everybody.

"I FIRMLY believe that the American public wants to hear what is fundamentally good," Mr. Tibbett tells you. "But one has to be careful in defining what this 'good' really means. It doesn't always mean classic music, attached to a big name. The lovely old ballads, the folk music of different lands, and the hearty songs of home and the open spaces are, to me, eminently good music. We are in danger of detouring off the real road of musical progress if we ignore this. Thus, the radio can be made the finest means of musical education . . . if we go about this process wisely. Nobody can be expected to take in the supreme classics without preparation for them. Our immediate task lies just in this preparation. If you want a public to be ready for Beethoven, let us say, in five years, begin now by giving them samples of the lovely folk music, from which Beethoven himself drew so many of his ideas. Many a person who might ultimately come to appreciate fine music, is frightened away from it by tactless methods of presentation. Nobody wants things forced down his throat. Nobody wants to be talked down to. In planning my own programs, I try to give the people what they want . . . not in the sense of pandering to any particular class of taste, but in the hope of enlisting interest in what I have to say, musically speaking. There is plenty of good music that isn't at all classic, and that anyone can understand. And by giving the people what is good, by inducing them to listen and have confidence in me, I am sure that they will constantly want what is better . . . not because they are being 'educated' consciously, but because they themselves will come to know and love great music."

Mr. Tibbett doesn't like to hear that radio taste is "cheap." Because it isn't! The thousands of letters that come to him, requesting him to sing certain songs, offer conclusive proof that the people want what is good.

HE has faith in the taste of the people and he radiates that faith. That, probably, is why so many different types of people have faith in him. He is a grand human being. He is delighted with his own success, but success doesn't mean anything toplofty to him. It means the joy of doing the job he loves . . . the fun of being liked . . . the chance of giving the people something they want. His hobbies? Chiefly singing. Whenever and for whomever he likes. He sings in his bath. He hates too many formal dinners where you have to dress, but loves parties that start with an informal telephone call to friends and end in stunts and singing. He calls his dog "Metco" in honor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He practises his vocal exercises in the syllable "Blah". He walks on his hands, as a grand stunt, and collects rare editions of Shakespeare. He sang a Monday night radio broadcast last year, during the performance of *Aida*. Dressed in the leopard-skin of the Ethiopian King, blacked up, and wearing seven tiger-tooth necklaces, he rushed to the studio and back to the Opera House between the second and third acts, thus providing a real sensation for the traffic cops along Broadway. His favorite actress is Marie Dressler. His favorite bit of advice to eager youngsters who seek his aid for careers of their own is, "If you're in doubt about being a success as a singer, DON'T GO ON . . . the very fact that you *can* feel doubt probably means you'd be a flop."

Whatever he says and does, he keeps on being . . . just himself. That's why you and you and you like to hear him.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE AIR

Father Charles E. Coughlin whose courageous talks on the airwaves out of the middle west have made him one of radio's outstanding figures comes to you in the pages of JUNE RADIO MIRROR. The priest behind the crusader, the man whose words are eagerly heard and accepted by millions, will be presented to you in a thrilling article next month.

DON'T MISS THIS, the most humanly appealing and revealing story of America's most talked about broadcasting clergyman.

Roosevelt Believes Radio Fostered Nation's Faith

(*Continued from page 7*)

President addresses us all as "my friends", in that cordial natural way of his that he is bringing an old-fashioned political trick up-to-date, radio-izing the kiss-the-babies — flatter-the-ladies kind of thing. But if you could look behind the scenes at the system by which he keeps in touch with the country, you would realize that it is quite possible for him with his knowledge of what is going on everywhere actually to visualize and feel a warm personal glow for the people sitting around their radios—you and you and you in city, village and country.

For all the time reports are coming back from every section of America both to the President and to Mrs. Roosevelt from sympathetic, honest observers who are hunting out the country's sore spots and recommending what ought to be done about them. I happen to know that after one such report, the President immediately ordered a large supply of army blankets sent to the frozen tundras of North Dakota. And that is only an instance of the close watch he keeps on what is happening.

SO it may be said authoritatively that the President of the United States knows more than any other one person in the country what our individual problems are, and how we are meeting them. That is why, when he addresses us as friends, we may take it for granted that he means it in the most personal sense. And that is why too, we get the illusion that he is sitting there at his desk talking directly to each of us.

The White House, as perhaps you know, is one of the few homes in the United States and probably the world equipped with radio sending connections that can be switched on at any time to reach the whole country. Also, the President is the only citizen who can go on the air whenever he likes. Paying patrons consider it an honor graciously to yield their time to him and incidentally, they do not lose by the courtesy, for the announcers' acknowledgement of it gives them a bigger advertisement than their regular program would have done. However, President Roosevelt is always considerate and chooses time that upsets as few schedules as possible.

The broadcasting takes place in an oval room on the ground-floor of the White House that is known as the diplomatic reception room. In this chamber, which looks out at the base of Washington monument across the south grounds and has been especially wired for broadcasting, diplomats, who have the honor of driving their cars into the south grounds, leave their wraps when they come to formal gatherings. The room has the advantage for broadcasting of being rather secluded and proportionately quiet. On the floor above is the President's study.

PAUL WHITEMAN solves a mystery

and gives a clue to finer radio music

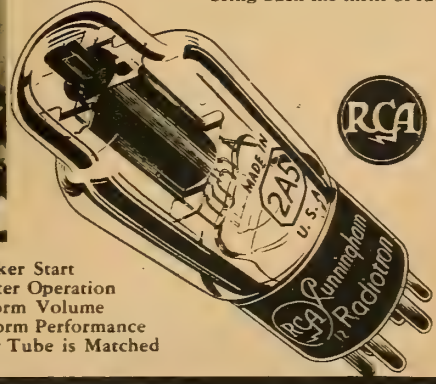






NEW LIFE FOR OLD RADIOS!

Quicker start! More power! Better tone! It really means *new life* for your set when you replace old, worn radio tubes with these new Micro-Sensitive tubes by RCA. These are the only tubes *guaranteed* by RCA Radiotron Company to give you 5 important improvements. Have your dealer test your tubes today. Insist on RCA Radio Tubes—and bring back the thrill of radio.



NEW MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBES GIVE YOU:

1 Quicker Start
2 Quieter Operation
3 Uniform Volume
4 Uniform Performance
5 Every Tube is Matched

RCA Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

The desk at which Mr. Roosevelt sits to broadcast has two round holes bored in it through which wires are run when the equipment is set up, which is only when a presidential address is scheduled. There are two microphones—one for Columbia and one for N.B.C.—placed on the desk, each about sixteen inches from the Presidential lips. Since N.B.C. starts its program twenty seconds later than Columbia, the announcer of the latter chain always marks time by a bit of description. Then on the second both men take deep breaths and say as one voice "Ladies and Gentlemen"—appropriate and impressive pause—"the President of the United States"!

EVERYBODY, even the President, always smiles a little at this stately duet for the two announcers are stationed at a considerable distance apart on either side of the desk and yet they speak in absolute unison.

The word "states" is the cue for the switch-over that connects the President with the people. Mr. Roosevelt uses the second hand of his own watch to keep tally on the time while he is talking. This watch, which dangles usually from his lapel on a heavy chain is one of the old-fashioned kind in a hunting case and he inherited it from his grandfather. Incidentally, it has a spring that he can press at night to make it chime the hour or any fraction.

Before each broadcast, the two chains carefully check their wiring arrangements. N.B.C.'s goes from the White House to the topmost part of central Washington; Columbia's goes to Alexandria on the Potomac. The microphones and sound facilities are also painstakingly tried out a short while before the program begins and if there should be a suspicion of an echo the controls are adjusted to do away with it for less than perfection on these great occasions is not to be thought of.

It is strange to see anything so modern as a microphone in the diplomatic reception room with its old-fashioned furniture, high ceilings and on the walls, portraits of past presidents and their wives—Chester A. Arthur, very majestic in a frock coat, Garfield about to make a speech, Zachary Taylor in uniform and Dolly Madison in a very decollete ball gown. One article of furniture, an upholstered circular seat in the middle of the room reminds me of the way it was described by Alice Roosevelt Longworth in her recent reminiscences. She is writing of the period when her father, Theodore Roosevelt, distant cousin of Franklin Delano, was president.

"The length of the east room was punctuated by three upholstered circular seats, each with an elevation in the centre out of which sprouted a potted palm," she comments, adding reminiscently, "When the palms were removed, a child could crouch in the vacant space and pop out at passers-by."

Well, a child can still do it and the Presidential grandchildren, Sistie and Buzzie Dall, quite often do.

Members of the President's family who are home at the time and their house-guests always gather for the broadcasting and follow with great interest the proceedings. The guests range from Cabinet members to college friends of the younger Roosevelt boys. The President is the last person to enter and everybody stands when he comes in and remains standing until he has seated himself at the desk. When the broadcast is over, he leaves the room first.

The President's office where he transacts business, sees callers and, I suppose writes his radio speeches, is also a novel room, quite large, with three long windows opening on the private gardens of the White House. Back of his desk are two large American flags on standards. The walls are hung with ship prints in two rows, part of the Presidential collection of ship pictures which is so large that there are enough not only to decorate his office but also his study and bedroom in the White House proper and his private rooms in the New York and Hyde Park houses. On the mantel of the office are ship models and the nautical note extends even to the desk which has a ship's steering wheel that lights your cigarette when you turn the wheel and a ship's barometer that tells atmospheric pressure and predicts change in the weather.

The desk itself is supplied with everything that a busy man can want and all within easy reach, plenty of cigarettes and matches, clock, calendar, Congressional Directory (probably nobody but a President would want this), large wire basket for mail and pens—the President likes a good supply of these at hand so that he can use first one and then another.

I noted some bits of nonsense, too, for lighter moments—two Democratic donkeys, a greyish plush one with beady yellow eyes and a gayly-painted one; a little grey elephant very inconspicuous and I fancied, being crowed over by a Democratic rooster.

THE thing that I, like everybody else, can hardly get over is that all through the troubled times, the President has kept right on smiling. Nothing that happens dims that gallant spirit for long, and you get the echo of that courageousness in his voice. I thought his hair was a little greyer than it was when I last saw him more than six months ago. The circles under his eyes were deeper, perhaps, but he looks remarkably well and his chin seems to have grown squarer, his lips more firmly set and his entire face more resolute in the past half-year. His hand-clasp is as hearty as ever and his cordiality made me feel that he was really glad to see me.

That's the way he seems to all his callers. His graciousness is half his charm.



Meet the three Debutantes, members of Ted Fiorito's orchestra heard weekly. There's red-headed Betty, blonde Margery and brunette Dot all ready to sing another song from the piano top.

Is the American Hick Becoming a Home-Spun Crusader?

(*Continued from page* 11)

loaded with beasts consigned to the British troops in South Africa for the Boer War. For once Will figured his timing wrong. The war, which he'd planned to see, ended with his arrival. So, looking around for a way to make a living, he jined up with a carnival as a roper and rider revelling in the nom de theatre of "The Cherokee Kid". Thus he toured the mighty distances of South Africa, wandered finally to England, and eventually home to Oklahoma, via New York.

But cowboy wages aren't circus pay, and if you don't believe it ask Tom Mix who got $10 a week on a ranch and $17,000 a week in the movies. It wasn't long before Rogers was with another show, and in 1905 he was part of the horseshow at Madison Square Garden. From then on he was in the money. New York—the Big Time—liked his line, or at least, his act, for up to now Will's entertainment was strictly a "dumb act", no talk.

HIS cue music was a number called "Cheyenne", a rollicking piece from Tin Pan Alley in which the song-writer "wowed 'em" with a pun on "Shy Ann" and "Cheyenne". Will made an entrance with a rope in each hand, a horse and rider would gallop across stage and Will would lasso horse with one lariat and man with the other. It was fast work and sometimes the crowd didn't quite get it. Will decided an announcement was necessary to impress the difficulties of his stunt on an effete Eastern audience.

"That night I looked at the orchestra leader", he reminisces, "and hollered 'hey, you, stop it a minute!' They played that 'Cheyenne' number with plenty of brass. When he stopped I said: 'I'm goin' to try to throw one o' these things around the hoss, and the other around the man when he rides out here on the stage. Maybe I won't do it. I dunno.'

"Well, sir, that announcement was a solemn thing to me, and a preacher couldn't have felt worse if his congregation had laughed in his face than I did when that audience roared into mine. But back-stage they explained to me that I was a comic, so I kept the announcement in, gradually added to it, and I've been gabby ever since."

Rogers played for the late Florenz Ziegfeld, the Great Glorifier, as star of numerous "Follies" and "Midnight Frolics", and it was really for Zeiggy, his life-long friend, that he put in the patter which ever afterward accompanied his rope stunts. There was no fixed routine. Then, as now, Will would glance through the papers and create a running comment of gags about events of the hour. He was a riot. No one could understand this keen-witted cowhand. A lot of the local smart-crackers were credited with doing his stuff for him. But that has been disproven.

WINNIE'S WORRY —by Gil



Posed by professional models

New pounds for skinny figures —*quick!*

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. and lovely curves in a few weeks with amazing new double tonic

DOCTORS for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast*, imported from Europe, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is *ironized* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

In 1908, in November 25, at Rogers, Arkansas, he married Betty Blake. It was, he claims, the best day's work of his life, and the worst for his wife. But their affectionate regard and constant companionship makes it evident that Mrs. Rogers doesn't quite agree with the last part of the statement at least. Ten years later he continued his career as professional Westerner in a series of silent motion pictures. Some of these were burlesque, all were farcical, or intended to be. Probably the best was a film version of "A Texas Steer" filmed in Washington, D. C. with Will, if memory serves, as a cow state Congressman.

But deprived of his tongue by the soundless cinema, Will quit films and returned to the "Follies", and stayed on Broadway until he entered the talkies in 1929 with "They Had to See Paris". Since then he's been one of the two stars on the Fox Films lot—Janet Gaynor being the other—and has made a lot of good pictures—"Lightnin'", "A Connecticut Yankee", "State Fair", and next he will portray the immortal horse-trader "David Harum".

Naturally, with the radio being the newest entertainment medium, and one especially designed for the Rogers type of humor, Will turned to broadcasting, and made the magnificent gesture of turning over his forty-odd thousands of dollars received from the Gulf Refining Company to the Salvation Army and the Red Cross. He's on the same program now, but this time at least a part of the earnings will go to the upkeep of the Rogers family, the Rogers polo ponies, and the Rogers welfare generally.

During his years before the public Will has met possibly every American of prominence from Gilda Gray to Franklin Roosevelt. The Lindberghs, for instance, are his warm friends. He has authored six or seven books that have sold well. He has lectured from the pulpit as well as from the stage. He has flown as far afield as South America to get material for his daily newspaper column which is syndicated in 200 newspapers both here and abroad. He has been the guest of Kings, and has entertained Princes. By his passion for aviation he has done much to advance its cause.

And this, mind you, is the cultured, travelled gentleman, who pretends to be the hick, cracker-barrel, yokel wisecracker. He'll keep right on working at it, but that is no reason why you should believe him other than a shrewd, keen commentator on the world and its ways who dresses up his oracular sayings with the feathers plucked from the tail of a badly abused grammar. He is the successor of Bill Nye, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Eugene Fields, and a little more remotely of Abraham Lincoln. Given his health, which up to now is superb, anything may happen to him. A turn of the wheel may put him on a throne as a ruler rather than a jester—speculation as to his future can go even that far. So never write Will Rogers down a clown. He's a power in the land. And while he may sometimes be not quite so frank as he sounds, he's a power for good, and for right as he sees it.

The tales that are told about him are many. Some sound like a part of the act, but others are very human, and still others are mighty brave and fine—as, for instance, when he stepped into Fred Stone's show and saved it from closing while Fred lay for a year with most of his bones broken through a 'plane crack-up. He appeared twice daily for a week for Hollywood's Community Chest at a theatre in California. He toured the Mississippi flood area in behalf of the sufferers with Frank Hawks piloting his plane.

HE doesn't smoke and he doesn't drink. Began chewing gum when he quit tobacco. Writes his column at the last minute, taking about a half-hour to knock it out and an hour to try it out on anyone who is handy. His home is situated on the high plateau topping a Santa Monica mountain, a mile upgrade from the roadway. Here too is his polo field where he plays the game with his friends attired in overalls. Asked if he reads fiction he says, "Yes, the newspapers."

Forced to wear evening clothes in a film, he made the studio pay declaring that while his contract said he must provide his own ordinary clothing, the studio was bound to pay for costumes, and to him, dinner jacket or "tails" was a "costume". There's a golf course on his estate, but he seldom swings a club. Tennis courts are available, too, but he doesn't use 'em. With a typical Rogers humor he knocks wood while declaring he's not superstitious. He declines to "sit" for pictures, and the studio cameramen have to catch him on the fly. Ordinarily, he dislikes reminiscing, and is shy of talk as to his early days. If he doesn't like you, he lets you know. And if you interview him, fight shy of too personal questions. He values privacy.

TERRIFICALLY active, his time is wholly consumed from morning to night. He's both an early riser and an early-to-bedder. He's a Mason, a Shriner and an Elk, besides belonging to several theatrical clubs. Writing, flying and polo are his favorite activities. Compliments embarrass him. When away from home, he's liable to dig up stakes any time. He has left town on fifteen minutes notice on any train going anywhere—whatever city he arrives in assures him of a welcome. Mrs. Rogers buys his clothes. He types with two fingers. Can't play any instrument, but, they say, recently remedied this defect by the purchase of a hurdy-gurdy. He doesn't play cards. On the radio, political speeches interest him most. He likes chile con carne best. His life is insured for something near $1,000,000.

He was born on election day—but has never voted. A Siamese Prince offered him the present of an elephant. Will declined. He pretends to dislike being called "Old Will Rogers." He saves his best gags for his columns or his radio talks. Frequently ad libs in pictures. If he thinks of a good nifty he notes it down. He never kids the little fellows who can't take it. He says that his earliest ambition was to "grow up to be a man". And adds that sometimes he wonders whether he has attained it!

The Girl Behind the Perfect Voice

(*Continued from page* 15)

her cue to read her lines. To help her with the handling of the "pitch" of her voice, they slapped a couple of earphones around her fevered head, so she could hear the boys and girls of the cast doing their stuff in the studio. Came the signal, and the show went on. (P. S. The engineers were quarantined).

Well, if I hadn't known all about that unusual and historic set-up, I couldn't have noted any difference in that program. It went off perfectly, and made history. Later, many programs featured the stunt by having a band playing in a studio, and an organ miles away synchronizing with the orchestra, and vice-versa. In fact, the same arrangement today is used on national hookups, where various celebrities in widely separated sections are thrown together on a single show.

But Elsie pioneered in this. The sponsor had insisted upon it, for he said sagely: "This is a case of Hitz and no errors!"

Elsie is as much a veteran in dramatics on the air, as Vaughn De Leath is to the crooning fraternity, which, as you may have noted, has grown somewhat in the seven years since Elsie and Vaughn began to do their stuff. Elsie, before the network age, had trained herself for the stage by hectic years in stock and in such dependable pieces as "The Cat and the Canary", where she was tossed around quite a bit by villains; "Restless Women", "The Butter and Egg Man" in which she was horribly wronged by the porcine villain who engaged her as his stenographer, but merely wanted her to sit on his lap, and Fulton Oursler's sensation, "The Spider," in which she played the lone feminine role—that of the girl who had to be manhandled in the audience by a stooge for a mind-reader. Elsie did the best screaming of her dramatic career in this eery play.

Along about this time, radio began to emerge from its swaddling clothes, Elsie was called upon to play the role of Magnolia in a WEAF version of "Showboat". That was when the Telephone Company owned WEAF, and had tried out a hundred or more soft-spoken hello girls for the job, but found them incompetent, because while they could give you the shivers over the wire and make you think of dates,

the radio mikes frightened them half to death. So Elsie made her air debut, and the very next day was offered a swell job in a big Broadway show.

"But some impulse told me to reject the offer," she explains. "I guess it was a hunch that radio would be the theatre of tomorrow. I'm glad I didn't leave it."

Elsie really acquired her first real fame, however, in the *True Story* Magazine series. That was a job that called for great flexibility of voice, and her extraordinary versatility in shifting characters once a week. She played subsequently in the *Physical Culture* Magazine series, *Love Stories*, the Crime Club, the Shadow sketches (you remember the guy with the dirty laugh) "Arabesque," that poetic and fantastic story-within-a-story thing about the desert and sheiks. (And was Elsie given a run for her money by those Arabic gents, who kidnapped her from place to place, made love to her, threatened and tortured her, and just made life a series of ups and downs, loves and hates and oases and sand storms). The worst villain she ever encountered, however, was the Octopus, the maniac, featured in the Evening in Paris series, and played by a guy who seemed to be the half-witted brother of Fu Manchu. That is one creation I shall never forgive Edith Meiser for. She was the author. In this tumultuous batch of adventures, Elsie was the rich, sophisticated Patricia Barlow, who had a bashful lover, and in this case, it was Elsie who had to make love and propose, and finally consummate (scriptually, of course) one of her half dozen marital plunges. I liked June Armstrong best, and so did the audience.

IT was as June that Elsie was knocked over by the scarlet fever bacillus. But the present "Dangerous Paradise" is no slouch of a serial. At the moment of this writing, Elsie had added to her experiences by becoming the white goddess of a primitive tribe, which inhabits one of the Polynesian islands in the South Pacific. In this instance, she is the lovely Dale Brewster, and if Elsie had her way, that's the character she'd like to be in real life, and she'd like to live on such an island, provided they took fifty per cent of the villains out in one of the native outrigger canoes and drowned them.

To date, Elsie has been shipwrecked, homeless, starving, rescued by a handsome brute, made love to, thrown out on the beach, seized by savages, and rescued again. And the author of Dangerous Paradise is racking his brain now to find some way of breaking the monotony of such inactive island life. He is, this author, a lad by the name of Bill Sweets, who authors most everything you hear on the air with a distinct dramatic quality.

But it's not only the fictional heroes and villains who fall in love with Elsie and her voice. Thousands of listeners go for Elsie's diction like a camel for a nice cool drink. Every broadcast evokes pleas from lovelorn swains in all parts of the country who want to marry Elsie without so much as giving her time to live out her life with her present and much-beloved husband, John L. Welch. And it's rather unreasonable, too, for these seekers after Elsie's heart, to expect her to rush away from her job, and leave her sweet little daughter, Jean, all unattended.

And that's what Elsie tells 'em when she answers the fan mail.

But there was one little fellow to whom she didn't have the heart to send such a reply. He was an anemic little lad of 15, in a New England hospital. He fell in love with Elsie right up to his ears. He just had to see her, and so he wrote. Elsie delayed a reply, and more letters came. Of course, she had no way of knowing the circumstances. But at length, came a letter from one of the hospital staff, stating that the physicians believed the boy would most certainly die of a broken heart if he did not meet his heroine.

Miss Hitz conferred with her sponsors. They agreed that a life was a life, and that if a trip to the broadcast would help bring the lad back to health, well, Elsie could act up.

So it was arranged.

The lad was brought to New York, and when he discovered that Elsie was not quite his own age, his ardor dampened somewhat. Nevertheless, he was still in love, and Elsie humored him. She took him to the studio, and with friends accompanied him on a visit to Rudy Vallee (another of his idols), and after a full day of companionship, the lad went back to the hospital, and so great was the change in his psychology, that he up and got well, although there never had been much hope for this.

That was the one occasion in the life of Elsie Hitz when she played Pagliacci. She was gay and frolicsome all the time the sick lad was with her, but there was a lump in her throat, and she had to fight back the tears throughout the experience. The boy doesn't know yet that it was Elsie's kind, generous and understanding husband who went all over town with them—their chauffeur.

To me, that is one of the unique dramas of radio's backstage.

MISS HITZ is another of those Clevelanders who made the big grade in radio. And if you have a little son, daughter, brother or sister, who gets up and recites at parties and church sociables, and who likes to emote or wax dramatic, don't leave home. The child may be a radio star someday, if you encourage the vocal tricks. For that is how Elsie started; that and parental encouragement are what inspired her to the realization of her ambition to become a dramatic personality. Why, before she was 18 she was doing heavy dramatics in Notre Dame Academy, in Cleveland, and it was at one of these amateur theatricals that she was discovered, and eventually piloted to the professional stage. Thousands of fans are glad she didn't stay on the stage—and I happen to be one of them, because, shush! shush! boys and girls, I too, go for that Hitz voice in a big, big way!

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW



Women's Greatest POWER

lies in lovely eyes, romantic, provocative. How you can give your eyes added beauty.

THIS is your opportunity to glorify your eyes, to have long, lovely lashes. Here's the way used by smart women everywhere. So easy, so inexpensive. Just a magic touch with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

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Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.



FREE

Merely send coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". If you also want a month's trial package of Winx mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish cake or liquid, black or brown.

Mail to ROSS Co., 245 W. 17th St., N. Y. City R.M.-5

Name . . . . . .

Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . *State*

☐ Cake ☐ Liquid ☐ Black ☐ Brown

We Have With Us

(*Continued from page 35*)

5:45 P. M. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, and Allan Baruck (Wander Company) daily except Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.

Poor little Annie and her radio troubles.

5:45 P. M. THE WIZARD OF OZ—dramatization of A. A. Milne Children Stories, with Nancy Kelly (General Foods Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.

Dramatizing the printed page.

7:00 P. M. MYRT AND MARGE—daily except Saturday and Sunday (Wrigley Chewing Gum). WABC and associated stations.

They always give you something new.

7:00 P. M. AMOS 'N' ANDY—blackface comedians. Daily except Saturday and Sunday (Pepsodent toothpaste). WJZ and associated stations.

It looks like five years more of this.

7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL—daily except Saturday and Sunday (Kolynos Sales Co.). WABC and associated stations.

That's what it is.

7:30 P. M. MUSIC BY GEORGE GERSHWIN (Feen-a-mint). Also Friday. WJZ and associated stations.

One man who has a right to broadcast fame.

7:30 P. M. THE MOLLE SHOW—Shirley Howard and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, pianist; Tony Callucci, guitar. Also Wednesday and Thursday. (Molle Shaving Cream). WEAF and associated stations.

Vaudeville that goes too quickly.

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—news commentator (Philco Radio and Television Corp.) Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.

As one man sees the day's events.

7:45 P. M. THE GOLDBERG'S—Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others, comedy sketch (Pepsodent Company). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

A famous family air their troubles.

8:00 P. M. HAPPY BAKERS. Phil Duey, Frank Luther and Jack Parker, with Vivien Ruth (Wonder Bread). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Happy and snappy.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL. "The Human Side of the News." Also Wednesday and Friday (Barbasol Company). WABC and associated stations.

What happened today and might happen next week.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks alternating with William Daly's orchestra (Firestone Tire and Rubber Company). WEAF and associated stations.

Two glorious voices in perfect alternation.

8:30 P. M. BING CROSBY AND ORCHESTRA; The Mills Brothers (Woodbury Soap). WABC and associated stations.

He makes this a national stay-at-home night.

8:30 P. M. THE DJER KISS RECITAL—Michael Bartlett, tenor, with Alexander Steinert's orchestra (Vadsco Sales Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

All in the cause of perfume.

9:00 P. M. A. & P. GYPSIES—Direction Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

Old timers with Mr. Parker to make it new.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band director, Harry Kogen. (Sinclair Refining Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

The success of this one even surprises us.

9:00 P. M. ROSA PONSELLE with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and 16-voice chorus (Chesterfield). WABC and associated stations.

Our favorite voice, and it's about time.

9:30 P. M. DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY with Hugh Barrett Dobbs, Doric and Knickerbocker Quartets; Orchestra direction Meredith Willson (California Packing Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

Take a little cruise yourself.

9:30 P. M. JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS—guest star; orchestra direction Josef Pasternack. WJZ and associated stations.

Sugary melodies.

9:30 P. M. "THE BIG SHOW" with Gertrude Niesen, Isham Jones' orchestra, and Dramatic Cast and Guest Artist (Ex-Lax). WABC and associated stations.

A swell orchestra and the coming blues singer.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer (Carnation Milk Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

Well, are you?

TUESDAY

1:30 P. M. EASY ACES (Jad Salts). Also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

We insist this deserves a night spot.

5:45 P. M. REX COLE MOUNTAINEERS—Hillbilly songs and sketch (Rex Cole, Inc.). Also Thursday. WEAF

Warbling straight from Arkansas.

7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS with Phil Cook. Also Thursday and Friday. (Gold Dust Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

A lot of people think he's flunny.

7:45 P. M. GUS VAN AND COMPANY; Arlene Jackson, blues singer. WJZ and associated stations.

That Van still knows how to put a song over.

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone (Philip-Morris Cigarettes). WEAF and associated stations.

One of America's smoothest musical group.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES, an original Spencer Dean mystery drama with Edward Reese and John MacBryde (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Shudders and thrills.

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra. Also Wednesday. WEAF and associated stations.

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA (Premier-Pabst Sales Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

Ben still shows them how to do it.

9:15 P. M. OLDSMOBILE Presents Ruth Etting, John Green and his orchestra; chorus. Also Friday. WABC and associated stations.

If there's anything better than Ruth, we haven't heard it.

9:30 P. M. THE TEXACO FIRE CHIEF BAND—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, with Graham McNamee; male quartet; Fire Chief Band (Texas Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

He's crazy but he makes them laugh.

9:30 P. M. EDDIE DUCHIN and his Central Park Casino Orchestra. Also Thursday and Saturday (Pepsodent Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Duchin's the Debbie's delight but he no likee.

10:00 P. M. CAMEL CARAVAN with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Stoopnagle and Budd and Connie Boswell (Camel Cigarettes). Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.

A double header of what the listeners seem to like best.

WEDNESDAY

8:00 P. M. THE ROYAL GELATINE REVIEW—Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

We'll take the baron any night.

8:30 P. M. ALBERT SPALDING, Violinist; with Conrad Thibault, Baritone, and Don Vorhees Orchestra (Fletcher's Castoria). WABC and associated stations.

A famous artist who knows his popular appeal.

9:00 P. M. THE IPANA TROUBADOURS—orchestra; guest artist (Ipana Toothpaste). WEAF and associated stations.

Pleasantly remindful of pearly teeth.

9:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT and his Cuckoos. (A.C. Spark-Plug Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

The crazy crowd in a new spot.

9:00 P. M. NINO MARTINI with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and 16-voice chorus (Chesterfield). WABC and associated stations.

A beautiful voice in well chosen programs.

9:30 P. M. FRED ALLEN'S SAL HEPATICA REVUE—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa; Jack Smart, Mary McCoy, Ferde Grofe's orchestra and the Songsmith's quartet (Sal Hepatica Salts). WEAF and associated stations.

A really smart comedian who knows how to build his own program.

9:30 P. M. THE VINCE PROGRAM—guest artist and William Daly and his string orchestra (Wm. R. Warner Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Somebody's got a hard spot to fill.

9:30 P. M. WHITE OWL PROGRAM. Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians with Burns and Allen, Comedy Team (General Cigar Co.). WABC and associated stations.

As silly as ever and just as amusing.

10:00 P. M. OLD GOLD PROGRAM—Ted Fiorito and his orchestra with Dick Powell, Master of Ceremonies (P. Lorillard Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Now there's a leader who knows music.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Ed Sullivan, Sports Announcer; three Scamps; James Wallington Master of Ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

Lopez is still one of our favorites.

THURSDAY

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest artists. (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEAF and associated stations.

Still the best air show.

8:30 P. M. "VOICE OF AMERICA" with Mary Eastman; guest speaker; Nicholas Kempner's Orchestra (Underwood Typewriters). WABC and associated stations.

This one should make you tune in.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger; Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Doris Bennett, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.

A steamboat ride you shouldn't miss.

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Al Jolson, singing comedian; Deems Taylor, master of ceremonies (Kraft Phoenix Cheese Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.

The jazz king and the mammy singer which should be enough for you.

FRIDAY

11:00 A. M. MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Walter Damrosch conducting. WEAF-WJZ and associated stations.

You'll learn something here.

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cities Service quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

A sweet soprano and Banta makes the keys talk.

8:00 P. M. NESTLE'S CHOCOLATEERS with Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe and Don Bestor's Orchestra (Nestle's Chocolate). WJZ and associated stations.

The candy kids but there should be more of O'Keefe.

8:30 P. M. THE MARCH OF TIME (Remington Typewriters). WABC and associated stations.

One of radio's best ideas brilliantly carried out.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra (Sterling Products). WEAF and associated stations.

You know what we think of these artists.

9:30 P. M. RICHARD HUDNUT presents Marvelous Melodies—The Powder-Box Revue. With Jack Whiting, Jeanie Lang, Jack Denny and his orchestra (Richard Hudnut Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.

We'll take Whiting—you can have Jeanie.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Mabel Albertson; orchestra direction Roy Shield; Merrie-Men male quartet; Neil Sisters, harmony trio (Armour & Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Now, this is something we'll stay home for.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Compana Corporation). WEAF and associated stations.

All the theatre thrills in your own home.

SATURDAY

1:45 P. M. METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY—John B. Kennedy and Milton J. Cross commentators (Lucky Strike Cigarettes). WEAF-WJZ and associated stations.

One of the real high-lights of the week.

8:00 P. M. "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD" (Borden Company). Mark Warnow's Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Some entertaining camera tidbits.

9:00 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Arthur Boran, radio mimic; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio; orchestra direction Don Voorhees; Brad Browne, Master of Ceremonies. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.). WEAF and network.

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9:00 P. M. GRETE STUECKGOLD with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and 16-

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10:00 P. M. THE SATURDAY NIGHT TERRAPLANE PARTY with Robert L. "Believe-it-or-not" Ripley; B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra; Men About Town trio. (Hudson Motor Car Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

Things you never knew till now.

Fred Allen Story

(*Continued from page 29*)

and he was baptized John F. Sullivan thirty some years ago. He has a reticence about having his age known so we'll just say he's in his early thirties and you can form your own opinion as to whether we're giving him the break of a couple of years. The day he first opened his eyes, the ground hog went right back into his hole and it was cold Massachusetts winter for the young Sullivan many years until at last he hit Broadway and the Main Stem paid tribute to his talents.

He tried out many jobs while he was still mastering the elementary branches of an education and though his schooling has been limited he is an avid reader and has that mellow, rich learning which comes from varied and wide experience with all sorts of people and experiences.

As a small boy he worked in the public library in Boston and had a penchant for planning his future career from whatever book he happened to pick up. If it was a volume of travel he was going to far places, if it was a thesis on bridge building then that's what he wanted to do—for the moment. It was natural therefore when one day he came upon a book which minutely described the art of juggling he should immediately consider himself an embryonic juggler and so seriously did he dwell on this outlook that eventually he became a very bad throw-and-catch-'em artist in small time vaudeville. His manipulations of the various instruments were so inexpert and so coldly received that he interpolated funny lines to cover his fumblings, gradually developing into a comedian, and leaving the shiny balls to those who could catch them better.

He served in the A. E. F. during the World War and after the armistice returned to New York to hunt a job and marry Portland Hoffa, his present wife and professional stooge, and to struggle along for years until a chance in a big Broadway production brought his clever routines to the attention of those who make stars out of road-show strugglers. What Fred Allen did in the way of keeping the first "Little Show" audiences laughing is still theater history. And what Fred Allen did, in that era, by way of making brilliant successes out of after-theater parties and social soirees is still talked about, too. He was the stellar guest of all those gatherings that included Noel Coward, the Alfred Lunts and other lights.

He had a grand time himself, too, until he realized that staying up late at night and getting up early the next morning made him more amusing socially than he might be professionally. Then, as is typical of Fred Allen, he immediately did an about-face. He gave up the parties because his work was so much more important and nowadays if you hear of the Fred Allens being among those present at any of the big social events you may rest assured Fred's there because of an old friendship or because he's so inherently kind he couldn't find a "no."

The Allens' existence, away from the radio, is an uneventful one if judged by the activities of most other microphone celebrities. Fortunately for Fred, Portland likes the quiet ways. Though, I suppose, she's so much in love with her husband, even if she weren't the quiet, retiring sort of person she is, whatever Fred said would be right.

Allen lives by a routine of physical exercises and careful adherence to a sane diet so that he is in better condition this year than he has been for many theatrical seasons. He has all sorts of gymnastic equipment in his own home and if you see a picture of Fred in his living room, slouched in a comfortable chair with a glass in his hand, you may be sure it contains milk. He walks miles every day and visits a New York gym several times a week. He keeps regular hours, works all day and as a result not only writes his own material, scribbles off syndicated letters and humorous articles for any number of publications but concocts the stuff for other comedians whose names are as well known as his. Many a quip that has brought a coast-to-coast laugh has originated in the fertile mind of Fred Allen and we don't mean it finally reached the public by the pilfering route either, because a part of Allen's income is derived from contracts to provide the continuities for other stars. During months between theater engagements he once served as a production man in Paramount's Long Island studio where he brightened the dialogue of many a dull scenario. And if any of you vaudeville fans of other years recall a funny fellow named Fred James who long ago made you laugh, that was Fred Allen, too. Only he changed his name to Allen after he'd changed John Sullivan to Fred James.

HE'S an old married man now, judging by Broadway matrimonial seasons but he's still so crazy about Portland Hoffa he'd rather you complimented her than his own humor. His generous spirit extends to other members of his radio cast, too. He doesn't hog the catch lines. He'll often give the funniest speeches to somebody less important than he when he writes the script because to him it's the act that comes first—not Fred Allen. That, any executive or actor will tell you, is the height of professional generosity.

There's Only One Marriage for Me

(*Continued from page* 17)

qualms about spoiling everybody's plans, but I was so much in love with the little lady that I was ready to defy anything or anybody. At first, we met secretly at out-of-the-way lunch stands around Hollywood not frequented by the gossipy throngs of filmdom. Sometimes we got together at the homes of mutual friends. The times we met were as out-of-the-way as the places, for I was busy all night singing, and Dixie was busy practically all day at the studio.

Dixie and I "clicked" perfectly, except on one occasion which makes me laugh till this day when I remember it. We finally decided to brave a public appearance together, and so I was to escort Dixie to the opening of one of her pictures.

CARELESSLY, I put on a henna overcoat over my evening clothes, and when I called for Dixie she took one look at me and gasped.

"Bing Crosby!" she exclaimed, "Do you think I'm going out with you when you look like that?"

"Now don't get mad, Dixie," I took her arm and led her protesting to my car, "Calm down. Do you mean to say that the shade of my sport coat is worth an argument?"

"You look terrible!" her eyes flashed, "You always do wear the worst clothes, anyway. Well, I'm not going into the theatre with you looking that way!"

She didn't either. Any Hollywood reporters who were hanging around the theatre expecting to snap a scoop picture of Dixie and me walking in together were disappointed. Because Dixie stalked in alone. I followed later, somewhat sheepishly, and sat by myself. I didn't even have the pleasure of seeing her home, because she left with more proper folk!

Two days later, we could both laugh at the incident. I was, and am, a trifle eccentric about my appearance. My alibi is that I am color blind—but my blue socks, yellow tie, and light green shirt will always get a rise out of somebody. By this time, Dixie has either become resigned to it, or is too tactful to make remarks.

Occasionally, Dixie and I staged heated arguments on the subject of parents. Her folks, you see, considered me the worst catastrophe since the Great Flood, and her natural loyalty to them caused a few clashes.

Approximately six months after our meeting in Cocoanut Grove, and subsequent secret rendez-vous, I got up enough courage to ask her to marry me. This great event took place at a little chicken shack in Beverly Hills, "The Ferncroft."

Dixie did not say "yes", immediately. In fact, the little lady gave me a severe lecture. She said that I must exhibit some tendency to walk the straight and narrow path, tend more to business, and make the most of my opportunities. This I earnestly and sincerely promised to do . . . but in living up to my word I was thrown into such a rush of professional activity that I had little time to be with Dixie!

Since there was so much opposition, we decided to marry secretly, then announce it after the deed was done. My brother Everett, and Maybeth Carr, a friend of Dixie's were let in on the plot and promised to stand up for us.

Sue Carol was also part of the conspiracy, for she, gracious lady that she is, had promised to lend us her house for our brief honeymoon. A trip would have been impossible at that time for Dixie and I were both working, myself with Gus Arnheim at the Cocoanut Grove, the wife-to-be concluding her three-year contract with Fox.

We were married at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood, September 27, 1930. The news of the wedding broke with hurricane force, and, like a hurricane, soon blew over. Dixie's parents were more bitter than mine for they had set their hearts on her success as an actress, and they realized that as Mrs. Crosby she would not sign another contract! Furthermore, it was not as if she had tossed away her career to marry someone of importance. The man of her choice was only a yodeler in Hollywood night clubs!

Being married to Dixie greatly stimulated my ambition, and I was all set to conquer the world. I realized that I had not only robbed the cradle, but had smashed a promising career to smithereens. You see, I couldn't realize all that without sensing a great deal of responsibility, and eagerness to make up for Dixie's loss by amounting to something myself.

With this incentive, my own career went ahead by leaps and bounds—and by the grace of fortunate "breaks". It was through recordings that William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, heard me sing "I Surrender Dear" and decided to surrender a very lucrative radio contract to me!

MY orchestra contract took me from coast to coast playing the vaudeville theatres and night clubs. Dixie sometimes went on the road with me, sometimes waited in a Hollywood hotel for my return from Chicago or Minneapolis or Louisville.

If she had not been the sport that she is, the life we led might have made her lonely and unhappy and regretful. She could never depend upon me to be home in time for dinner, and we would frequently have to pull up our roots and move from one apartment house or hotel to another. But throughout the fever and rush of my fight for success, the hectic pace that has made smooth domestic life impossible, Dixie has kept smiling, and hoping that we might someday be able to have a permanent home of our own.

Last year, the arrival of Gary Evans in Hollywood made it imperative for the Crosbys to own a "little grey home

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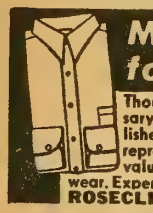


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in the west". Planning our own ideal place, and moving into it, was one of the happiest moments of our lives. We furnished it in early American style with big, comfortable chairs and chintz curtains.

The California climate is ideal for me, because I enjoy golf and fishing all the year around. Though Dixie is not much of a sportswoman, she enjoys sailing, and is an excellent skipper. In fact, she can sail a boat as well as she can handle me—which is saying a lot!

We have a few friends in Hollywood, tried and true. Jobyna and Dick Arlen, for instance, often make a foursome at cards whenever I have an evening at home. Since both the Crosbys and Arlens have young babies, we like to fancifully discuss their future.

Gary Evans appears to have a little of both our dispositions in his make-up, but he favors Dixie in appearance. I would love to see my son in the show business, but this much is certain. When he is old enough to be sent to college, he will attend Notre Dame, or some other good Jesuit school.

Dixie is a good little mother, but she manages to also remain my sweetheart. We don't have many arguments, but when we do, we both have a good healthy sulk and avoid each other until it blows over.

She is also my favorite critic. Since Dixie can sing like nobody's business herself, I sit up and take notice whenever she offers me any constructive criticism.

I shall always be thankful for that night at the Cocoanut Grove, four years ago that Dixie's eyes, my lucky stars, first shone on me. And come what may—a certain quotation from the prayerbook is applicable to us—

"As it was in the beginning—is now —and ever shall be, world without end!"

I Speak for Myself

(*Continued from page 9*)

in our block—and the tomboy part of me was very hard on my clothes.

One Easter Sunday morning, mother had me all dressed up in a brand new melon pink linen! I can close my eyes and see it now—with its crisp embroidered organdy collar! As I stood on the front steps waiting for the rest of the family to take me to church with them, one of the boys next door asked me to give him a push in his coaster wagon. Well—I ran right down and gave him a push—and hung on to enjoy the ride. I fell off en route to the foot of the hill, and soiled my lovely new dress!

Another time, my grand old Billy had one of his romping streaks, and I joined in the fun of racing around the yard. I was wearing a brand new brown winter coat—but that meant nothing to Billy—he knocked me down and dragged me all around the yard by his teeth. When the confusion was over—a big snag was torn in the front of my coat.

Our colored cook, Daisy, used to tell the grandest stories. All about spooks, and h'ants, and sea captains. Sometimes, when I went to bed, my imagination would get the best of me, and I'd begin to see bears and tigers crouching in the dark corners of my room. Then I'd remember that Daisy would always say, "Sing, and you keep the devil away"—so I'd hum myself to sleep.

The hero of my young life was grandfather—who used to ride around on a swashbuckling motorcycle. Sometimes he'd take me for a ride, and it was always like an adventure to me. Then, my favorite heroine was Pearl White—the star of "The Perils of Pauline." How many times I held my breath while the villain was closing in on her!

I was a very poor student in school. I hate to admit it, but I actually suffered through those tedious study hours and classes! Latin and algebra were by far my worst subjects, and the most bearable to me were geography and history. The only fun I ever had in school was when the music teacher was ill, and I was allowed to take the class. I never was given piano or vocal lessons, but I could always instinctively remember notes and lyrics—so my do, re, mis, were as correct as though read from music bars.

All the Washington school kids looked forward to inaugural parade, when we had a holiday and perched on letter boxes. Another big event was the arrival of the circus, and we were always allowed to watch the parade of elephants, zebras and camels with the calliope shrieking through the streets.

The only thing approximating music study, was listening to our victrola. Often, especially on rainy afternoons, I'd play Frances Alda's records. As a kid my voice was pure soprano, then as I grew older it became more of a contralto, though I still have a soprano's range.

UNLIKE most tomboys, I was perfectly content to be a girl. I always thought boys were out of luck because they couldn't dress up. A new dress made me feel just like a queen. Of all the grand dresses mother sewed me—one stands out in my mind as being the perfect "creation"—a blue crepe de chine dress with beautiful velvet and satin flowers around the sash. (But alas and alack—when I look at pictures of it now—it seems very silly!)

As I grew older, I stopped tearing my dresses to shreds, but I occasionally did something which would make mother gasp. When I was thirteen, I scared everybody to death by starting out to experiment driving my uncle's automobile parked in front of our house. Ever since the days when I admired Grandfather's motorcycle, I had wanted to try my hand at running an engine, and I thought I'd go out and quietly see how the thing was done. I stepped on the self starter—I stepped on, and pulled at other mysterious

implements—and before I knew it the car was moving. Then I got scared—because I couldn't stop it. So I had to yell for help, and one of our neighbors, quietly reading the paper on his front porch, came to my rescue. He leaped on the running board, took the steering wheel, climbed in and stopped the car. That was one of the most humiliating moments of my life.

"Katherine, don't you be such a smarty-cat!" he said.

I was trembling all over, and hadn't enough power to answer back.

Ever since I was seven, my gang had given shows, with soap boxes for the stage and candles for footlights. I was the prima donna, haughtily dressed in mother's discarded silk dresses, old hats, and high-heeled slippers much too big for me.

My next step toward singing for an audience was participating in Sunday School pageants. Then, though I was too young to realize where it started, or how it happened, Washington was talking war. There were bands, and bugles, and flags waving, and soldiers walking around the streets in their khaki uniforms and Sam Browne belts. It was all tremendously stirring and thrilling to me, because I did not grasp the tragedy in the world at that time. However, I did realize that the thing to do was to sing for the soldiers, so I participated in the shows given for the khaki-clad men at the camps near Washington.

I'll never forget the first event of this kind. I was dressed up in white dimity, with blue socks and a big blue hair ribbon binding my short braids. I was scared when I first stepped out to sing, because there was a peculiar hush in the audience—a hush that I have known many times since. Then I began to sing, and I felt better the moment I opened my mouth and the first words of "The Rose of No Man's Land" blended with the piano accompaniment. I felt that queer "pull" response from the soldiers, and I was fearlessly and enormously happy. The applause was thrilling, and I went home that night utterly resolved that I would go on the stage when I graduated from school.

A very big moment was meeting President Wilson when I sang at the White House Photographers' Banquet. He prophesied that I would be an opera star some day. The prediction of that great President is wrong—so far.

During my last years of high school, I finally dared to tell my family that I wanted to go on the stage when I had my diploma. I knew this would disappoint them, because they had always told me that they wanted me to become a nurse. There were so many doctors in our family that this was a natural ambition for them to hope for their child.

They warned me that most stage careers were achieved after many unhappinesses. And—three years later—I found out that they were quite right.

(Read the second installment of Kate Smith's life story in next month's issue.)

From Furs to Fertilizer

(Continued from page 33)

what I want, so as to be sure it's fresh."

"It's always fresher than Cantor's get-offs," chuckled the storekeeper. "Mostly they ain't dated—they's antedated."

"Never you mind, Allan, jest git me that coffee," smiled Matilda. "An' some more things. Oh, yes, I want a box of Clara, Lu an' Em washing powder."

"Here you be, Matilda. The name is Super Suds."

"As ef I didn't know! Stop yer foolishness and give me a half pound o' Paul Whiteman cheese."

"Ho, ho, that's good," gurgled the grocer. Then, mock-seriously: "I'm all outa Whiteman cheese, madam, how will some Kraft do instead?"

And so it went for ten minutes, these two having a perfectly gorgeous time exchanging banter based on radio identities. I was amazed, but wondered if I wasn't witnessing a scene staged for my especial benefit. The store door slammed and a farmer walked in. Immediately Matilda dropped her bantering air and inquired of him:

"Where you been so long, Silas? A body'd think you had a team o' horses to hitch up."

Silas chuckled and replied: "Oh, I stopped by to get some o' Lowell Thomas' Blue Sunoco; then Will Rogers and George M. Cohan sold me some of that Good Gulf Oil, so now we're set for the trip back."

Matilda was appeased, but she retorted:

"I ain't begun to get everything we need. You'd better help me, to make sure I don't forget anything. I didn't make a list."

Her husband said teasingly: "You women and your everlastin' lists! Can't you use yer eyes? Look around—there's J. C. Nugent sellin' his pipe tobacco. I'll have a can of his Dill's Best. And better get a carton of them cigarettes the opera stars sing for."

These masculine wants attended to, Silas lost all interest in the shopping expedition. But Matilda continued the game. In fact she enjoyed it.

"How about some of Ethel Shutta's Nestle's chocolate for Mary Louise? You men only think of yourselves. And I'll take some of Burns and Allen's White Owl cigars for Cousin George and his son."

While the storekeeper reached for the various goods, Matilda scanned the shelves and bins. "And what else," inquired Shay.

Matilda ordered glibly:

"Some Lady Esther cold cream. You know that Wayne King's orchestra plays so smoothly. Oh, yes, and that face powder she sells that stands the bite test. If it's as smooth as King's music, Mary Louise wants me to bring her some. And for my hands, I'll take some of Walter Winchell's lotion—Jer-

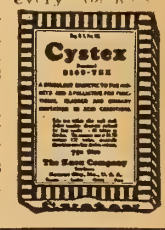
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gens'. And the little feller said to be sure and bring him some Myrt and Marge chewing gum.

"And you can give me a Phil Baker Armour ham. And we'll have beer with that for Sunday night's supper—Bernie's Blue Ribbon beer—we enjoy him and the lads so much on the radio.

"Now, for the medicine chest we need some of Helen Morgan's Bi-so-dol for my indigestion; Bing Crosby's soap, the Woodbury; Amos and Andy's Pepsodent tooth paste, or maybe I should say the Goldberg's?"

"Same thing," responded the storekeeper.

"Oh, yes, and the little feller listens to them Courtney Riley Cooper yarns, that's how I get him to swallow that Scott's Emulsion. Better give me some of that. And the Orphan Annie Ovaltine. I'm trying to get that child to put on a coupla pounds—he's so energetic, he wears himself down."

"ALL boys are like that. Mine looked like a beanpole till he was eighteen," said the man behind the counter.

"I ain't waitin' that long to fatten mine up," retorted Matilda.

With that off her mind, Matilda began to think of herself.

"Now I want some of them Enna Jettick shoes, and Eddie Duchin's Junis Cream. There's Littman's and Orbach's—guess I'll get me some ready made dresses for church goin'. And if we have a good crop, and can get prices for 'em, maybe I'll be able to get me some of them I. J. Fox furs this Fall."

At this juncture, Silas came back to his spouse's side, and broke in with:

"If we have good prices this Fall, I'm fer buying a Ford that Fred Waring and his gang plays for. And I just had a look at some of them Firestone tires, you know the ones Lawrence Tibbett sings for, and that Harvey Firestone talks about."

"Why a Ford, pray? I like B. A. Rolfe's music better! Let's get a Terraplane. They've got that new streamline, ain't they?"

As the storekeeper wrapped their purchases and totaled the account, this pair squabbled amiably about their future purchases, "if" the crop prices were right. Their purchases completed, the couple departed, Matilda quoting Phil Cook's familiar "I'll see you subsequently," as she went through the door.

The proprietor assured me this kind of purchasing was a regular routine in his store.

"Folks in these parts has got in the habit of orderin' everything they kin by the name of the radius artists," he explained. "Everybody's got a radius these days and everybody listens in, especially these long Winter nights. I dunno who started it, but it's become the custom to buy things that-a-way. Why, even the children get the craze. Kids come in here and ask fer a bar of Baby Rose Marie, instead of Tasty-east. Ef folks want a Fleischmann yeast cake, they ask fer a Rudy Vallee. This seems kinda cute to me, seein' as how Rudy needs plenty to buck him up, with so much trouble with wimmen. Good grief, did yew ever see a man in sich messes all the time as him? Now ef I was Rudy, I'd—"

But I didn't wait to hear how he would solve Rudy's domestic problems. Instead, I interrupted to ask if the farmers played this "radius" game as well as their women folks and children.

"Well, you heard Silas Roe, didn't yew?" he ejaculated. "Why, lady, you'd be surprised how far-fetchin' and what a influence the radius is playing on folks' daily lives."

As I was making my departure, I got another sample of that "radius influence."

"HOW about a package of bird seed, ma'am?" he asked me.

"Bird seed?" I repeated, puzzled. "I have no use for bird seed—I don't own a canary."

"You don't have to own a canary to eat bird seed," he persisted. "It's best fer humans."

"But I don't like bird seed," I retorted, by now really provoked.

"Sez yew," chuckled the grocer. "But the bird seed pop'lar in these parts is spelled B-Y-R-D and means Grape-Nuts."

And then it dawned on me. Grape-Nuts, of course, sponsor the Admiral Byrd broadcasts and Byrd-Seeds for Grape-Nuts wouldn't be snubbed by a Broadway gag man, at that. No use talking, travel is enlightening—especially if one goes gadding in the mountainous regions of Jersey.

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10 P. M. Eastern Time

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WJR—Detroit	WBZ—Boston	KWK—St. Louis
WENR—Chicago	WSYR—Syracuse	CFCF—Montreal

TUNE IN FRIDAY NIGHT!

When Lopez Plays

(*Continued from page* 13)

As a child, Lopez studied piano, guitar and mandolin. He never played much with the youngsters in the neighborhood, and he knew little about the games that kids enjoy. When he was thirteen, his parents sent him to St. Mary's School in Dunkirk, N. Y., a branch of the Monastery of the Passionist Fathers. It was here that Lopez was to be educated and trained to be a missionary. But he never had the feeling of being at home amidst the grim, grey walls of his surroundings and, after three years, he finally summoned the courage to walk into the executive offices of the school and state:

"I don't believe I can go on any longer."

THE Fathers made no efforts to dissuade him. He returned home to his disappointed parents. They decided he should enter upon a business career and, to that end, he enrolled at a business college in Brooklyn.

"I studied shorthand and typing," Lopez reminisced, adding: "I can still type at a fast rate of speed."

"As fast as you play 'Kitten On the Keys'?" I asked, referring to the piano solo that Lopez has identified with himself.

He smiled. "Not quite."

After a year at business college, Lopez found a job as secretary to an executive in a milk firm in Brooklyn. He disliked the grind of business routine and puzzled how he could leave his job and get a position with a band or with a cafe as pianist that would pay him enough to live on. But he didn't know how this was done. He bided his time, and opportunity soon came a-knocking at his door. He heard it, too.

"At the milk company," Lopez said, "I met a man named John O'Kane who was a private detective and whose avocation was singing. John was in demand at parties. As a rule, he asked me to go along with him and I did. One evening, we went to Clayton's Cafe in Brooklyn. They had singing waiters and a piano player there as entertainment. I thought I might get a job there, too."

He did—as assistant pianist.

"You must have been keeping long hours," I figured.

"I was," he nodded. "I was at the milk company from nine until five and at the cafe from nine in the evening until four in the morning."

When Lopez' parents learned he was playing the piano in a cafe, they disapproved so vehemently that Lopez departed the parental roof and went to live with one of the singing waiters at the cafe with whom he had become friends. The following summer, Clayton's closed and then began Lopez' slow but sure rise to fame. He played at McLoughlin's famous cafe in Sheepshead Bay. Later, he ventured into New York as pianist for the orchestra at the once renowned Pekin Restaurant. Jazz was beginning to be the popular craze and bands were coming into favor.

"I soon learned, however," Lopez said, "that four things were required to make an orchestra individualistic—rhythm, melody, orchestration, and interpretation."

Being a thorough workman, Lopez equipped himself for success by studying orchestration under J. Bodewalt Lampe and directing under Paul Eisler of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

It was in 1922 when radio was in its infancy, that Lopez made his air debut, the forerunner to his immense popularity in this sphere of entertainment. That debut was in a way due to Paul Whiteman. Station WJZ—the station that now resides in ultra luxury in National Broadcasting's magnificent Rockefeller Center offices—was then located in Newark, New Jersey, a goodly trek from New York City. This station had asked Paul Whiteman to bring his band out and broadcast but Whiteman decided it was too much of a trip. Lopez was invited to broadcast. Lopez went. Not only did he make his debut but he stumbled on the lines that have since become his radio trademark.

"What," Lopez nervously asked the announcer before he went on the air, "shall I say into the microphone?"

"Say anything," the announcer helped. "Say — 'Hello, everybody. Lopez speaking.'"

Lopez has been saying just that ever since.

"But it wasn't always easy sailing even after I became established as an orchestra leader," Lopez remarked.

Success led to a dark moment in Lopez' career. At the height of his rise to popularity, he received an offer to play at the Kit Kat Club in London. He accepted it and while in London also played at various motion picture theatres and in a legitimate musical show. Returning to New York from his triumphs in England and on the Continent, Lopez discovered that his name had waned in popularity since his absence.

"I had to begin practically all over again," Lopez recollected.

HE succeeded, though there were gloomy gaps when he wondered if he was going to succeed. He had his own club—the Casa Lopez on West 54th Street. This was destroyed by fire. He had another Casa Lopez club next to the Winter Garden. This was not a success. In 1929, Lopez opened at the Woodmansten Inn in exclusive Westchester. Liquor was served at this gay rendezvous of society. Prohibition authorities promptly snapped a padlock on its door. He went to Pelham Heath. Society followed him. So did the prohibition authorities—with a padlock. Life was becoming one padlock after another.

In the midst of these troubles, however, Lopez' friends in society remembered him when remembering would do him a real service. The St. Regis Hotel in New York was searching for an



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orchestra leader who would be a popular attraction to its newly decorated roof high-spot.

"Why don't you engage Lopez?" a society man suggested to the hotel management.

The hotel management decided the idea good. Lopez was engaged to open the smart roof garden. He remained for several years and then went to the Congress Hotel in Chicago. Frequently, he plays in motion picture theatres. Over the air, his orchestra continues to rank with the prime favorites.

Lopez is thirty-seven years old and he has been in the musical profession for twenty of these years. He has no quarrel with life. It has been, for the most part, very kind to him. He is patient and he is a worker. On Broadway, they call him "the unsinkable Lopez." He may have his moments of rough sledding, but he has courage, ability, and the individuality to end on top. Millions of radio listeners testify to their liking of Lopez by the thousands and thousands of letters he receives.

Yes, Vincent Lopez dreamed true as a boy. He has spread the musical gospel in the United States. More even than this, he has won a vast circle of friends and a stellar position in the "syncopated sun of fame."

Our Mother's Day Party

(*Continued from page 43*)

Menu

Grapefruit and Mint Cocktail
Baked Chicken
Mashed Potatoes
Asparagus
Creamed Spinach with Mushrooms
Lettuce with French Dressing
Angel Cake with Strawberry Ice Cream

Grapefruit and Mint Cocktail

Grapefruits are inexpensive this time of the year, and with the mint leaves make a very cool, and refreshing cocktail. Remove the skin from the fruit, and cut into sections. Place about four slices in each glass, pour over about two tablespoons of ginger ale, and arrange sprays of mint attractively.

Baked Chicken

Buy a roasting chicken, and have the butcher cut as for frying. Wash the meat and dry with a fresh towel. Have on your work table a bowl with flour, and one with egg yolks mixed with a tablespoonful of water. Dip each piece of chicken in egg, and then in the flour. Place these in a greased baking dish and bake about fifty minutes, until a golden brown color is procured, basting every fifteen minutes with butter dissolved in a cup of hot water.

Mashed Potatoes

Peel potatoes, wash and cut in half, or if large in quarter pieces. Put in pan of water, and add to this one tablespoon of salt. Boil for about twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, or until soft when tried with a folk. Drain off the water, mash, add salt, pepper, butter, and milk until of a creamy consistency.

Asparagus

Cut off flower parts of stalks as far as the stalks will snap. Remove scales, wash, and then tie into three or four bunches. Cook standing up in boiling water, that has been salted until soft, about twenty minutes, the first ten minutes the tips should be standing upright and then place the entire vegetable in water. Remove from water, untie by cutting string with scissors, and pour over melted butter.

Creamed Spinach with Mushrooms

This is a dish that the person much opposed to spinach will relish. Wash the spinach well in two to four waters, depending on the spinach. Before washing the spinach cut off all undesired leaves and the ends. Cook in salted water for about twenty minutes, have the water boiling before adding vegetable. While spinach is cooking, cut up mushrooms and fry. Drain off spinach and add a quart of milk, thickened with flour and season. Then add mushrooms. Place mixture in baking dish, top with grated cheese, and bake twenty to forty minutes.

Lettuce with French Dressing

Arrange two or three leaves of lettuce on each salad dish, and pour over the French dressing just before serving.

French Dressing

1 cup salad oil
½ cup vinegar
few drops onion juice
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon paprika

Place these in a covered jar, chill well, and before serving shake vigorously for a few minutes.

Angel Cake

This recipe is for a medium size pan.
6 eggs
¾ cup sugar, sifted
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup family or all purpose flour

Beat the egg whites, to which the salt has been added until foamy, then after the cream of tartar has been added beat until egg whites are stiff. Sift the flour and sugar three or four times, and with the vanilla fold into the mixture. For angel cake never butter the pan. Bake in a slow oven for about one hour. 325° F.

Strawberry Ice Cream

Angel cake cut and served with fresh strawberry ice cream is an old favorite of many women.

1 quart strawberries
1 cup sugar
1½ cups heavy cream
1½ cups milk
4 egg whites
pinch salt

Pick over berries, and wash, sprinkle with sugar and let stand several hours; then squeeze through cheesecloth. Mix the egg whites that are stiff with the cream, milk, and salt. Freeze to a mush. Using three parts ice to one part of salt. Then add fruit juice and freeze until of desired mixture. Save a few large, attractive berries to cut in half to place around ice cream. If the ice cream is bought, buy a half pint of strawberries, wash, and allow to stand in sugar, to be soft to pour over the cream.

You Ask Her Another

(*Continued from page* 18)

think Mrs. Goldberg could be made into a realistic movie character?

A. Yes.

Q. What do you do when you're not Mrs. Goldberg?

A. Why then I'm writing about her.

Q. You have a family?

A. Yes, two, a boy and a girl.

Q. Do you carry your air problems into your private life?

A. Yes, but I have no private life.

Q. What is your favorite recreation?

A. I like to read a book and eat an apple when my day's work is done.

Q. What would you do if you didn't have to broadcast for three months?

A. I think I'd go crazy.

Q. Who is your favorite radio personality?

A. Rudy Vallee.

Q. What kind of people do you think are most interested in your radio broadcasts?

A. All kinds, young people, old people—people in all walks of life.

Q. If you could be somebody else beside Gertrude Berg, who would you like to be?

A. Molly Goldberg.

Q. What is your most valued possession?

A. My children.

Q. How do you react to your unknown audience?

A. The whole thing is so real to me that I do not feel that I am playing before an audience.

Q. Who do you think is the outstanding figure in the world today?

A. President Roosevelt.

Q. Have you any message for your public?

A. I just hope we never wear the welcome off their dial.



You'd know Stoopnagle and Budd were up to something. This time the popular air comedians are trying out a shower-bath without any holes, but claim it's for people who prefer to take a tub, anyhow.



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Hot and Airy

(*Continued from page 5*)

letter of appreciation from Cantor. And if Joe Miller, their inspiration and common source of material, were alive today no doubt he too would be clamoring for recognition.

SAYS THE CONTROL MAN

Is Jessica Dragonette married or about to make the plunge are questions agitating some folks. Jessica says no. An initial on her handbag started the speculation. The lark explains it is her own middle initial and doesn't mean anything else. . . . Ethel Waters, the negro songstress, has a prodigious memory and can recall both tunes and lyrics of songs done years ago. Thanks to this faculty, she also sings in Russian, Hebrew and French, but can't carry on a conversation in anything but English. . . . Children certainly have become Joe Penner conscious. "You nawsty man" and other Pennerisms are heard all over the land. He is the most imitated radio entertainer since Amos 'n' Andy swept the nation. . . . Boake Carter, the son of English parents, was born in Baku, Russia. . . . Jack Smart was at one time a Hollywood extra. . . . Albert Spalding served in the World War under the command of Major Fiorello LaGuardia, now mayor of New York City. . . . Tony Wons is married to the daughter of a sea captain. . . . Teddy Bergman and Norman Brokenshire first met their wives in radio studios. . . . She was Countess Olga Albani when she was singing on the NBC networks. Now, on WOR, independent Newark station, she is plain Olga Albani. . . . Frank Luther has discovered that Ed Wynn really has an uncle, and that the uncle doesn't like Ed. . . . Peggy Healy has convinced herself she is developing a double chin but is provoked because other people don't believe it.

Ray Perkins, engaging a new gag writer, directed, "Put everything you've got into the script." When Ray read it, he found nothing but jokes about athlete's feet, rheumatism, arthritis, sinus and the like. "Great Scott," he protested, "you seem to have everything but mumps and the measles!"

When Margery, the seven-year-old daughter of Peter Van Steeden, leader of the orchestra on the Jack Pearl broadcast, told her father she wanted a pair of guppies, he agreed to get them for her. But with a lamentable ignorance of natural history. After a series of more or less blessed events that couple of guppies has increased to a couple of hundred. "How was I to know that guppies are practically nautical guinea pigs?" wails Van Steeden, as he sadly surveys a dozen tanks cluttering up his drawing room.

STUDIO SIDELIGHTS

Gertrude Niesen, one of the new sensations of radio, is rapidly gaining a reputation as being very temperamental. But true to the traditions of the theatre, she has proved herself also a real trouper. On more than one occasion she has made broadcast and night club appearances when almost too ill to get out of bed. . . . Announcers whose tongues have stumbled over it are praying that the song "My Little Grass Shack in Kealakekua, Hawaii" will soon be murdered on the air. . . . A model of the hands of Jimmy Kemper, the baritone, are preserved in a museum at Milan, Italy. . . . Of course it had to come—now there's a cigar named after George Jessel. . . . Lawrence Tibbett, who scored several triumphs this season at the Metropolitan Opera House as well as electrifying radio listeners by his concerts, has named his new son, Michael Edward Tibbett—the initials quite appropriately spelling "Met." . . . James Melton, after a long career with NBC, is now singing on the Columbia network. . . . Because a New York radio editor exposed Graham McNamee's plans to marry Ann Lee Sims quietly in Jersey City, the ace announcer fled to Elkton, Md., to have the knot tied. The new Mrs. McNamee is the daughter of a Louisiana cotton planter, She was in New York seeking a stage career when McNamee first met her. . . . Jimmy Durante, before he became famous, was a photo-engraver and singer in a Coney Island honky-tonk. . . . The alarm clock which causes Will Rogers to quit his broadcast in confusion in the middle of a sentence isn't an alarm clock at all. It is an electric bell which the cowboy-humorist-philosopher rings himself when he gets the signal his time is up.

Jack Benny, profiting by his long stage experience, comes forward with an excellent suggestion, which, if adopted, will insure better radio programs. Benny's idea is that air comics should try out their material on the smaller stations before projecting it on the networks. It is an application of the tryout policy in the legitimate theatre—taking shows to "dog" towns before producing them on Broadway. Benny's thought is that transcriptions be made of a comedian's act and played on stations in the lesser communities. "Then," says Benny, "a comedian will be enabled to learn exactly where his material is weak and where it needs pruning and refurbishing."

John McCormack had a cold one day. His voice was in such shape he could scarcely talk, let alone sing. His sponsors, in a panic, were seeking a substitute for the broadcast that night. "Don't worry," said the Irish tenor, "I'll be all right by night." Four hours later he returned to the studio and sang without trace of hoarseness. McCormack explained that his faith had made him whole. He is deeply religious.

IN A COUPLE OF NUTSHELLS

Most male singers remove their collars and ties when they do their stuff in the studios. The reason is their collars are too high and interfere with the knee action of their Adams apples. Rudy Vallee wears a shirt with a specially constructed collar a little lower in the front. . . . Andre Baruch, the Columbia announcer, is a double for Bing Crosby. . . . Roy Smeck, the first musician starred in the talkies, can't read a note. . . . Ben Bernie is reported writing a sequel to "The Last Round-Up," entitled "I Hope I've Heard the Last of the Last Round-Up." . . . Colonel Stoopnagle always appears with a gardenia in his coat lapel. . . . His partner, Budd Hulick, never wears an undershirt, winter or summer. . . . Irene Taylor grew up with Ginger Rogers at Fort Worth, Texas. . . . But Irene, by the way, never really did grow up. She is so small that when she sits on a chair her legs swing in the air. . . . Edwin C. Hill's radio talks have been published in book form. . . . Wayne King wouldn't think of venturing forth on a rainy day without his galoshes. . . . Vera Van owns a fruit orchard in California. . . . Ten-year-old Florence Halop, juvenile radio actress, impersonated Mae West on a recent March of Time broadcast. Five adult players tried for the role couldn't make the grade. . . . Ozzie Nelson was christened Oswald by his parents. . . . The sisters of Phil Baker and Ben Bernie operate a reducing farm at Harrison, N. Y. They won't allow a radio at the resort; they claim it makes people relax and that relaxing is no way to lose weight.

Edsel Ford, in inaugurating the Ford program on Columbia, proved himself as great a showman as his dad. "I don't intend to spoil the program by intrusive advertising," he announced. And wonder of all wonders, he didn't.

Charles Hackett, leaving radio flat to return to the Metropolitan Opera House, delivered himself of some impressions of radio hardly flattering. "Radio is doing a lot of harm to the standards of good music," said the Irish firebrand. "It has created a pubic demand for a style of music that's sappy and inconsequential."

STUDIO PICKUPS

Phil Cook, who married his boyhood sweetheart, is still so much in love with his wife that every time he writes her name he puts down an exclamation mark after it like this—! . . . Because T. Daniel Frawley, the veteran NBC player, used to roam around the world at the head of his own theatrical companies, he was introduced to a radio audience the other night as "the noblest Roman of them all." . . . Ted Fiorito has the youngest drummer in captivity. His name is Charlie Price

and he's only 18. . . . Announcers have more trouble pronouncing "statistics" than any other word in frequent use. . . . Abe Lyman drove the first yellow taxi to appear on the streets of Chicago, his home town. . . . Among recent applicants for an audition at NBC was a wire walker. He became upset and lost his balance when the audition chief asked him what a wire walker could do on the wireless. . . . "No taffeta dresses" is the order in the Columbia studios to actresses. The rustle of taffeta comes through the microphones like the sound of a violent sand storm. . . . Nat Shilkret, the musical director, is gifted with an amazing memory. He can play a score over once and then repeat it without consulting a lead sheet. And, according to Mrs. Shilkret, he always remembers to forget to post the letters she gives him to mail. . . . Most of the pages on the night staff of NBC at Radio City are college students by day. And many on the day staff attend the RCA Radio Institute by night.

A Columbia page dashed into the studio just as Mark Warnow completed his broadcast.

"You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Warnow," he announced.

"Can't come now—gotta conference," said Warnow. "Tell 'em to call back later"

"You gotta come now—it's urgent," pleaded the page

"Sez who?" queried the director

"Sez the doctor," the exasperated messenger explained, "your wife just had a baby"

P.S.—Warnow broke all records getting to the phone.

They were reminiscing about the early days of broadcasting when things weren't so well organized. Some one told how nimble-witted Ray Knight saved himself from an embarrassing situation. Ray, as master of ceremonies, introduced a soloist, only to be told that a duet was next on the program. He corrected himself to learn that he was still wrong—it was a trio. Then Knight announced a quartette as the next number and a twenty-man chorus marched up to the mike. But Ray proved he was the dauntless Knight of the air by getting to the microphone first. "This is a rabbit quartette," he announced, "it multiplies faster than I can announce them."

TELLING IT TERSELY

Annette Hanshaw and Conrad Thibault of the Show Boat program are romancing. . . . Martha Mears, sensational new vocalist on NBC, is a St. Louis girl discovered by Gus Edwards, veteran developer of stage talent. . . . Mildred Bailey, retired from the Columbia airwaves, is now in vaudeville with her brother, Al Rinker, once of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. . . . Teddy Bergman, known only to radio audiences as a comic and impersonator, has a really fine baritone voice. . . . Pontiac's new program with Raymond Paige's orchestra and a negro choir of

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Mail coupon below—and I'll send you, *absolutely free*, my new book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Reveals secrets that changed me from a 97-pound weakling to twice-winner of title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man". Shows how I can build *you* a champion body the same easy way!

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ninety voices projected from Hollywood costs $17,500 per broadcast. It is one of the most expensive on the air. . . . By watching her calories, or something, Ramona has dieted away twelve pounds. . . . The Revelers expect to sail for Europe June 1st. . . . The dramatic interlude, "Riding to Heaven on a Mule" which Al Jolson did the other broadcast, was written by Peter Dixon, one of radio's better playwrights. . . . Stephen Fox is a dandy linguist. He can order a drink in any living language and several dead ones. . . . Irwin Delmore, who plays Mr. Pinkbaum in Fred Allen's Revue, is a practicing attorney in New York. . . . Morton Downey has an inordinate craving for ice cream. . . . Jacques Renard, the maestro, toured South America with Anna Pavlowa when he was a high school lad wearing his first pair of long trousers. . . . Dolores Roach, Rudy Vallee's new vocalist, is the wife of Sammy Cohen, film comedian. . . . Phil Spitalny has $100,000 insurance on his library of original musical manuscripts. . . . Bing Crosby's most prized possession is a "fan" letter from the late Ring Lardner. . . . Fred Allen says that the period furniture dealers are now showing antique radio sets to match the comedians' jokes.

In the Stars' Kitchens

(*Continued from page* 41)

BAKED BANANAS

6 bananas, cut in halves
3 tablespoons butter, melted
⅓ cup sugar
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Place bananas in a baking dish, mix butter, sugar, and lemon juice, and baste the bananas with just half the mixture. Bake for about twenty minutes in 325° F. oven and during baking baste with the mixture.

Al Jolson, the mammy singer, gets Ruby Keeler to write you her Deep Apple Pie recipe.

APPLE PIE

8 to 10 sour apples
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Lemon rind gratings

For deep apple pie do not line baking dish with pie crust; but pare, core, and cut apples in eighths. Put in baking dish, and sprinkle with mixed sugar, nutmeg or cinnamon, salt, and lemon juice and few gratings of lemon rind. Dot with butter. Fill with more apples, spread over this the flavoring mixture and dot with more butter. Put on top pie crust. Serve plain, with whipped cream, or vanilla ice cream. Bake pie in 350° F. oven for about fifty to sixty minutes.

Vincent Lopez, who plays the piano as you want it played, prefers this Celery Stuffing for his bluefish.

CELERY STUFFING

3½ cups bread
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon poultry dressing
2 teaspoons salt
Pepper
1 cup finely chopped celery
¼ cup melted butter

Pour the boiling water over the bread and let stand fifteen to twenty-five minutes; squeeze out all the water possible, add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Cut lemon in fifths and place around the fish platter.

"Our Public" Broadcasting

(*Continued from page* 45)

almost weird about it. I thank God for the privilege of living in the age that produced a miracle such as this.

However, there are some features about the programs I would change:

Too many singers! Or shall I say "would-be" singers? Jazz singers; blues singers; harmony trios. Turn from one station to another, all along the dial—what do you hear? "Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore", or whatever the current song happens to be. Too much repetition—the bugaboo of the movies! Give us more programs like last year's "Chandu"; Doctor Fu Manchu; Sherlock Holmes! Something to carry over interest from day to day or week to week.

More advertisers should follow the tactics of Ben Bernie, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor.

Radio Mirror is to Radio what ham is to eggs. I enjoy every bit of it. Why not an interview with Clara, Lu and Em, or Today's Children? Some of the lovable characters we housewives adore.

Your question and answer department is a fine idea. Hurrah for RADIO MIRROR—the "best of the better" magazines. "Youza!"

MRS. J. E. MARKHAM,
Saginaw, Michigan.

QUESTION BOX

RAYMOND GARDNER, San Antonio—Your friend is all wrong. Leah Ray is not married to Phil Harris. There's a Mrs. Phil Harris but the lovely-looking Leah is still single.

M. A., Pittsburgh — Write Bing Crosby for that information, addressing him at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood.

GERTRUDE S., Philadelphia — Rudy Vallee was born July 28, 1901. He's five feet, ten and a half inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Has eighteen men in his regular orchestra.

MIRROR READER, Baltimore—It was neither of those men. Rudy Wiedoeft was the first to feature the saxophone.

EDWARD W., Tulsa—So Ruth Etting makes you feel so romantic! She's not a Southerner, was born in Nebraska and yes, she's married.

T. B., Los Angeles—You're an old smoothie, we're afraid, giving us all that praise, but thanks anyway. You can get in touch with Jessica Dragonette through the NBC Studios, New York.

H. V., Dallas—It's difficult to answer questions about the radio stars autographing photos. Some do and some don't. Some get so many requests they just have their names stamped on the pictures, but try your luck anyway.

MRS. FRED O'DELL, Roseville, Calif.—The Showboat is not a real boat and doesn't actually take those trips but the whole thing sounds pretty realistic doesn't it? Whatever made you think Lanny Ross and Mary Lou were married? Lanny's still single and says he's heart free. Does that make you feel better?

FANNIE PALLARDEE, Baldwin, L. I.—We had two whole pages of "Easy Aces" pictures in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR.

HELEN V.—Don't be apologetic if there's something you want to know. That's what this department is for. Eddie Cantor lives with his family in a New York apartment but he owns a house in California; Jack Pearl is married; Portland Hoffa is really Fred Allen's wife. Any more?

SANDRA SMITH, Ramseur, N. C.—We sent your letter to Eddie Duchin and he was very much pleased. Keep up your good work. Those artists like to know they're appreciated and we're glad, too, that you like RADIO MIRROR.

GEORGE FRIENDLY, Chicago—You're sure you mean all those kind words? Ozzie Nelson didn't go to Yale. He's a Rutgers graduate.

SASCHA A., Albany—Your information's wrong. Tamara was born in Russia but has lived here since she was a child. We think she sings beautifully, too.

BERT CHARLES, Detroit—We're glad to settle your argument. Vincent Lopez' was the first orchestra to broadcast by remote control. So there you are.



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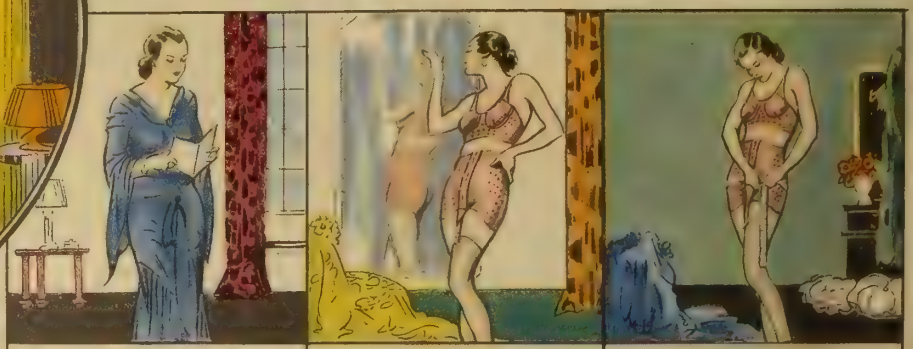
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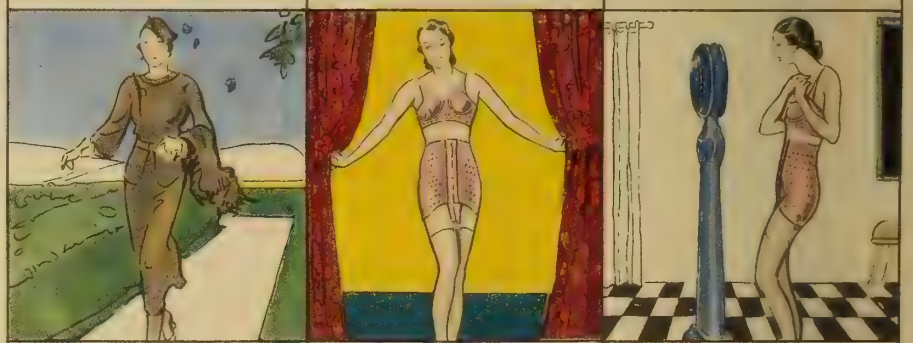




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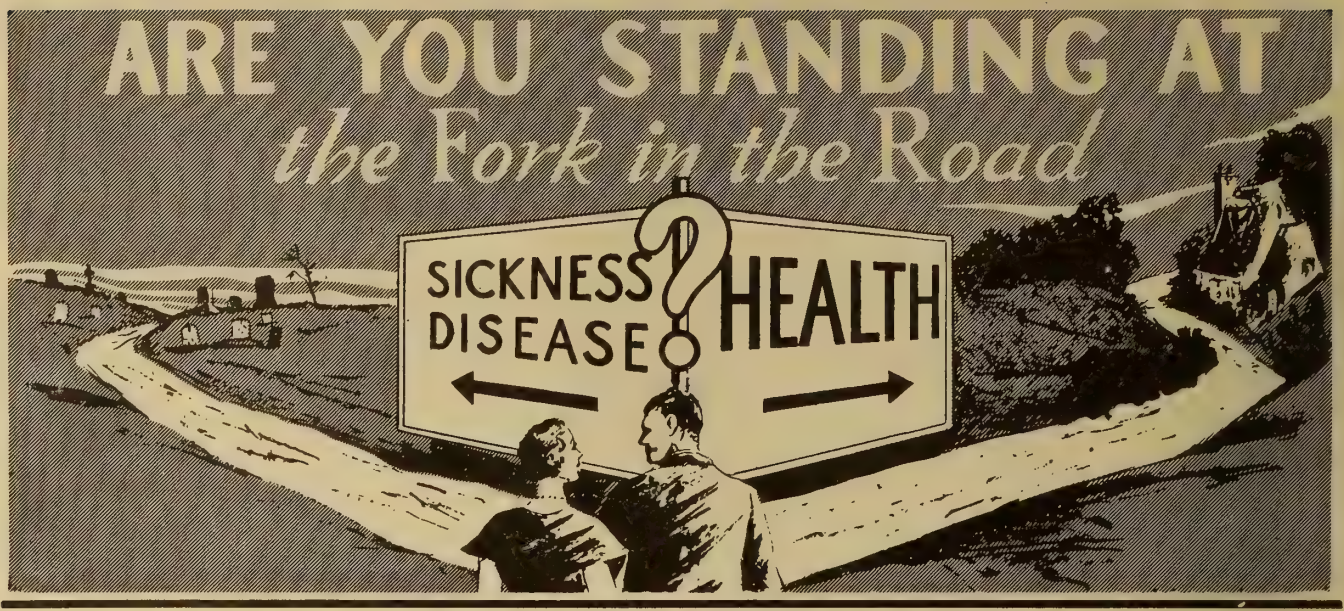
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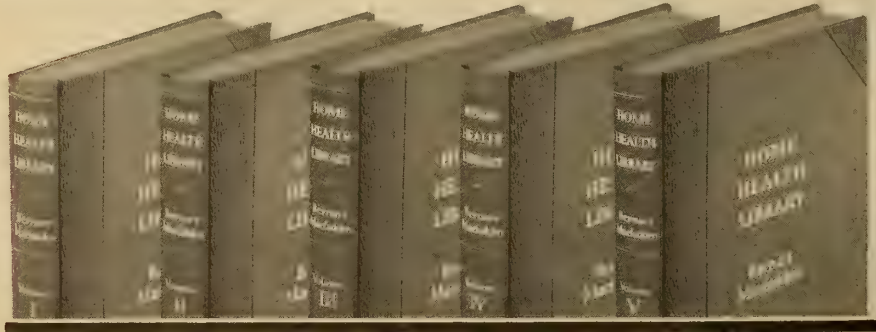
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Thousands Can Throw Their Glasses Away

GLASSES are only eye crutches. They simply bolster up the eyes—they cannot cure or eliminate the conditions responsible for the trouble. They are useful just as crutches are useful for an injured leg, but they can no more restore your eyes to their former strength than crutches can mend a broken limb. The real help must come from other sources. In the case of the eyes it is exercise.

Over 20 years ago Bernarr Macfadden, father of Physical Culture, had a most trying experience with his eyes. Due to many nights of hard literary work under poor artificial lights they became terribly strained. The idea of wearing glasses was intolerable, so always willing to back up his theories by experimenting upon himself, he immediately started in upon a course of natural treatment that he fully believed would help him.

The results were so entirely satisfactory that he associated himself with one of the few really great eye specialists and together they entered upon a period of research and experiment covering many years.

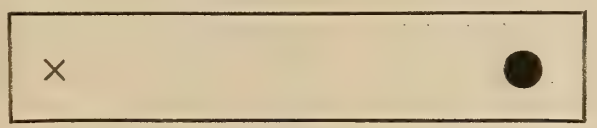
A Startling Revolutionary System of Eye Training

Upon their findings has been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training which quickly enables you to train these muscles of the eye so that you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.



Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value

If you already wear glasses, find out how you can discard your glasses—and see better without them! If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your sight is failing, then find out how a few minutes each day assures you perfect sight without the use of glasses. If you are a parent send at once for this method, and learn how to save your children from the scourge of near-sightedness, how you can save them from the slavery of eye-glasses, and how you can train their eyes so they will always have perfect, normal vision.



Make This Test of Your Eyesight

Do you know that there is a spot in your eye where you are totally blind? Prove it now. Hold this diagram about 10 inches directly before you. Close the left eye, and fix the right eye on the cross. Then bring the diagram gradually closer and at about 7 inches the black spot will suddenly disappear. This is but one of the important points of information about your eyes which you should know, particularly if you have any eye trouble.

For What Price Would You Sell Your Eyes?

The benefits which you can derive from this new method of eye training may seem too surprising to be true. Yet you cannot doubt its efficacy when you read the letters from the people who have found it of immeasurable value, when you know that it has helped over 2,000 children to regain normal vision in a short time. Your eyesight is your most important possession. It can never be replaced if it is lost. And since no amount of money could make you sacrifice your eyes, you owe it to yourself at least to investigate what this new scientific method can do for you.

Here is a man who writes: "Strengthening the Eyes has enabled me to completely forget the optician. It has practically cured a bad case of astigmatism."

And here is another who says: "By faithfully following the directions given in your Eye Course, I have discarded glasses worn for years, and have had absolutely no trouble for the past two years."

Another grateful reader of this helpful book writes: "I had been wearing glasses since I was eight years of age and could not go a day without them. I am now twenty-four and with just a little effort in practicing the Eye Exercises each day for a period of two months, I have been able to stop wearing glasses entirely."

These inspiring results bring a message of hope to everyone who is troubled with weak eyes or poor sight. There is hardly any condition that is beyond the reach of Bernarr Macfadden's revolutionizing method of eye training. Even the hopeless cases, as shown in the letter reproduced here, respond with almost unbelievable results to the treatment outlined by the noted physical culturis t

You Can Try This Course At Our Risk

We want every reader of this publication afflicted with eye-trouble to examine Mr. Macfadden's wonderful course and try the eye exercises that it prescribes. In order to bring this about we are willing to send the entire course on approval, giving you the privilege of returning it within five days after receipt if not satisfactory. The price of the course has been placed within the means of everyone—only $3.00 plus delivery charges. It is less than you would pay for a single pair of glasses. Can you afford not to take advantage of this offer and all it may mean to you? Not if you value strong eyes. So mail the coupon now, before it slips your mind, and you will never have to wear glasses again.

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Radio MIRROR

VOL • 2 NO • 2 JUNE • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

specials



NEXT MONTH—Al Jolson has been a trouper for so many years you'd think he'd have taken moving around for granted by now. But his broadcasting has brought him a new idea of living. He's bought a house outside of New York. He wants his wife, Ruby Keeler, to retire from pictures and he's fitted up a nursery, too. RADIO HAS MADE A HOME-LOVING HUSBAND OUT OF THE FAMOUS AL JOLSON. Herb Cruikshank, one of your favorite writers in these pages has found out all about it from Al himself and next month Mr. Cruikshank brings it all to you in one of the most revealing, human tales of a popular personality he has ever written.



The air programs have been snatching talent from all fields of entertainment. Glamorous Rosa Ponselle is the latest regular addition to the radio ranks. Rose Heylbut who told you all about Lawrence Tibbett, who trailed the elusive Alexander Woollcott to his mike corner, has turned out another exciting story, this time about the beautiful, brilliantly successful and thoroughly human Miss Ponselle. You'll like this one!

Nobody knows a man like his own wife does. You found that out when you read Ida Cantor's opinion of her Eddie. Now Portland Hoffa who is Mrs. Fred Allen and who shares the studio spotlights with him has taken pen in hand and jotted down exactly her impressions of the unusually amusing radio star she married. Mrs. Allen has a sense of humor herself and appreciates the talents that have brought fame to her husband but there's another side of Fred you've never known about until you read Mrs. Allen's convincing story in the July RADIO MIRROR.



Is Rubinoff the serious musician or is he the kind of person Eddie wants you to think he is? You'll find out all about it when you read next month's issue.

Mike Porter has gathered all the superstitions of the radio famous (and some of them are humdingers). His well-written symposium of all his searches will bring you many a laugh—and a few gasps too. "When They Cross Their Fingers" is the title. That's not even the half of what July RADIO MIRROR holds in store for you. There's one big surprise we won't tell you about until you read it! There are the gorgeous portraits, all the new gossip from Manhattan to Los Angeles, the homemaking department and a dozen other bright features to make your hours of RADIO MIRROR reading worth while! We promise you won't be disappointed.



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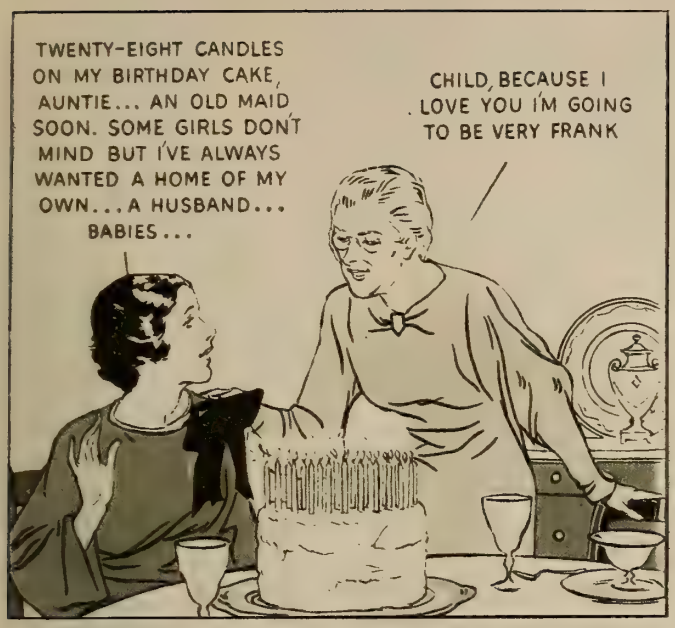
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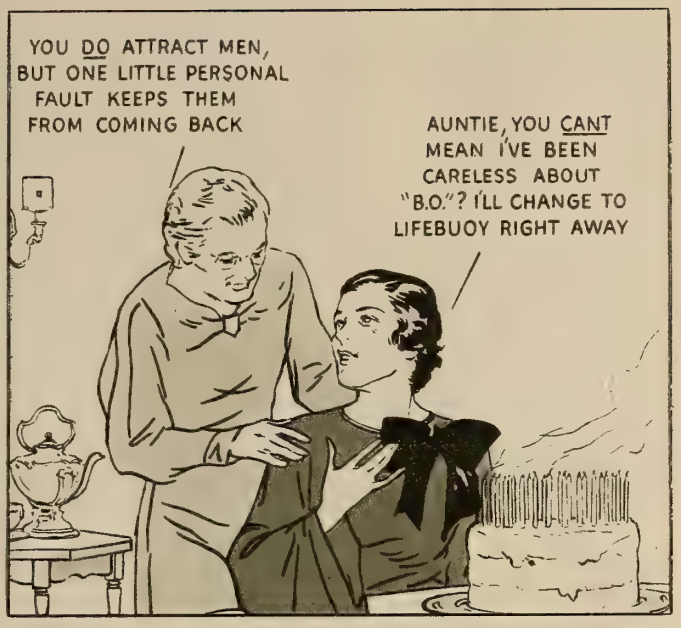
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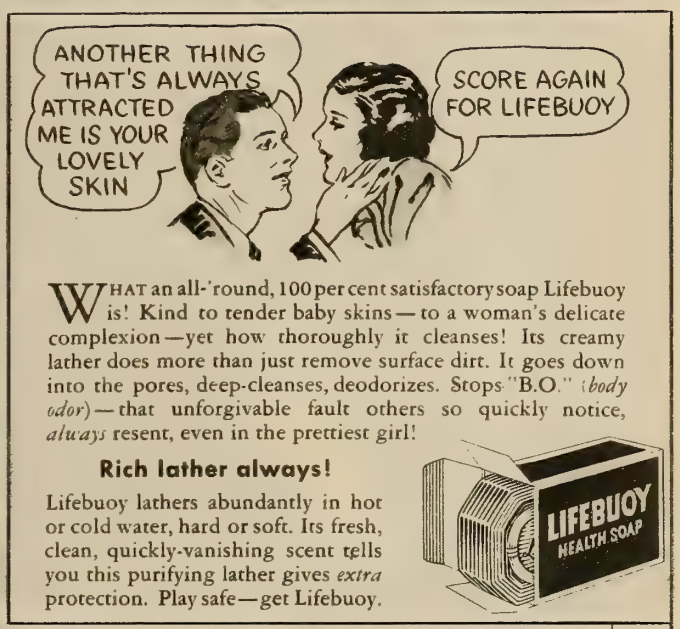
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WHAT an all-'round, 100 per cent satisfactory soap Lifebuoy is! Kind to tender baby skins — to a woman's delicate complexion — yet how thoroughly it cleanses! Its creamy lather does more than just remove surface dirt. It goes down into the pores, deep-cleanses, deodorizes. Stops "B.O." (*body odor*) — that unforgivable fault others so quickly notice, *always* resent, even in the prettiest girl!

Rich lather always!

Lifebuoy lathers abundantly in hot or cold water, hard or soft. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you this purifying lather gives *extra* protection. Play safe — get Lifebuoy.

SUDS THAT WIN SMILES ON WASHDAY

NRA









IN tubs, Rinso *soaks* out dirt — saves scrubbing. Clothes come white as snow, *safely*. Colors stay fresh and bright. Clothes last two or three times longer — you'll save lots of money. Rinso is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Recommended by the makers of 40 famous washing machines. Wonderful suds for dishes and for all cleaning. *So easy on your hands!* Economical, too — a little goes so far. Get the BIG household package of Rinso at your grocer's.





● CONNIE GATES

Connie Gates is the little songstress from the Middle West who gives a whole air show by herself, one of the few one-women programs on the ether. She is heard twice a week on the Columbia network.



Are Studio Audiences An Asset?

THIS idea of laughing and having the world laugh with you appears to be a matter of contention when it comes to the sounds of merriment that issue over the ether waves from the studios where the radio comics are performing for special visible audiences. Whether a broadcast should be presented before a studio gathering and the appreciation of the onlookers sent out as a sound accompaniment to the performers' efforts, is still a problem. And this in spite of the fact that most of the regular big-time radio shows are now offered in auditoriums, theaters or studios packed with those who want to see as well as hear.

If the matter were to be decided by the millions of listeners who must take their entertainment out of the loud speaker, then the decision would be a difficult one. For in the large volume of mail which comes into the offices of RADIO MIRROR, three out of five letters take up the subject of audiences being used as background atmosphere on the air. And the opinions are about equally divided.

There are those who resent the loud laughter which accompanies quips, gags and jokes which they feel should be meant for their ears alone. They maintain they are missing something—the gesticulating antics of their favorite, his costumes and the little byplays which seem to evoke mirth they can only guess at. They react adversely, having the idea that radio programs are for radio receivers and not for people who can see a free variety show on sponsors' passes. Frankly, they want it stopped.

Then there are others who say that the applause lends a spontaneity to the proceedings which enhances the artists' efforts for them. Realizing they can't be on the scene of the big doings, they become an unseen part of it by joining in the giggles and lending their own silent applause. These are the ones who insist that every program should have a visible audience.

Certainly it's impossible to please both these types. So that the only solution is to follow the method which seems to make the broadcast most realistic, which puts the performer most at his ease and which will satisfy the greater number of those tuner-inners in Spokane, Chicago, Detroit, Louisville, or Waco, Texas.

If it's any consolation to the dissenters, there has never been a program, in this writer's opinion, which was not better entertainment at the living-room loud speaker than in the studio where it was presented. I can understand the curiosity which would send fans into a theater to see how a popular air actor really presented his program at the microphone. But I can't understand how any radio enthusiasts to whom this medium is an important factor in their leisure hours would continually prefer watching to merely listening.

The idea of a visible audience is the direct result of a definite need on the part of those stars who have come from the stage and who missed the reaction of a theater full of onlookers. Standing before a mike and hoping their efforts were going over instead of watching the reception on the faces of their followers was too much of a risk, in their way of thinking. Cantor, Jolson, Fred Allen, Ed Wynn watch their studio audiences enjoy them and hope the invisible listeners feel the same way. And, obviously their shows are peppier because the mob is around them. After all, the most important thing is that they be given every facility for doing their best work.

Amos 'n' Andy, as well as dozens of others who have come to prominence solely on their air records, prefer the solitude when putting on their own shows and just won't have anybody around when they're broadcasting. It's all in the way the individual artist reacts to noisy exuberance.

But the sponsors and the radio executives know there are two sides to this business. How do you feel about it?

Julia Shawell

HOT and AIRY

WITH benevolence beautiful to behold Groucho Marx submitted to an interview with Mercury. He insisted that he was a newspaperman himself and pointed to his broadcast as proof of his professional standing. Hence, argued Groucho, he was only extending proper courtesy to one of the craft. "From your experience, what is the worst influence exerted on radio by the stage?" This messenger of the gods then asked him. Hastily caressing his phoney mustache and without removing the cigar from the corner of his mouth, Groucho promptly answered: "The habit of playing before audiences. However, that evil is being rapidly eliminated in the theatre. Have you seen a Broadway show lately?" . . . "Then you think studio spectators are a real detriment to radio", Mercury pressed . . . "Certainly", snapped the authority. "But at that I don't think they are any more of a detriment than the programs are" . . . Notwithstanding the Marxman's flippancies, he and his brother, Chico, marked their return to the air by barring visitors . . . And they are serious, too, about trying to get other radio comics to agree to their exclusion . . . The pity is that the movement isn't making much progress.

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THEY DO SAY

That Jack Landt, of the Landt Trio and White, and Gertrude Niesen, the melody maid, are plotting a honeymoon!

That there is no living with the Boswell Sisters since Clark Gable came right out in print under his own signature and named them his favorite harmony trio!

That Phil Baker, usually the most angelic of air artists, gets plenty tough whenever anybody treads on his toes!

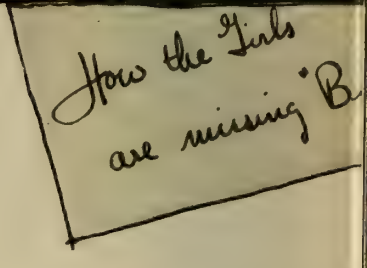
That Annette Hanshaw, the blond belle of the Showboat, insists on drinking tea at cocktail parties! Is that nice, Annette, when your sponsor is trying so hard to sell coffee? "Your price is your loyalty to a cup of Maxwell House coffee", or so says Cap'ain Henry.

That Tony Wons, who loves to talk about the country and the wide, open spaces, prepares his scripts amid the roar and rumble of elevated trains just outside his window!

That Albert Spalding, America's violin virtuoso, longs to become a sports announcer and thinks Columbia officials are discriminating against him because they won't let him describe prize fights! Not satisfied with music! That Jane Wilson, the NBC songbird, and Jesse Greer, the songsmith, will middle aisle it in June!



Rubinoff talks out a new problem with a prize-winning Peke. Poor little Pekingese looks like he's getting it from the popular violinist



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The night before Lanny Ross left Hollywood to return to the Showboat program in New York he attended a party given by the Gary Coopers. A fellow guest was Mae West and, as the story goes, she and Lanny got pretty chummy before the evening was over. So much so that their host professed, laughingly, of course, his concern. "Fiddlesticks," exclaimed the lady

by MERCURY



Fred Waring, the Lane Sisters, Babs Ryan and a couple of the boys get set for a snappy rehearsal

Hot news and new gossip of your favorites! Mercury gathers the facts and serves them in his breezy, informal way! Read Mercury and know all that happens in the radio world

of the curves, "what do you think I am—a cradle snatcher?"

* * *

TELLING IT TERSELY

Ted Husing won't stand still long enough to have a picture snapped. He is the hardest man in all radio to photograph . . . Jack Benny is writing a stage play around studio life . . . Ask Elaine Melchior who her favorite movie actor is and she'll tell you "Mickey Mouse" . . . Leo Reisman is trying to out-Zieggy the late Flo Ziegfeld as a dispatcher of telegrams. "Don't write or phone—telegraph" is Reisman's slogan . . . Adolfo Rosquellas—Pancho, to you—and Charles Chaplin are great friends . . . If you examine it closely, you'll discover that Donald Novis' nose is slightly askew. It is a memento of his sparring days at college . . . Borrah Minnevitch, the harmonica virtuoso, spends his spare time in a chemical laboratory . . . There's money in the band business. Fred Waring's books show he is directing a million dollar a year industry . . . Jack and Loretta Clemens, the singing and instrumental duo, are brother and sister and descendents of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) . . . Those benefactors of mankind, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, have perfected a door that takes pictures when it wallops you in the eye. Thus does inventive genius come to the aid of the well known alibi . . . Leonard Joy, late of NBC, is now general musical director of WNEW, New York's new station . . . Rarer than a new quip with a radio comic is a movie star who hasn't made a guest appearance on the air.

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A SECRET OF THE BOUDOIR

Girls who think simply divine Rudy Vallee's naturally curly locks will be distressed to learn that the Vagabond Lover hates his hair. If they knew the time and money he has spent on pomades, slick-backs and what-nots trying to straighten it out, they'd demand that his sanity be looked into by the proper authorities. To remove that permanent wave, Rudy has tried everything but shaving his head like a convict's. He does obtain temporary relief by soaking his hair in water and laying it back with a brush of powerful steel bristles. Such treatment keeps it straight for all of ten minutes, when the process has to be repeated. This is awkward when Rudy is making stage appearances. But he's a persistent fellow and has solved the problem. He makes his exit as frequently as (*Continued on page 70*)

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The MAN behind the

BY R. H. ROWAN

IN a large hospital near New York City not many weeks ago a group of well known physicians were seated around a radio receiver. Two of them were prominent in the Jewish activities of their home town, one was an avowed member of the foremost Protestant church there. One had reiterated on many occasions that he doubted the existence of any God at all, one a Catholic who had attended mass that morning and another of the same faith who had not lived up to the precepts of his own church.

For a little while they deferred their visits to various of their patients scattered around the institution and all were anxiously awaiting the announcer on Station WOR to introduce Rev. Charles E. Coughlin. The particular doctor who told me about the details of that audience was the self-confessed agnostic who admitted he never missed one of these Sabbath broadcasts because as he said,

"If there were more men like this Father Coughlin who believed that religion and all it teaches were not something to be especially reserved for church services what a different world this would be and there would be fewer cynics."

The hospital scene was one of thousands and thousands. Men and women of all religions or no belief at all tune in on this priest who has become probably the most important and heeded voice in America today.

Whether you agree with his views or not, whether you are convinced his arguments have found root and given fruit in far-reaching results, whether you think this is a voice in the modern wilderness, that Father Coughlin is the shepherd of the air you must agree that this clergyman from a little mid-western shrine has herded untold numbers into the fold of his union for the working man. He has been opposed by various interests he has denounced, his broadcasting career has been a continuous battle and he has even brought down upon himself the censure of those in his own church. But in all the eight years of his radio activities, with all the startling statements he has made, the daring campaigns he has carried on he has never been made to retract a single utterance he has made.



● Father Coughlin on the steps of his church in a leisure moment with his dog

And what of Father Coughlin himself? How far does he think he will be able to carry his war of a practical charity to all men, his pleas for a world that will take literally its beautiful theories and dogmas?

"For this perilous popularity, I know I shall pay."

That is what the fighting priest feels, what he believes about his work. To him the prophet has no honor in his own country. But that makes not a bit of difference to him. He will continue the fight, as he says, regardless of whom he offends or of how the tide may turn against him. He has a mission to which his life is dedicated and there is nothing which can stop him, according to his own plans, while he has the strength to go on.

He looks like a fighter, he lives like a fighter and anyone who has ever heard him on the air knows the fight in his voice. Whether you believe him a courageous crusader or, if you happen to be a dissenter, would term him almost a demagogue, there can be no denying his tremendous influence. That momentous occasion when he spoke at the Hippodrome in New York last winter, the fervor of his reception, the strange contrasts in the thousands who greeted him were merely an inkling of how seriously he is regarded and how widespread is his influence. Men and women gathered before breakfast in front of the big old-fashioned theater and waited patiently all through the day until the evening meeting for a glimpse of the Shepherd of

Millions of every race and creed heed this

FIGHTING PRIEST

the Air. Nearly three million people have written him in Detroit asking for copies of his broadcast addresses and the high regard with which his views and public statements are held by the present government administration, the amazing general reactions to those statements, are proof that he is no figure to be taken lightly.

EVEN his bitterest opposers realize that it was his activity which last fall stemmed a rising tide against President Roosevelt in his inflation plans. Whether Roosevelt and Father Coughlin are eventually proven right is not the question. The important thing is that an obscure priest in a little parish in Detroit was the outstanding factor in silencing those who believed their hour to strike against the administration had come. His words, defying even the high ones in his own church, were the strong line of defence. The marked attention which Roosevelt and his associates give Father Coughlin is not proof however that they can always count on him for support. He is an ardent admirer of Roosevelt but when their views conflict he does not compromise. His attitude on the bonus question has proven that.

To many he is sensational. Probably because his arrows are aimed at those in high places. His career is devoted to the cause of the inarticulate masses; whatever involves their rights earns his energetic advocacy. As he says, "Is there anything sensational in this? Is it the act of a demagogue to take literally those theories and preachings which would make this a decent world?"

Father Coughlin was born to battle and his whole career from childhood and academic years bear testimony that at no time has any circumstance swerved him from the course he set out for himself. He is a native Canadian, his mother was (*Continued on page 73*)



● This is Father Coughlin, fearless priest and fighting man of radio fame

air leader's vital words

Julia's PAST is in her Voice

You can tell how a woman has lived, what she thinks about, by her voice, they do say, and so Julia Sanderson (Mrs. Frank Crumit, socially) tells the whyfore of her happy and melodious laughter



"I DON'T like my voice. It bores me." Julia Sanderson meant it. It was futile to stare reprovingly at her. Or to try to register unbelief.

"Indeed I mean it" said the young woman who, thousands of times, has been described as "The lovely girl with the lovely voice."

"Fortunately those who write you hundreds of letters a week about it, do not share your opinion," I protested.

"No. Bless their dear hearts! They write from shipboard, and from mining camps, yes, and from prisons and asylums—M-h-m! asylums for the insane—that it is happy, and it makes them happy. I think I love most what the shut-ins write me, that I make them feel that the world is a happy place."

"You must have been a missionary, the last four years. You came in with the depression."

Miss Sanderson nodded her brown head that seemed with the noon sunshine streaming upon it across the roofs and the park, to wear a golden veil. "We have been singing, Frank and I, all those years." It was one of her Mondays in New York. The girl with the voice like a piano in gay mood, spends Sunday and Monday in town. Frank Crumit,

BY ADA PATTERSON



Smiling eyes, dimpled cheeks, pearly teeth—here's the Julia Sanderson you hear on the air as she looks in real life

●

Miss Sanderson and Hubby Crumit go for a Spring bicycle ride on their little estate in a Springfield, Mass., suburb.



her husband, drives her to town in their twelve cylinder Cadillac on Sunday. They rest from their trip, that has brought them from Springfield, Mass., see their friends, shop, look for new songs, do their duty by the microphone and their millions of listeners, and return on Tuesday morning in their munificent conveyance to their own acre. It is an acre. Singular, not plural. Set in the midst of it is a twelve-room house, where their Norwegian cook; their Canadian man of all work; their bull terrier, Lindy, and their parrot, Jocko, await eagerly their return. Jocko is an elderly, well preserved parrot, with a sensitive ear. He proves his possession of the sensitive ear, for while he has the tenderest regard for Frank Crumit, he imitates Miss Sanderson's voice. If they rehearse their new radio songs in his hearing he follows, not his beloved master's deeper tones, but the liquid notes of his mistress.

"You are alone in not caring for your voice," I reminded her. "Even Jocko likes it. Won't the gods punish you for being ungrateful for one of their gifts?"

The brown head, with its sunlit veil, lifted in laughter. "I hope not. Though I say often that a great sorrow is due me. For I, so far, have escaped it. Think. I am happily married. I was unhappily (*Continued on page 72*)

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Elinor Penner wishes her husband luck as he goes to broadcast

PENNER'S DUCK RIDE *to* FAME

A silly duck is the symbol of Joe Penner's transition from tank town burlesque to a star comic on the air. Here's why!

THE boy singer bowed awkwardly and strode rapidly toward the wings. The audience howled derision. There were ribald cries, the most poignant of which advised the use of a hook such as is traditionally utilized to yank rank amateurs from the stage in dives such as this. Tears welled up in the eyes of the amateur, and as the brutal audience in the worst of Detroit's burlesque houses—and they were pretty bad in 1925—uproariously greeted the next act, he sobbed bitterly, but stood bravely by to see what would happen to Hinky Dink.

Hinky Dink was a favorite of the amateur night crowd. He was a ragamuffin, bred in the gutter, and gifted with a sharp tongue and a raucous voice, which lent itself to the facile presentation of dirty jokes. On this night, Hinky was wearing a pair of three-quarter trousers with a precariously thin seat—a happy portent as it turned out, for if Hinky had not inadvertently ripped that section of his raiment in a clownish caper that night, the tearful lad in the wings, whose night's work netted him the usual fifty cents from the management and boos from the audience, never would have become today's ace of radio comedians.

But Hinky told his gags, and eventually tore the stern of his trousers and the audience howled—and the lad in the wings, who had graduated down to this amateur showmanship from the pinnacle of choir boy, saw his mistake. There was no money in singing, or if there was, it amounted to very little when compared to comedy. The public wanted fun. The audiences were surfeited with song and music. They wanted laughs. And from that moment, Joe Penner made up his mind to abandon his music training and become a comedian.

If he had any lingering doubts about that decision, they were promptly dispelled a few minutes later, when Hinky Dink, the gutter snipe, and favorite of the burlesque audience, strutted from the stage, smilingly displaying the night's major prize—which the audience had unanimously and unmistakably voted him.

From then on, Joe Penner became a second Hinky Dink. The smut was out to a large degree, for it went against Joe's nature to be smutty. But baggy trousers, especially those easily ripped, grimaces, clowning, dialect and all the mannerisms of the professional jester went into the Penner repertoire. When next he appeared in the amateur show, his own mother would not have recognized him. If you can imagine such a thing, Joe resembled nothing so closely as the human caricature of one of those ducks which he is perpetually trying to barter.

It would be pleasant to record that at that moment, Joe Penner began his climb to success—to a place in the entertainment world where his mannerisms, his wise cracks and his tag lines were to become household words; where he was to inspire juvenile imitation to such an alarming degree that one city in America was forced to threaten to close its schools to pupils who echoed his broadcasts, even in excerpt.

But such was not the case. To sit beside Joe and hear him tell of the struggle and the heartbreaks encompassed by that arduous climb of nine years is at once an interesting and depressing experience. One of the striking revelations of his narrative to me, concerning this period is a fact known only to a few. Not even his own family knew for a long while that Joe was setting a comedy pace in the theatres of the land under another name—Joe Desmond. And if you think you are hearing a comparatively new phrase when Penner quips: "Wanna buy a duck," you are in error, for Joe used that very sequence of words on the very night following that historic rending of trouser cloth by the memorable, if not elegant Hinky Dink.

Joe was just an innocent kid when the lure of fifty cents a show for his amateur appearance lured him away from St. Paul's Cathedral Choir back in '25. Besides, his voice was beginning to grow coarser, and he didn't like choral work. It wasn't individual. He had gone to Detroit with his family, just after the folks had immigrated here in his

babyhood from Hungary. At that time, and occasionally now, a slight impediment affected his speech—a happy condition for him, since it has helped his comedy no end.

Once in the comedy rôle, Joe was launched upon a theatrical career of sorts. It happened fortuitously soon after Joe's adoption of comedy. A comedian in the regular show failed to show up and Joe took his place. The show moved and Joe went along, only to find himself hopelessly stranded in Ohio some weeks later. The show had, like so many shows do, folded up and died of inertia. Not only that, but Joe had picked a hotel which promptly burned down, destroying his meagre wardrobe.

If you ask Joe today what he likes best, he will tell you it is snooping around carnival lots and inhaling the odor of sawdust and regaling his auditory nerves with the cries of barkers. These titillations of his two senses bestir memories of what happened to him after the hotel fire. He stumbled onto a carnival lot, and by means of weeping boyishly on the shoulder of the boss, connected with a honky-tonk production with a chorus of, count 'em, three girls. He earned the munificent sum of three bucks a week and such meals as circumstances and local sheriffs permitted, for a month, after which he found himself and a fiddle which he had learned to play by ear, alone and deserted in an unsympathetic town in Central Illinois. Not entirely alone. His straight man, who spoke very little English, was stranded with him.

Joe heard, on that occasion, for the first time in his hectic life, of a theatrical trade paper. The straight man advised him to look up its want-ads, and Joe did so with alacrity.

The Desmond Family, fostering a burlesque show, which ambitiously prided itself upon pepping up picture house trade, needed a comedian. Papa Desmond answered Joe's ad, and afterward, in a burst of generosity forwarded Joe a railroad ticket, which landed him back in Ohio, where Desmond refused to talk further with him when he learned Joe had no wardrobe and not even the fiddle which he had told Desmond he could play. Joe had hocked the fiddle for a meal, and at the moment possessed the substantial capitalization of exactly two-bits.

Joe had cried upon the carnival man's shoulder, and he tried it on Desmond. It worked, and the next night, they opened in what the trade calls a shooting gallery in Connelsville, Pa. In reality, it was a picture house patronized by foreign miners and their emotional wives. The feature picture, as luck would have it, was "Hearts of the World," a war tragedy, which was guaranteed to loose a flood of feminine tears anywhere. Still worse luck, the picture was just ahead of the stage show.

On the way to town, Joe rehearsed aboard train with his straight man—a robust fellow with a natural Greek dialect thicker than George Givot's—and they had worked up what they thought would be an irresistible routine. They were crying themselves at the finish of the picture, but they went on the stage and through Joe's first performance with the troupe.

Women were still wiping their eyes half way through the stage show. Memories of the sad sections of the film still tore at their primitive hearts. Joe capered and cavorted and mugged and grinned and tried to sell ducks, but at the end of the show there was a dread, frightful silence. The few who tried to applaud in a desultory manner, muffled the sound with tear-dampened kerchiefs.

Joe sneaked into his dressing room, trembling. He was sure he would be fired. He hadn't evoked a single laugh. Presently, Papa Desmond, parent of the show, stood behind him. Joe shivered.

"Boy," said Papa, "you did fine. You're a wow. You stay with the show."

Joe's happiness was unbounded.

"B—b—but, Mr. Desmond," he stammered, "I didn't get one laugh!"

"So what!" demanded Desmond. "What do you want in this town, with this picture. Boy you did swell. Why only five women were still crying when the curtain went down. You did that, my lad. If you hadn't diverted that crowd, the deluge of tears would be up over the stage by this time."

Eventually, Penner boosted his earnings up to $35 a week, and went into real burlesque. It was at the Gayety Theatre in Baltimore that he was first recognized as a top comedian. There he parted with the Desmond family, and was featured in a show. Followed plenty of grief, but a steady rise, and eventually the bookings brought him to New York, where his burlesque contracts were bought up by his present manager, who saw in Penner not only a great comedian, but a huge fortune.

Joe drifted about until last July, practically unknown, and then appeared in a Paul Whiteman unit. Rudy Vallee, a close pal of Whiteman, saw Penner, and like Penner's manager, saw in Joe a tremendous radio possibility. Rudy invited Penner to be his guest on a Fleischmann programme. Joe went to rehearse, but backed out.

"Talking into a microphone," he said, "is like talking at a brick wall. I can't act. I can't talk. I won't go on the air. I don't like it."

You'd never think Joe would act like this after facing Connellsville audiences, and carnival crowds. You'd imagine that a brick wall, or even the hind end of a barn were preferable to some audiences. But Joe's training made audiences, however apathetic, a (*Continued on page 68*)

It's just a silly pose but it shows Penner as he is, cigar and all



BY MIKE PORTER



Tamara as she sings in the Broadway hit, "Roberta"

Tamara's LO



The thrilling secret romance

"WHEN Your Heart's On Fire, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes".

That's the title of the song which Tamara, the lovely Russian star of "Roberta," has made famous both on the stage and on the radio.

It's also an old Russian proverb which Tamara learned as a child, for smoke has gotten in her eyes. You can see it in her eyes and hear it in her voice when she sings. It's that mysterious something which has accompanied her rapid rise to stardom within the past two years.

There has been talk of admirers and flames in Tamara's life, but there has only been one great love which she has kept hidden from the eyes of the world.

Let's go back a dozen years or so ago, when a little dark-haired-dark-eyed girl and her mother fled from the fury of the Red Revolution in Russia. By devious ways they managed to smuggle themselves out of the country that gave them birth and with what was left of their meagre fortune sewed up in their clothes, finally arrived on the shores of America, the land of promise. The wide-eyed bewildered little girl was none other than Tamara, the popular singer of the air heard over an NBC-WEAF network each Sunday night on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round program, and the star of Broadway's current success "Roberta".

Have you not heard how Tamara, her little brother and her grandmother escaped death during that awful reign of terror, the Red Revolution, when a roving band of soldiers attacked their village? Fate, in the guise of the elements frustrated the bandits' attempt to burn the stack of straw in which they had hidden at the first cry of "bandits, the bandits are coming!" The straw was wet and refused to burn and so our heroine escaped death. The horror of this incident is still fresh in her memory. One can see it in her eyes or sometimes hear it in her voice.

The early part of her life in America was spent in a little Russian colony somewhere near Camden, New Jersey. This

BY DORIS

Russian LOVE ASHE

of radio's new singing star



colony was made up of highly intellectual Russians, who wanted to live their own lives according to their own beliefs. They settled in a practically barren country; they tilled the soil; built their own schools and work-shops. Many prominent persons came to live there. Among the teachers recruited was one Will Durant.

In the midst of this life, our little Tamara grew up. She loved to dance and would entertain her country folk for hours. She would sing and accompany herself on a guitar. Right there and then was born an eager desire to be a great star some day.

There was a boy back there who warmed Tamara's heart, but alack and alas, she found no answering response in his heart! His name was Martin Tafel.

Soon it became necessary for Tamara to seek a means of supporting herself and her family. Her father who had migrated to America before the Red Revolution in order to pave the way for the rest of the family's arrival, found it hard sledding. He was out of work and there was little to eat. They moved to New York and there followed for Tamara endless days of trying to find work, trudging from place to place carrying her guitar. What heartaches and disappointments! But Tamara, full of determination, did not give up. When Tamara makes up her mind to get something, she usually does. And so finally she succeeded in interesting the owner of a Russian cafe that she would be an attraction. It was here that she first gained recognition; here she entertained the guests in her own inimitable way with the Russian folk songs she had learned as a child. Her only accompaniment was the guitar which she strummed to the tune of the plaintive melodies she sang.

Tamara was now on the first rung of the ladder. She made up her mind that nothing would stop her further climb up and up. At this time, something happened, and it happened like this. *(Continued on page 60)*



A portrait of the lovely Russian Tamara in a restful pose

A COLLISION *with* TOWN CRIER

Alexander Woollcott, who knows all about other people, has the spotlight turned on himself as he gets ready to give one of his smooth monologues



● It may be a puzzled thought or just a little itch which appears to disturb Mr. Woollcott

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT is essentially clever. If you hadn't gathered that fact from his writing or his talking, you would see it at once in his manner. In the way he looks, not at you, but into you. In his walk. In the somewhat operatic manner in which he wears his hat. In the slightly bored, slightly preoccupied way he answers questions. He is typically of this age, despite his forty-seven years. Only To-Day could have produced him . . . a man who tells you facts you may have heard before or that you could easily find out for yourself, but in such a way as to make them scintillating and new. A man who makes a serious business of being sophisticated and clever.

Woollcott is tall, but he makes the impression of being short, because of his girth. He is very fat. There is no other word for it. Stout, corpulent, or adipose won't do. He is fat. He isn't especially fussy about his person. His graying brown hair straggles in strings over his forehead and into his eyes, without seeming to trouble him at all. He drops things on chairs, on the floor, wherever there is space for them. His face is broad, his neck is short, his body is huge, and his features are remarkably small. A round little nose. A precise little mouth. A thin line of a moustache. Pale blue eyes, behind thick, horn-rimmed glasses that magnify them and lend them a surprised look.

He had made an appointment to talk with me at the CBS studios at nine o'clock, just before his broadcast at nine-fifteen. The clock crept on. The "March of Time" signed off. The Philadelphia Orchestra began. Nine o'clock. Three minutes past. Five minutes past. At nine-seven, the elevator door opened. It remained open a dramatic moment. Then Woollcott bulked out. The page boy indicated me and presented my card. Woollcott whispered words to the page boy and vanished. The page boy hurried over to say that Mr. Woollcott would see me in the studio, and please to come along. We came along, Woollcott ahead, then the page boy, then I. Down stairs and around corners. We made an impressive procession, the three of us in silent single file. Once in the studio, the page boy waved a hand towards me, as though he would say "Hey, Look-it!" At last, then, Woollcott turned. He threw two books on the floor; dropped a bundle of papers on the table; discarded hat, coat, and a knitted muffler of white wool. He fixed me with a pleasant smile and wished me good evening. It was then nine-ten.

He said at once that he never gives interviews; never has and never will, so help him. Interviews irk him. Interviews misquote him. He doesn't like to be misquoted. If I understood that quite clearly, I might ask questions. But first he would look over his script. He invited me to bring over a chair for myself. The announcer brought it for me, and Woollcott said that was very nice. It was then nine-eleven. A studio official asked him what he was going to talk about that evening. Woollcott thought it over a moment. Then he replied that it would be about various things. He penciled out some lines in his script and sighed. He drank water from a glass at his elbow. It was nine-twelve. Then he looked up at me and indicated that the decks were clear for action.

I asked him about his material . . . how he gets it, how he decides what to use in his talks. He thought that over. Then he said that the material simply drifts in. Does he dig for it? No. Do people scout for him and

the

send him interesting bits? No. The material drifts in. At this point, Woollcott also mentioned that he has written a lot, seen a lot, and been around a lot. Does he, then, draw from a notebook well stocked with past experiences? No. The material drifts in.

I had it very clear by that time. The material drifts in. What, then, is his basis of selection? Does he prepare a schedule, like the master of ceremonies at a revue . . . so many minutes of jokes, of reminiscences, of personality stuff? Does he plot the mood of his talks to rouse people, to touch them, to make them think, to make them laugh? No, he does nothing of the sort. He talks to please himself. When he finds a topic he likes personally, he talks about it. When he is interested in an idea, he rides it hard. When he is tired of it, he drops it. Maybe the public tires of it long before he does. But that doesn't particularly matter. He talks about what interests him.

THEN he doesn't definitely try to give the public what it wants? Heavens, no! How could he? How does anybody know what the public wants? I ventured that all radio and editorial programs are built according to some vague idea of what will please the public. Woollcott said pooh, nonsense. Nobody really knows what the public wants. Not even program directors. Not even editors. Then he toned that down. Well, maybe they *do* know. Or maybe they only *think* they know. Anyway, who can tell whether they *actually* know or not? But it isn't important. He has written a lot, and seen a lot, and been around a lot, and he talks to please himself.

It was nine-fifteen. The Town Crier's bell was rung. The broadcast was on. Woollcott sat a good distance behind the table and hung over it. He held his script in both hands as he read from it, and the microphone, between his arms, looked as though it were being hugged. As he finished with the pages of his script, he threw them on the floor. He read, and his voice took on subtle shadings of emotion, pathos, surprise, glee. But his brow remained furrowed, and his eyes kept the intent look of a businessman, grappling with serious business. Perspiration broke out on his face. The moments passed.

At last the control man gave him the two-minute signal from the window, and then came in and placed a watch on his table. Then he busied himself picking up the scattered script sheets from the floor. Woollcott read on. He finished a trifle before time; a pianist came in and played until nine-thirty, and went out again. The broadcast was done.

Woollcott jumped up and turned (*Continued on page 65*)



● This, we believe, is the most interesting study of the amazing Mr. Woollcott that we've seen yet, even though his hair does need combing

BY ROSE HEYLBUT

I SPEAK



Part two of Kate Smith's own story, in which she tells about her future plans, her realized hopes and her disappointments. Last month Miss Smith wrote about her childhood in Washington

● Kate Smith's a simple girl who enjoys her glass of tea in the garden — when she has the time

THE new year of 1927 started out beautifully for me. After spending autumn and early winter in a nurses' training school in Washington, I had a real, professional offer right out of a clear sky to go to New York and start rehearsing "Honeymoon Lane."

The decision had to be made quickly, and I threw my whole family into excited conjectures about my future. What if I flopped? What if I gave up my nurse's uniform for a pipe dream, then had nothing substantial to return to? But—on the other hand—what if I became a hit, a star?

To me, there was only one answer. That I *must* at least take one crack at the stage, and find out what I could do. It had always been in the back of my mind, foremost in my dreams as a kid. To me, the opportunity was worth a heartbreak, if necessary.

So I overruled the family with my enthusiasm, and had exactly three days to pack my clothes and catch the train for New York to begin rehearsing. I was glowingly happy.

From the quality of our farewells, you would think I was departing for Calcutta or Shanghai—not New York, only five hours away from home!

"Kathie—be sure to write me every day!" mother said.

"Don't forget to come home every week-end you are able to get away!"

Of course, it was our first real separation, and the thought that I was actually going on the stage made it seem a dangerous adventure.

The family took me to the train, and I sat there waving to them out of the window. When we pulled out of the station I felt more desolate and let-down than ever in my life. My throat was choked up, and I hastily looked through a magazine.

That evening in New York I checked in at a reasonable hotel, and stood looking out of the window. It was a very different city than Washington. I was used to city streets, and traffic, and lights, but New York seemed to be unfriendly, defiant. I went to bed early, telling myself over and over again as I dropped off to sleep that I must *make* them like me at the show, and picturing opening night at the theatre—lights, music, and putting on make-up. . . .

BRIGHT and early the next morning, I got up and had breakfast. A feeling of tenseness and excitement snatched away my usually healthy appetite. I had three hours to waste before reporting to the theatre for rehearsal. So I walked West across Forty-second street to Broadway.

This traditionally glamorous street looked dingy and unhappy at that hour in the morning. Everyone looked tired, made-up, unsmiling. I stared in the windows at the cheap

FOR MYSELF

by Kate Smith

dresses in the small shops, thought how ugly unlit electric light signs looked. It seemed odd that I, big plain Kathie Smith, was to become a part of such synthetic and unfamiliar surroundings, odd that I should prefer it to big, clean hospital corridors.

Finally, my wrist watch told me that it was time to report at the theatre. I had some difficulty finding the stage door, and when I did there were several rough-looking men with felt hats pushed off their foreheads hanging around, and giving me a derisive scrutiny. An old man in shirt sleeves, standing inside the door, proved to be the stage door man, and he grabbed hold of my arm.

"Wait a minute, miss—who do you want to see?"

I gave him the name of the director. My own name meant nothing to him, so he made me wait while he checked up inside. He then gestured with his thumb toward the stage and said.

"Okay, Miss."

The director looked at me with some surprise, then said for me to sit down and wait awhile, and he'd talk to me about my songs, and introduce me to the pianist. I sat down on a chair backstage, and waited for an interminable time, meantime watching the many other people who excitably came and went. The director seemed to have forgotten all about me. He stood talking first to one group of people, then another. Finally, after two hours of quietly waiting for him to return to me, he called.

"Better get some lunch, and I'll see you later."

THE next two weeks were very trying. It seemed that I spent all day hanging about the theatre, watching other parts of the show rehearsing, waiting to get to work myself. Finally I was given the music, and told that I would sing one song in a cabaret scene at the closing of the show. A slight let-down for my soaring dreams of stardom!

In the meantime, I met some of the stars, and cast of the show. I believe they tried to be nice to me in their way—but I was "another language." I just couldn't warm up to them, and I believe they felt a little sorry for stout, plain, eager Kathie Smith. I refused every invitation to go out for lunch, or after-rehearsal gatherings with (*Continued on page 66*)



● In a pensive mood, Kate thinks of childhood days. Has fame brought her happiness?

He Plays "HOT LATIN MUSIC"

Enric Madriguera, new favorite among the Ork pilots, belongs to the Spanish nobility, made his debut before the King of Spain at the age of five and he's so good-looking!

THERE is an expression, among Chicago gangsters and their thousands of fans, "to put the finger on" a person, which means to mark that person for, to put it gently, bad luck.

Fate, strangely enough, seems to have "put the finger on" Enric Madriguera, dashing young scion of Spanish nobility and leader of New York society's favorite radio dance orchestra. The finger in question, the "pinkie" of his left hand, was the center of a romantic misadventure last summer on the sunlit shores of the turquoise Mediterranean. The adventure is over—but the malady lingers on.

From the time he made his debut before the King of Spain as a violin prodigy at the age of five, Enric had taken extreme care of his fingers, training them to extract from the pieces of wood, glue, and catgut which we call a violin, music that made the world listen, enchanted.

Then, last summer, when two American women were roughly handled in his presence, he threw all caution to the winds and went to the defense of the ladies. In the battle that followed he broke the little finger of his left hand, the most important finger a violinist has, the finger with which he s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s for these throbbing high notes. The women he defended were, and still are, comparative strangers to him, but that didn't matter to a young man brought up in all the chivalrous tradition of Bourbon nobility.

As a matter of fact, the world might never have known of this heroic incident if the grateful young women, Sondra Rambeau and Chrystine Maple, hadn't told a New York newspaperman about it. Nor would anyone have known what a tremendous sacrifice that finger was, if your reporter hadn't known, as far back as two years ago, what Madriguera's plans were.

For that quick left to a waiter's jaw was more than just a punch. It was a knockout blow to a tremendous experiment that Madriguera was about to undertake, an experiment which, when he is again able to begin on it, will undoubtedly revolutionize radio dance music.

Enric Madriguera, you must understand, is that strange thing—a musician who became a musician by design rather than by accident. There is none of the pseudo-romance of having ascended to the podium from a job as coal miner, dishwasher, seaman, or golf caddy, about Madriguera. Nor, for that matter, did he abandon the study of law, pharmacy, journalism, or chiropractic to become a dance orchestra leader.



● Madriguera was a child prodigy on the violin and still thrills listeners with his lovely string music

To those of you who follow the concert stage the name may be teasingly familiar, and a question may arise in your mind. The answer is yes. Enric Madriguera, whose dance orchestra is drawing all of New York society to the fashionable Waldorf Astoria, is the same Madriguera who, as a child prodigy, packed concert halls throughout the United States and Europe as far back as twenty years ago, and as recently as 1927. He is the same violinist who toured the world both alone and with Enrico Caruso, who studied with the great Leopold Auer, conducted the Havana Philharmonic Orchestra, and was concert master for NBC.

When the Bourbon dynasty began to totter in Spain, the Madriguera fortune was wiped out. Enric, the sole heir, was in America at the time. Since his first visit to this country, at 14, he had expressed a desire to remain in this country. Now he found himself half-a-world away from his parents in their misfortune. Because he had been sending them all his earnings he now faced poverty, hunger. Yet even if he had possessed enough money to return to Spain, he would have preferred to remain here. Despite deprivation, he felt that America was the place where he could carve out a new future for himself.

But it was war-time. People were too busy fighting; they had no time for concerts and the opera. Conscious of the rapid decadence of the concert stage, he took to playing Spanish dance



● You don't have to ask if Senor Madriguera has a good time when he goes out to Monte Carlo.

● Here he is resting at the feet of a score of beauties who seem to like his company



BY SPANISH MANE

music. He organized an orchestra and with it was one of the pioneers of that form of music in this country. He played at the Biltmore, at the Casino in Havana, at the Commodore, at the ultra-smart Place Pigalle, at Pierre's. Wherever he played, music lovers flocked to hear him. On the radio he brought his silvery interpretations of the music of his native land to hundreds of thousands who were beginning to weary of the mechanical 1-2-3-4—1-2-3-4 of early jazz music.

For a while he was happy—happy in the knowledge that he was helping to spread a new musical art, helping to teach his hotel and radio audiences that music could be dance-y and yet be beautiful. But soon they were playing tangoes, rumbas, dozens of other orchestras danzons—and most of them because it meant nothing to them, were ruining the music that was so dear to Madriguera, so filled with memories of his happy boyhood on the large Madriguera estate in sunny Spain.

With rare wisdom he foresaw the trend of broadcast music; he decided to lead that trend, instead of following along. He decided—and this was the great plan we mentioned—to spend a year or maybe even two years in retirement with his orchestra, making of it something never heard on the radio before—a small dance-symphony. At the same time he wanted to augment his already large accumulation of original dance compositions in his own smart, modern manner—compositions like his famous "Adios" which he uses as a radio signature, and his "May I Have This Waltz With You, Madame?"

Then he would return to radio with an entirely new school of modern dance rhythms based on the technique of such great modern composers as Debussy, Vaughan Williams, Lecuona, Ravel, and De Falla.

But first he wanted to bid his last farewell to the concert stage. In 1927 he disbanded his small dance orchestra and toured Europe and the United States, playing in the concert halls where first he had attained his great fame. As he toured he studied the situation, and when he returned to New York his mind was fully made up. Despite the ovation he had been met with everywhere, he could see that the concert stage, as a medium for bringing great music to the (*Continued on page 75*)



Paul Whiteman and his wife, Margaret Livingston, who made him reduce before she'd say "yes" to his marriage proposal



THE JAZZ KING WEARS A NEW CROWN



Caricature by
Harlan Crandall 3rd

"LET's go to the Biltmore," I suggested to the Stranger - Within - the - Gates.

It was one of those times when a New Yorker—and this one was born in Times Square—is elected to show the city to a Visitor considered too sophisticated for the thrills attendant upon a buggy-ride to the Aquarium, a bus-ride to Grant's Tomb, or an elevator ride to the Empire State Tower. It's a labor of love. And, usually, love's labor is lost.

"What's there?" queried the Guest.

"Paul Whiteman!" I breathed, a little ecstatically, perhaps.

"Whiteman? Oh yeah, that fat fiddler. . . ."

"He's neither a fiddler—nor is he fat!" I bristled. And right then and there I laid down the law to this Auslander. Here is some of what I told him.

Paul Whiteman is Big Business.

Remember this when next you see him waving his magic baton, smiling benevolently like a bland Buddha, somewhat slenderized by a Depression diet. Remember it when you hear his records, see his screened image, read his books, or tune-in on his broadcasts. Remember it and be a little awed at your contact with a man who is not only a tremendous artistic force, and a vital financial factor, but who is destined by his genius to veritable Immortality.

Whiteman is a man of girth, of stature, of substance. And I don't mean physically. For Paul's all-time high of 303 pounds during the Coolidge Prosperity, has dwindled to an athletic 190 under the Rooseveltian New Deal. It may surprise you to know that the Whiteman purse has disgorged as much as $550,000—over a half-million dollars, and not 59¢ ones, either—merely for a season's transportation of himself and his musicians. His payroll has been over $9,000 weekly, and tops $6,000 right now. Sponsors have paid $35,000 or $40,000 without a perceptible quiver for one Whiteman broadcast. If that isn't Big Business then I've been N. R. A.—Nuts Right Along!

As to himself, I asked Paul how he'd like to turn producer, have some big theatres like Roxy, or a radio racket like Aylesworth. And when I did, the Big Feller gazed from the windows of his Central Park South apartment, so lavishly simple under the guidance of Margaret Livingston's decorative ability, as nearly pensive as I've ever seen him.

"I can't afford to, Herb," he said. "I'd like it, but there's no money in it!"

Maybe that'll give you an idea of just what sort of dough Paul considers worth while. And as Americans continue to measure success and achievement by the gold standard, I'm quoting these facts and figures just to impress you. They don't impress Whiteman. Why? Because wealth is incidental to him, and accidental, too. However, the world being what it is, he's not sucker enough to goose the golden egg, or whatever the phrase may be.

SO much, then, for the financial side of the man whom that slug termed a "fat fiddler".

What is vastly more interesting is that Paul Whiteman is the acknowledged Dean of Modern American Music. He put this country on the musical map of the world when he presented the land with its first jazz concerto at Carnegie Hall some ten years ago. With Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue", something new was added to the musical wealth of the universe. And Whiteman added it.

Not only has he contributed himself and his genius, but his recognition of talent in others has resulted in the discovery by the public of such sensational entertainers as Bing Crosby, Phil Harris, Al Rinker, the unforgettable original Rhythm Boys, Mildred Bailey, Morton Downey, Jack Fulton, Peggy Healy, and the great Gershwin, himself. Why, the entire National Broadcasting Company staff is composed of Whiteman men. In passing, Paul tried to sell Bing to the movies for $50 a week—they couldn't see him until they paid $5,000!

The fellow who has done so much to popularize such classics as Ferde Grofe's (*Continued on page 58*)

by HERB CRUIKSHANK



She's a native New Yorker, pretty, single, sometimes lonely and she has thoughts

MURIEL WILSON

YOU ASK HER Another

Q. What is your real name in private life?
A. I was born Muriel Wilson.
Q. Where were you born?
A. Right in dear old New York City.
Q. Do you want to say when?
A. Oh, some years ago!
Q. Are you married?
A. No.
Q. Do you ever intend to marry?
A. Perhaps.
Q. Was marriage ever your idea of a career for yourself?
A. Yes, I think it would be quite a complete one.
Q. When and how did you discover you could sing.
A. I have always sung. I don't remember not singing.
Q. Have you ever been lonely?
A. Yes—I think every artist is at some time.
Q. If you had to decide between a happy marriage and a successful career, which would you choose?
A. Marriage, I think.
Q. How long have you been in radio?
A. All of five years.
Q. What was your first broadcast?
A. I was soloist on the Philco and Breyer Ice Cream hours.
Q. Do you prefer operatic selections to the more popular ballads?
A. It depends upon the programs and the particular audiences you want to reach.
Q. Who do you think is the handsomest man in radio?
A. I am afraid I cannot answer that one.
Q. Who do you think is the most interesting?
A. This one is rather hard to answer, too.
Q. If you could be somebody else beside Muriel Wilson who would you want to be most?
A. I don't want to be anybody else. I find it quite a job to be myself.
Q. What do you think makes a woman most interesting, looks—brains or talent?
A. Brains, because she can acquire looks and achieve talent.
Q. Which do you think is the most important to a woman's success, and which has brought you success?
A. Brains.
Q. What program brought you the most response from your public?
A. I don't know of any definite program.
Q. What do you enjoy doing most when you are not on the radio?
A. I guess reading or horseback riding.
Q. What's your favorite sport?
A. Horseback riding—and swimming.
Q. Who is your favorite movie actress?
A. I'm old-fashioned enough to like Mary Pickford. I think she has charm.
Q. Who is your favorite movie actor?
A. Lanny Ross.
Q. Have you reached the height of your ambition?
A. No—I am still building.
Q. What is that height?
A. I would like to do better music. I feel that the radio listeners want the better music.
Q. What would you do if you lost your voice?
A. I suppose I'd die. I can't imagine not singing.
Q. What song do you like to (*Continued on page 80*)

RADIO MIRROR'S GALLERY OF STARS



Joan Marsh

To many people Joan Marsh is a movie beauty, but she's making quite a name for herself on the radio, and is heard frequently on the CBS chain out of KHJ



This Florida songbird had her big chance from Rudy Vallee, who heard her down south on a local station and introduced her on his Variety show. Frances is a star now and success is hers

★

FRANCES LANGFORD

ALICE RINEHEART

The girl with the heart-throb voice they call Alice Rineheart who is heard regularly on the NBC chain with several commercials. One of the many decorative dramatic players of the air

★



TED HUSING

One of the most popular of all American radio announcers, Ted Husing, who pilots programs on the Columbia ether waves, has distinguished himself particularly in broadcasting big sport events—including those at Harvard.





LENNIE HAYTON

Perhaps the skyscrapers are giving this popular ork pilot an idea for a new arrangement. At any rate it makes an effective pose for the man who gives you grand music on the radio. He's on the Fred Allen program now.



James Melton

Singing right into your homes, the talented song man from the south makes music for CBS microphones

Edith Murray

They call her "The Dramatist of the Blues," this pretty girl who started to be a poetess but decided rhythm pays better



RIPLEY SAYS

"THE strangest thing I have discovered about radio is the fact that it is one of the oldest things in the world. The word was defined more than 2000 years ago in the Talmud as 'Radio KUL SHE HOLEK MISAF HAOLAM WUAD SO FOE,' which means 'Radio, a voice that goes from one end of the world to the other'."

Robert (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley speaking. You know him, of course. You've seen his cartoons, heard his broadcasts on the B. A. Rolfe program. There is a tremendous gusto and enthusiasm about him as he talks. His face lights up; his eyes shine. He is a man of about forty, but his enthusiasm gives him the appearance of almost permanent youth. He has wavy hair, thinning a little at each temple, a quick, nervous step, a gay half-smile, buck teeth, and inexhaustible patience.

For more than thirteen years he has been gathering incredible facts. He has traveled to the far corners of the earth in search of those facts. So far, he has visited 167 countries. His travels have brought him face to face with the Ever-Standing Men of Benares, the Human Inch Worms, the Hindu Faquir who held his hand aloft for fourteen years until birds built a nest in his palm. He has been in the Forest of Human Bodies and in the City of No Women, a city of 700 people where no woman has ever set foot. And yet in all his travels and in all his searchings he has found no stranger "queeriosities" than in the magic wonderland of radio.

Here are facts, strange, unbelievable facts which he has discovered, miracles of engineering which he has uncovered.

Did you know that when King George spoke from England and his words were broadcast over that mysterious invention we know as radio, we who listened to him in our homes heard his words before the members of the British Parliament, standing twelve feet away from him, heard them? Radio listeners-in always hear a broadcast before it reaches the ears of people in the studio. That is because, over radio, sound becomes an electrical impulse which travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.

Did you know that it takes about 200 radio and telephone engineers to handle a coast to coast network program, exclusive of the engineers in the local studios?

Did you know that microphones have been perfected so sensitive in every way that they have recorded the sounds of a beetle boring inside a tree or an insect munching corn? In New York the sound of goldfish swimming in a bowl was once broadcast; in Iowa the sounds of human nerve currents; in Japan the heartbeats of a maternity patient. But perhaps the most amazing miracle of all was when an Austrian scientist, Professor Richlera of Vienna, took a pot of flowers from his living room window and broadcast the sound made by the blossoms as they grew!

Did you know that people speaking over the radio may have their voices beautified by means of a special instrument known as the compensator? The radio and other electrically transmitted sound devices are kinder to some high-voiced individuals than to other deeper-voiced persons. But people with weak or harsh voices can have them retouched through the skill



Ripley at his board, drawing some of the amazing facts he has gleaned from all over the world; right, broadcasting the strange things he knows about odd facts and people

IT'S SO

The "Believe It or Not Man" finds the radio world full of incredible oddities — and strange people!



of clever engineers. Orestes H. Caldwell, the former Federal radio commissioner, even said once that appropriate devices placed in the broadcasting networks would make the same person speak simultaneously with a shrill Yankee twang in the northeast, with a Southern drawl below the Mason-Dixon line and with a breezy Western accent in the West.

From station WGY in Schenectady many strange broadcasts have been made. One man's voice was once broadcast from here around the world in a fraction of a second. His voice left Schenectady, was received in Huizen, Holland, then in Java, retransmitted to Sidney, where it was sent on to Schenectady. The result was that he talked to himself! His voice came back as an echo, each syllable repeating itself an eighth of a second later.

Over station WGY, Ripley himself once participated in a two-way broadcast between Schenectady and Sydney, Australia. Over the radio he made a date with Irene Sterlitz of Sydney. When he concluded his broadcast, he started on a 10,000 mile journey to keep that date.

The world of radio sounds is full of strange Believe-It-Or-Nots, says Ripley.

When you hear horses' hooves pounding on a pavement, those are cocoanut shells being pounded together.

The roar of a lion is caused by nothing but a whiskey keg with a pierced drumhead and resined cord.

When rural sounds are needed and you hear someone milking a cow, it's the sound man squirting water from rubber bulbs into a tin pail.

Once the sound effects man at one of the large studios was hard put to it to think of some way of imitating the downpour of rain. Then suddenly, while he was eating lunch, inspiration came to him. He salted a crisp lettuce leaf, and believe it or not, that's how he got the sound of rain!

The report of a real pistol shot in a broadcasting studio would wreck hundreds of dollars worth of equipment. So the sound men snap a spectacle case close to the microphone. It gives the exact effect of a gun shot.

Once a broadcast was made direct from the International Livestock Show. There were 12,000 cows at the show, but not one of them could put its voice across. The National Broadcasting Company had to use special sound effects for the mooing of cows!

At another time the story of an apartment house fire was being rehearsed. The sound effects man had worked out everything except the sound of roaring flames. While Aline Berry was rehearsing, she left her script slip, and when she picked it up she crumpled and rattled the paper.

"That's it," said the sound man excitedly. "That'll give us just the sound we want." It did.

"The radio control room is full of Believe-It-Or-Nots," said Ripley, warming up to his subject. "Did you know that the production man practically uses the deaf and dumb language to convey his messages to the performer? He puts his finger on his nose, and that means that the program is running according to schedule. If he waves his hand in circles, it means that the program must be speeded up. If he (*Continued on page 61*)

By DORA ALBERT

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE



GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.



● This is the famous Armour trio whose antics on the ether make highly diverting entertainment. On top there's Phil Baker, the star of the big show, who learned his stuff on the vaudeville and musical comedy stages. Next, meet Mabel Albertson, who once taught elocution and served several years apprenticeship in stock all over the country. At the bottom is Phil's amusing stooge, Harry McNaughton, the Englishman with a sense of humor who, like his associates, was a stage actor before he took up radio

PHIL BAKER
MABEL ALBERTSON
HARRY McNAUGHTON

The Singing Blonde Crowns

THEY say the hat often makes the woman and if that's true then Ruth Etting is really a queen on these pages for she is crowned with some of the smartest headgear to be seen in Manhattan smart places this summer. Nicole de Paris, famous French designer, has made these stunning creations especially for Miss Etting's pictures in RADIO MIRROR.

Nicole who makes chapeaux for famous movie stars as well as for society women all over America says a woman must choose her hat more carefully than any other article of her wardrobe. And these, she believes, are especially suited to the popular blonde beauty who is starred over the Columbia networks.

The smart tricorne Ruth is wearing is of a gorgeous French straw fitted quite flat to the head and deeply over one eye. The ornament is the piece de resistance of the creation and the widely meshed veil helps, too.

The fluted white ruffle on the afternoon hat is of crisp organdy topped with a heavy satin bow and the wide ruffle of her dress is part of the smart ensemble.

Shiny rough black straw is the material used for the



Ruth Etting in Madame Nicole's afternoon tricorne with a two-way rhinestone ornament and smart veil



Starch plaited organdy makes a flattering brim for this distinctive new straw-crowned hat

Below is the singing star in a pert chapeau of rough black straw with a glazed quill trimming the front



Her Glory



A huge, softly flattering brim marks this afternoon taffeta hat, trimmed with three rhinestone ornaments.

One of the prize hats, large brimmed panama, edged with violets flattened between tulle



For a sporty occasion Miss Etting dons Madame Nicole's stunning little rolled brim natural panama



tricky little number Miss Etting wears, the pert quill stuck across the front of the brim, while for the races or formal teas she dons the gorgeous wide-brimmed black taffeta hat edged with an inch-row of grosgrain.

For sports she has a smooth, flat panama turned way up on one side and trimmed with a pair of gaily colored quills.

But the prize of them all is the large panama with a double-edged brim of flattened violets and gloves to match that have huge bunches of the same flowers at the wrists.

Madame Nicole favors the ensemble idea so distinctive this year, that of matching an unusual hat with dress collar, gloves and bags. And of wearing huge bouquets of flowers on the back of the wrist, blossoms that match the trimming on the hat. The violet hat with white gloves, trimmed with large bunches of violets, was also made in a black and white combination for a famous motion picture star. But always the hat must fit the personality.

The season for large hats has come back with a vengeance, according to Nicole, who knows her millinery. The crowns are still small but the brims may be as large as your type can stand them.

ON THE PACIFIC

Out of the studios of the west coast we bring you news and gossip

RAYMOND PAIGE, music director of KHJ in Los Angeles, which serves as the key station for the CBS-Don Lee chain out on the coast, has been more or less a musical prodigy since he was born in Wausau, Wisconsin, back in 1900.

The family, by degrees, moved to Chicago, Montana, San Diego and finally Los Angeles.

● This is Al Pearce, popular radio figure of the California studios, now heard nationally with his Saturday night gang



While he has studied music since a child, even his directorial ability was evidenced at an early age. Down in San Diego he organized and lead a Sunday School orchestra. That is, he did for awhile until the boys introduced a couple of jazz tunes in the hymn repertoire.

Then he aspired to higher things and organized a high school orchestra and went barnstorming in the smaller towns of the southwest.

Five years ago, after playing first violin in Los Angeles and San Francisco theaters, he joined KHJ and has since directed all of its musical activities. While he has had a number of commercials eastward via CBS, perhaps he is best known for his California Melodies half hour which has been featured for the past two years from the California station to the network.

Raymond Paige is happily married, lives in a swanky Beverly Hills home, and never wears a hat. He has been signally honored by being guest conductor of the famed Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and the Hollywood Bowl "Symphony Under the Stars" Orchestra. He plays a good game of tennis, was president of his class in college, won his letter in track and likes to attend wienie bakes at the beach.

* * *

Radio sometimes goes sort of ritzy with its Countess Albanis and its Rudy Vallees, to say nothing of up-stage names and faces.

But, when it all simmers down to a final analysis, it seems that the real "highbrows" of radiodom are none other than a hill billy team . . . the Crockett family, to be exact. Five sons, old man Crockett, one daughter; assisted by the Lynn Sisters from neighboring Tennessee. The Crocketts hail from old Kaintuck. Just now they are on KNX, Hollywood, nightly.

Of course this mountain family would be the last to go stagy on anybody. But they are really the aristocrats of radiodom.

They are direct descendents of Antoine Personette Cracketagni who, in turn, dated way back to Lafayette's time. This branch of the family was persecuted in France and so migrated over to the shores of Ireland and changed the name to Crockett. It was Antoine's second son, Louie, who came to America and founded the Crockett family.

There you have the whole genealogical story in a nutshell. Despite their naiveness the Crocketts are the real aristocrats of radioland. Old Pa Crockett, though, isn't a bit interested in it. He still longs for his mountain home and bitterly bemoans the fact that out west . . . where men are men and women are glad of it . . . he can't get lye hominy or sorghum; has to dodge the automobile traffic, and can't get used to wearing store shoes.

BY DR. RALPH

AIR WAVES

of your favorites who entertain you on the Pacific wavelengths

Belle and Martha, characters on KMTR, Hollywood, with a bit of backyard gossip and breezy chatter, can do most any dialect. They ought to, for the girls both earned their Master of Arts degrees in speech at the University of Southern California. But they prefer the characters which they portray.

Belle in real life is Edith Adams, who was on the staff of WBBM and WHAQ in Chicago for a year. Martha is Gertrude Tyson, who used to be in the office staff of KHJ, Los Angeles.

* * *

Lady Luck plays a pretty important part in anybody's career. Anyway, that's what Eddie Kay, assistant music director of KHJ thinks. And, what is more, he trots forth a few assorted proofs from his own career in support of his theory.

Seems as though luck largely figured in starting Eddie on a music career at the tender age of twenty-one. At that ripe old age Eddie had just written a couple of tunes for the "Oh Joy" revue which was starring Ethel Waters in his home town of New York.

Eddie was out in the house all lathered up watching the performance. Right in the midst of it all the conductor dropped dead of heart failure. Of course somebody brought up the old bromide about "The show must go on." So Eddie was pushed into the pit and told to finish up the performance.

Eddie's youthful ambition was to be a chemical engineer. His folks wanted him to be a physician. So they compromised and Eddie studied dentistry for a year and a half before he was "shoved" into the musical career.

Since his New York "debut" he has gone west and scored and conducted for film lots, musical comedies and vodvil shows. Six months ago he broke into radio as assistant conductor at KHJ, key station for the CBS-Don Lee chain.

* * *

Gypsy has been interviewing radio celebs from San Francisco bay stations for many years. Few know that she is a Los Angeles girl, the wife of an army officer (a colonel), and in private life is Elsa Charlotte Musgrave.

The "Gypsy" caption has clung to her since childhood days when she always wanted to travel and go places. So her chums nicknamed her Gypsy.

Though fans nowadays hear only her speaking voice, she is an accomplished pianist and once toured in recital under the stage name of Elsa Kambarska. She is the granddaughter of a Polish nobleman and, for luck, she took his name for the stage appearances.

* * *

Paul Carson, whose "Bridge to Dreamland" organ series is a popular attraction over KPO, started radio as music director on KMPC, Beverly Hills, several years ago and he's been at it since.

One of his favorite anecdotes is about his father, a clergyman. Just as the services were about to start it was discovered that the organist was missing. The father motioned to Paul, aged six, to play the organ as he announced "Nearer My God to Thee." "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," he announced for the second number. This was

● Marjorie Bainbridge who's been on the stage since childhood is the heroine of "The Bowery" dramas of KFWB



L. POWER

the second and last in young Paul's repertoire. Then the elder Carson said, "'Jesus, Lover of My Soul' was so beautiful, we will sing it again." And so the crisis was passed. He later attended Northwest University, and was a stretcher-bearer in the French army for three years.

For hobbies he collects rare editions and Persian rugs.

* * *

Most radio hill billies come from the Ozarks. But NBC's prize hill billy number one out on the west coast was educated at the University of Kansas and the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

He's Charlie Marshall, whose mavericks continue to be "sensations" year after year from the NBC studios in Frisco town.

Charlie's hobby is walking. In fact, when he was married in Boston to a New England school marm they took their honeymoon by hiking from the Bean City to Topeka, Kansas with a 70-pound pack on the back of the bridegroom.

But Charlie Marshall isn't entirely a synthetic hill billy. He was born out in Kansas, wrote for minstrel troupes for years, and has been a hill billy herder for the Pacific division of NBC since back in '28.

* * *

Elmore Vincent answers to the name of "Senator Fishface," for 'tis his most famous characterization on NBC in the west. Born in Texas, the family moved to Oregon, but never could the boy keep from scrambling up words in class recitations. Of course by the time he grew up the difficulty was overcome. But up at KJR in Seattle he began to do the Senator Fishface act, a sort of Roy Atwill performance, and finally became so good that NBC grabbed him up for its regular programs in San Francisco.

But he can never forget that day in school when he took a bow and started to recite. "Here stands the flag . . . florist shop . . . forest . . . perambulator . . . prunes and prisms . . . prancing . . . I mean primeval, or something. Mid the midget . . . I mean murmuring . . . plants . . . pines . . . and the hamhocks. . . . Those were strenuous days, pals," murmurs the perspiring radio senator.

* * *

Lots of people used to think that Chauncey Haines, Jr. could dish it out but couldn't take it. But that was before he switched over from being music director for KMPC, out in swanky Beverly Hills, to KFAC out in the fashionable Wilshire district of Los Angeles.

Then came the acid test and now Chauncey is eligible to join some club or other such as the caterpillar club.

When he changed stations a few weeks ago one of his first jobs was to audition a girls' vocal trio. He was told by the station manager that it was a very good trio and he would like to put it on if Chauncey would stamp his musical approval on them.

And in walked Caltana Christoph as director of the trio. To most people that wouldn't mean much. But to Chauncey Jr. it meant a good deal. Caltana is his former wife. And was his face red . . . and hers, too.



Anyway, Director Haines lost no time in signing up his former wife and the girls' trio, so all is serene over in the KFAC penthouse studios. The former Mrs. Haines' name, Caltana, was coined by her parents. She was born in Montana, but the family had previously lived in California. So they made up the name of Caltana.

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At the tender age of twenty-one he was juvenile lead in the Chestnut Theatre, Philadelphia, and thereafter the legal profession was out of his mind forever.

Two years ago Tony joined the NBC drama staff in San Francisco and plays the male lead in "One Man's Family," weekly serial of family life. While he does a lifelike characterization of a family man, he has never



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Elvia Allman, known sometimes via the ether lanes as "The long tall gal from Dixie," likes to conquer new fields.

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But in Los Angeles there weren't many chances to break into radio, so she became a studio hostess. Not long after the station, KHJ, was sold and she got her chance to appear before the mike and do character songs. It went over big.

So, to make a long story short, she became a staff artist. But, by this time, she wanted to get to New York again. Columbia offered her a chance and she returned to Gotham for a year. In the meantime she had married Wesley Tourtellotte who was and still is, staff organist for KFI-KECA in Los Angeles. But, the New York goal reached, she wanted to return to California. Now she is heard over KHJ, KNX and other Southern California stations in characterizations. What is her next ambition? Gather closely little kiddies and you shall hear . . . she wants to retire and start a chicken ranch out in San Fernando valley. But who ever heard of anyone retiring in radio at the ripe old age of 29?

* * *

Not many aspiring lyric writers ever essay to branch into the realm of radio dramatics. But Edward Lynn, of Los Angeles, did.

For five years he was private secretary to Charles Wakefield Cadman, famed composer. Together with Mr. Cadman he composed two score of songs which have been published with the words by Lynn and the music by Cadman.

But music, in itself, didn't seem to pay financially though, as Eddie said, "It was good for the soul." And so he began to dash off reams of radio script. There were hometown plays featuring Virginia Sale, sister of Chic and breezy skits featuring Mrs. Wally Reid.

Yet they were "just another radio play" until the young dramatist began to "go historical." Now he has the "Catherine the Great" series weekly from KHJ and all the way eastward via CBS; another on "Our Romantic Presidents" as a local weekly for KMTR, Hollywood; and a brand new series for KNX, which is a sort of series on contemporary life and as yet untitled.

Right now a Lynn radio production is a finished product. But it has been an uphill road. There were days when the rent was over-due and the cupboard was bare. Through it all there has been a certain amount of versatility that has enabled him to keep on ever with the goal in sight. Once upon a time he announced phonograph records, swept out the studio and answered the 'phone so he could keep studying nights and working on his "masterpiece."

While many "geniuses" climb a pinnacle and rest there awhile, young Lynn is never satisfied. When one thing is done and done well he starts out on something new. He is one of two Los Angeles radio producers who are as yet unmarried. But there are rumors.

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Lots of people out west think that Kay Van Riper is a young and aspiring young man. But it isn't. Nope. It's a 25-year-old blonde who was graduated from the University of Minnesota a few years ago.

With the usual film-writer complex, the young lady treked to Hollywood and aspired to write scenarios. But the favorite portcullis of each studio was closed tight.

So, before funds gave out, she became press agent for KFWB. And it was the luckiest thing in the world that she did. For, one of these fine days, she was given a pinch-hit job of writing a radio serial. And she has been at it ever since.

Her most outstanding creation has been the English Coronets series, which has been on the Hollywood station now for nearly three years. A pioneer in western historical series, it is the only one of its kind out on the coast that is sponsored. Once, when the feature seemed threatened, 40,000 irate fans wrote in to *(Continued on page 59)*

AIR WAVES

the second and last in young Paul's repertoire. Then the elder Carson said, "'Jesus, Lover of My Soul' was so beautiful, we will sing it again." And so the crisis was passed. He later attended Northwest University, and was a stretcher-bearer in the French army for three years.

For hobbies he collects rare editions and Persian rugs.

* * *

Most radio hill billies come from the Ozarks. But NBC's prize hill billy number one out on the west coast was educated at the University of Kansas and the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

He's Charlie Marshall, whose mavericks continue to be "sensations" year after year from the NBC studios in Frisco town.

Charlie's hobby is walking. In fact, when he was married in Boston to a New England school marm they took their honeymoon by hiking from the Bean City to Topeka, Kansas with a 70-pound pack on the back of the bridegroom.

But Charlie Marshall isn't entirely a synthetic hill billy. He was born out in Kansas, wrote for minstrel troupes for years, and has been a hill billy herder for the Pacific division of NBC since back in '28.

* * *

Elmore Vincent answers to the name of "Senator Fishface," for 'tis his most famous characterization on NBC in the west. Born in Texas, the family moved to Oregon, but never could the boy keep from scrambling up words in class recitations. Of course by the time he grew up the difficulty was overcome. But up at KJR in Seattle he began to do the Senator Fishface act, a sort of Roy Atwill performance, and finally became so good that NBC grabbed him up for its regular programs in San Francisco.

But he can never forget that day in school when he took a bow and started to recite. "Here stands the flag . . . florist shop . . . forest . . . perambulator . . . prunes and prisms . . . prancing . . . I mean primeval, or something. Mid the midget . . . I mean murmuring . . . plants . . . pines . . . and the hamhocks. . . . Those were strenuous days, pals," murmurs the perspiring radio senator.

* * *

Lots of people used to think that Chauncey Haines, Jr. could dish it out but couldn't take it. But that was before he switched over from being music director for KMPC, out in swanky Beverly Hills, to KFAC out in the fashionable Wilshire district of Los Angeles.

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● **Meet the Crockett family, heard nightly on KNX, Hollywood—Father Crockett, five sons, one daughter—and their neighbors, the Lynn Sisters**

ON THE PACIFIC AIR WAVES

We Tony DOOR



● Tony Wons, the amiable monologist with the different mike voice, does a little philosophizing about getting a good start at the breakfast table for the day's work



● Mr. Wons looks on approvingly at the artistic efforts of his thirteen-year-old daughter, Theodosia, who likes to paint

Ring Wons' BELL





● Morning comes to Tony who looks as though the cares of the day rested lightly on his sleeping hours. We ring the bell, get him up and he poses

● A musical interlude in the Wons home with the whole family gathered around the piano while Mrs. Wons accompanies

WE HAVE

● SUNDAY



Ted Fiorito, Columbia's West Coast maestro on the Old Gold programs

11:15 A. M. Major Bowes' Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist and guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
The "majah" and his musical brood wishing you a pleasant good morning.

12:15 P. M. Baby Rose Marie—songs. (Tastyeast). WJZ and associated stations.
The precocious child with the grown-up lyrics.

12:30 P. M. Radio City Concert—Radio City Symphony Orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.
Delightful and well-balanced.

1:30 P. M. Little Miss Bab-o's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
Another child who jazzes in adult tempo.

2:00 P. M. "Broadway Melodies" with Everett Marshall; Jerry Freeman's orchestra and chorus. (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.
Mr. Marshall of the lovely voice coming to you this afternoon.

2:00 P. M. Bar X Days and Nights—romance of the early west. (White's Cod Liver Oil Tablets). WJZ and associated stations.
Out thar where men were men and knew it.

2:30 P. M. Rings of Melody—Ohman and Arden, piano duo; Arlene Jackson, songs; Edward Nell, Jr., Baritone. (Perfect Circle Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
A good variety program.

2:30 P. M. The Big Hollywood Show, with Abe Lyman's orchestra and "Accordiana". (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
With echoes of Cinema Town.

3:30 P. M. The Yeast Foamers—Jan Garber's orchestra—(Northwestern Yeast Company). WJZ and associated stations.
An old favorite with new tunes.

5:00 P. M. "Roses and Drums". (Union Central Life Insurance Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Romance and draymah when they battled for the Potomac.

5:30 P. M. Grand Hotel—dramatic sketch with Anne Seymour. (Compana Corporation). WJZ and associated stations.
What happens when a lot of excitable people get together.

5:30 P. M. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson—(Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.
A popular pair who know their stuff.

6:30 P. M. Smiling Ed McConnell. (Acme White Lead and Color Works). Also Wednesday and Friday at 12:30 P. M. WABC and associated stations.
It's your turn to smile.

Pretty Sally Singer who warbles popular tunes on the NBC waves



6:45 P. M. Ward's Family Theatre. Act I with Lean and Mayfield, James Melton, and the Green Stripe Orchestra. (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Two stage veterans, a Dixie air hero and good music.

7:00 P. M. Real Silk Program—Charles Previn and his orchestra; guest artist. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.
Another satisfactory musical aggregation.

7:30 P. M. Ward's Family Theatre, Act II with Guest Stars, James Melton and Green Stripe Orchestra. (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Back again with another program.

7:30 P. M. Baker's Broadcast, featuring Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist and Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.
The ducky one and isn't he getting more popular all the time?

7:45 P. M. The Fitch Program—Wendall Hall. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
A hot singer with that molasses intonation.

8:00 P. M. Chase and Sanborn Hour—Jimmy Durante and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase and Sanborn Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.
The high spot of tonight; everybody says so.

8:30 P. M. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Ford Motor Company). Also Thurs. 9:30 P. M. WABC and associated stations.
The Warings have certainly come along but they deserve the applause.

9:00 P. M. Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamara, Russian blues singer;

WITH US—

David Percy; orchestra; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.) WEAF and associated stations.
Expert soloists who make you sit back and listen.

9:00 P. M. Gulf Headliners—Irving Berlin; Frank Parker; The Pickens Sisters; The Revelers Quartet; Al Goodman and his orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
Parker has a grand voice and then there are the Revellers, lest you forget.

9:30 P. M. American Album of Familiar Music—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer Aspirin). WEAF and associated stations.
This excellent program will never give you a headache.

9:30 P. M. The Jergens Program—Walter Winchell. (Andrew Jergens Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
Things you might have known but want to hear again.

10:00 P. M. Chevrolet Program with Victor Young's orchestra; guest soloist. WEAF and associated stations.
We miss Jack Benny.

10:00 P. M. Wayne King and his orchestra. (Lady Esther Co.). WABC and associated stations.
The Waltz King and he's a big favorite.

10:30 P. M. Hall of Fame—guest artist; orchestra direction Nat Shilkret. (Pond's Honey and Almond Cream). WEAF and associated stations
One of the better of the real good ones.

11:15 P. M. Little Jack Little and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
A singer with a brass background



Funny Phil Cook whose antics have amused radio listeners for years

● MONDAY

10:00 A. M. Breen and de Rose—vocal and instrumental duo—daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
Veterans who still make it pleasant.

10:15 A. M. Bill and Ginger. (C. F. Mueller Co.) Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
Pepping up your morning duties.

10:15 A. M. Clara, Lu 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
That trio and don't they know everybody else's business

11:15 A. M. Will Osborne and his orchestra with Pedro De Cordoba and his friendly philosophy. (Corn Products Refining Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Will is still getting up early to syncopate for you housewives.

11:30 A. M. Tony Wons—Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
A bit of philosophy as Tony would call it.

12 Noon The Voice of Experience. (Wasey Products, Inc.). Daily except Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
He knows all the answers.

2:15 P. M. Romance of Helen Trent (Edna Wallace Hopper, Cosmetics). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
In the cause of making you stay young.

5:00 P. M. Skippy—Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
It's time to call the kiddies.

5:30 P. M. The Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.
You may recall some of these yourself.

5:45 P. M. Little Orphan Annie—childhood playlet with Shirley Bell and Allan Baruck. (Wander Company). Daily except Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.
That child does have her troubles.

6.00 P. M. Buck Rogers in the 25th Century. (Coco-malt). Also Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. WABC and associated stations.
What might happen five hundred years from now.

7:00 P. M. Amos 'n' Andy—blackface comedians—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WJZ and associated stations.
They still have them tuning in.

7:00 P. M. Myrt and Marge—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Wrigley Chewing Gum). WABC and associated stations.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Programs continued on page 77.

Gypsy Nina, Columbia's mystery singer who epitomizes "Dark Eyes."



What's happening in the way of news and intimate gossip among the radio folks whose programs come from Chicago

CHICAGO

MATRIMONIAL MIX-UPS

THESE matrimonial mixups always amuse me. For instance there's the one that happened here in Chicago just the other day. Virginia Ware is a radio actress. You hear her on the morning College Inn broadcasts and lately she's been working in Charley Hughes' "Talkie Picture Time". Her husband was Harlan Ware, erstwhile convention manager of Sherman Hotel. His brother is Darrell Ware writer of fiction and radio scripts. Throw all three up for grabs and what happens is this. . . . Virginia divorces Harlan and marries his brother, Darrell. Harlan goes to California with a promise to return soon. It's all done very amicably, no hard feelings.

Reminds us of the one that happened a few years back. First time we met Lee Sims he was pounding the piano in WBBM's old studios at the Stewart Warner plant on Diversey Boulevard. A little later he introduces his new wife—Ilomay Bailey. She sings and he plays. And since then they've done pretty well. Lee's manager is a chap named Steiner. Ilomay Bailey was once Mrs. Steiner . . . and the present Mrs. Steiner was once Mrs. Lee Sims. They were all good friends and still are. They simply switched life partners. Now they're both successful in the world of entertainment —and at home as well, so they say.

PAT KENNEDY'S LOVE

And while on the love interest angle let's correct any false impressions that may have gotten around about Pat Kennedy. Some enterprising guy wrote that Pat was that way about a local chorine. Pat denied. Then a story came around that Pat was taking tango lessons from a South American beauty named Rosita Duvall . . . which was perfectly true. But what the gossipers, foul people, missed was that Carlos Molina, the rhumba and tango bandmaster, was the person who started Pat on the tango lessons—and that Rosita Duvall is Mrs. Molina and is simply helping Pat learn the intricate steps. Every time one of these rumors gets into print it causes Pat plenty of trouble. It wasn't so long ago printed paragraphs reported the romantic tenor escorting Mary McCormic, the opera singer, about. Sure he took her around. But when that thing was printed he had to make peace with Pittsburgh. For Connie Calahan of that city is Pat's real heart . . . and all this other stuff is hooey pushed out by people anxious to make gossip and make it dirty!

HOLDUP!

Being one of those people who hate to go to bed nights for fear of missing something amusing or interesting it burned us up to be absent the night Mr. and Mrs.



● Jean Paul King gets personal with a flock of the questions he shoots at Clara, Lou 'n' Em.

BREEZES



● Clarence Tiffingtuffer (he's Ray Hedge) tries to sell Myrt and Marge a gown he thinks would be swell for their air show

Hal Kemp were in a nice holdup . . . of course, that would be one night we went home to catch up on last week's sleep. Imagine the long tall Kemp being faced with a sub machine gun and told to get down on the floor of a Chicago avenue restaurant along about dawn one morning. When all of Kemp gets on any man's floor there isn't much room for anything else. But then a machine gun is a machine gun. With the Kemps that night was Norman Cordon who deserted quartet singing for opera in Chicago a few months ago. Norman is just as long. What I can't understand is . . . if the crooks made both of these boys get down on the floor how could they get over to the cash register to empty it?

* * *

HARLOW WILCOX WINS A BET

Harlow Wilcox has won a bet—but because he's on the wagon it didn't do him much good. When Wilcox moved from Columbia to NBC he made a bet. Bill Cooper, Chicago's NBC continuity boss, bet Harlow he would be sure to make the usual mistake at least once during his first month. He was bound to say "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System" instead of "This is the National Broadcasting Company". The month passed and Harlow won . . . a bottle of Scotch which he couldn't drink. It may sound silly that anyone would make such a mistake as naming the wrong station or network. But it happens . . . just the other night we heard an announcer on WBBM announce the station as WIBO which has been out of existence for many months now. And on another occasion the Chicago announcer preceded the Old Gold cigarette program with "The next program is brought to you by Chesterfield cigarettes!"

* * *

I'll bet few Chicagoans knew Jack Benny was in town the other day. He came here quietly and quickly to spend his birthday with his folks, the Kubelskys of Lake Forest.

* * *

All winter long Hal Totten was saying he is through with baseball. His new job at NBC takes up all his time and he simply can't handle baseball any longer. And anyway, he's been doing baseball for ten years and that's about enough . . . Hall Totten WILL broadcast baseball this year!

* * *

LITTLE THINGS

It just goes to show what little things count after all. I mean the way Mac McCloud, end man of Gene Arnold's Sinclair Minstrels and band leader in his own right got his tag phrase. Every time you hear him on the air you'll hear him say "This is Mac 'Das All' McCloud". The "das all" goes back many years . . . to the time Mac got into a crap game. One player, a big burly negro, decided Mac looked like easy game. But Mac kept winning . . . and doubling the bets. Finally the bets got all the way up to the huge sum of $2. Again Mac won. He turned to the negro and grinned . . . "Yas, suh! Das all!" mourned the colored man having turned out his pockets and found not a penny. McCloud even has a dog named Das All now. He's breeding the pooch, a scotty, and has been promising his friends nice scottie puppies. But—he's promised so many puppies that dog will have to forget all about NRA to make good his promises.

* * *

RELATIVE RELATIVES

You probably have never heard Lester Tremayne's name. Yet you've heard his voice doing dramatics in such Chicago radio shows as the WLS Bundesen Hour, National Barn Dance, Homemakers Theater, the Old Apothecary, Story of Helen Trent, the Heart to Heart club and many others. Tremayne had just finished a show at WLS' studios in The Prairie Farmer Building. He noticed a weather-beaten wiry old chap in the crowd outside the studio. The man, obviously a sailor, had a pile of rugs over his shoulder he was trying to sell. He wore a square cut seaman's jacket with big blue buttons. Les bought a couple of rugs. Suspecting they were smuggled he started talking to the old timer. In a heavy Scotch brogue the oldster revealed himself as one Angus MacEachren, one time able bodied seaman in his majesty's navy.

Tremayne, London born and son of Dolly Tremayne, English screen actress, was interested.

"You don't happen to know a (*Continued on page 63*)

BY CHASE GILES



Andrew Baruch concocts a hasty meal while his wife looks on. She's his severest kitchen critic

In the

Everybody likes to eat, and radio stars are no exception, but many of them are expert cooks and they give you their favorite dishes

THE month of June brings the entrance of summer, and with the arrival of this season we want salads, and different ways of serving them. And fresh fruits should be eaten at least once a day. Salads should be served at one meal every day.

Betty Barthell the cook of the month gives a beet and Endive Salad that is very delightful, and yet not often served. Tony Wons and Bert Lahr divide honors for the most distinguished cooks among the men. Mr. Wons gives his recipe for Asparagus with Hollandaise Sauce, and he tells the secret of no more worry to obtain this perfect sauce, while Mr. Lahr can boast of having been chief cook on Harry Richman's yacht to prove his culinary ability. Bert gives this cooling Pineapple Frappe. Fannie Brice, your well known comedian and singer enjoys Roast Pork and Sauerkraut as no other dish. And many more of your radio favorites suggest dishes and combinations to insure the success of your entertaining.

The popular Columbia singer Betty Barthell is particularly fond of ripe olives, and this tasty Beet and Endive Salad.

Beet and Endive Salad

French endive — Lettuce
Beets — French dressing

Separate the leaves of the endive carefully, and remove any hard part. Always select beets with fresh leaves. Cook in boiling water while whole. Cook about thirty to forty-five minutes, drain, place in cold water and rub off skin. Make rings from beets with small cookie cutter, and arrange pieces of endive through the rings. Arrange on lettuce and garnish with attractive shapes of beet that were removed to make the ring. Serve with French dressing.

Frances Langford the NBC singer offers this Porcupine Tomato Salad to the hostess endeavoring to find a new way to serve tomato salad.

Porcupine Tomato Salad

Tomatoes — Green Peppers
Celery — Lettuce
Mayonnaise Whip

Drop tomatoes into boiling water for about two minutes to peel easily. Allow to chill. Stick into tomato narrow strips of celery and green pepper alternately, each strip about two inches long. For individual salads serve one tomato to a portion on fresh, crisp lettuce beds. Serve with mayonnaise whip. Mix equal portions of lightly whipped cream with mayonnaise, whip and arrange on side of salad.

The rhythm ballad singer, Georgia Brown tempts you with her own Candied Sweet Potatoes. And Georgia certainly knows how to prepare them.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

8 sweet potatoes — 1 cup melted butter
1½ cups brown sugar — Salt

Place potatoes in boiling water and cook for about twenty minutes, or until soft. It is much easier to peel sweets after they have been cooked than before. Cut in lengthwise halves, arrange in buttered dish, sprinkle with sugar; then pour over melted butter, sprinkle with salt, and bake in slow oven about two hours; to brown the top use the broiling oven. You may also use sliced marshmallow around the sweets.

Arlene Jackson, the National Broadcasting singer's favorite food is corn flakes with lots and lots of heavy cream. She is also fond of this Carrot and Cheese Salad.

This is the time of year when carrots do wonders for your complexion, an important item to every woman.

Stars' Kitchens

Carrot and Cheese Salad

Cooked carrots — Cream cheese
Lettuce — Raw carrots
French dressing

Wash, scrape, and cut carrots in thin slices. Put in boiling, salted water until tender, about twenty minutes. Cool. Make carrot slices into a ring on lettuce leaves, fill the center with small cream cheese ball or rosette. Sprinkle finely grated raw carrot on the salad and serve with dressing. This salad is not very heavy and may properly be served with a dinner, or a side salad at a luncheon.

Fannie Brice who needs no introduction to you radio listeners says her Roast Pork and Sauerkraut will be equally well received. Miss Brice is an excellent cook.

Use the spareribs; wipe, sprinkle with salt, and place in a pot, and cover with water. Cook in covered pan slowly about forty-five minutes. Remove the meat, put in four to five cups of sauerkraut and cook slowly in covered pan about 1½ to 2 hours. Put spareribs on top of this and cook about an hour longer.

Tony Wons is habitually eating apples, but he tells you the secret of perfect Asparagus with Hollandaise Sauce.

Asparagus with Hollandaise Sauce

Cut off lower part of asparagus stalks, wash, take off scales, and retie in several bunches. Cook standing up in boiling salted water 15 minutes, or until soft. Cook with tops in water eight to ten minutes. This is a mock hollandaise sauce, and for those who simply cannot make the real sauce try this mixture. To one cup of white sauce, just before serving, stir in two egg yolks, about a half cup butter, slight measure, adding a little at a time, and one tablespoon of lemon juice. It is very simply prepared, and the most adept cook would have difficulty in distinguishing from the true hollandaise.

Bert Lahr has this real treat for your family and friends, a delightful Pineapple Frappe.

Pineapple Frappe

2 cups water — 2 cups ice water
1 cup sugar — 2 cups crushed pineapple
Juice 3 lemons

Boil the water and sugar five minutes, add the lemon juice and pineapple. Cool, then strain and add the ice water. Freeze in electric refrigerator or in ice cream freezer. If you use fresh pineapple about two cups of sugar will be needed. Add enough for your own taste. Arrange in sherbet dishes and garnish with mint leaves.

Mario Cozi, the ether waves singer, is another of the stars who can cook, and he is most famous for his fried oysters. And of course no fried oyster dish would be complete without cole slaw, which is good for you, too.

Sautéd Oysters

Clean oysters and dry with towel, season both sides with salt and pepper. Dip in seasoned cracker crumbs, and egg. Put butter in frying pan, add oysters, brown, and then turn on other side. May be attractively garnished with parsley.

Seth Parker, of NBC fame has two hobbies, buying boats, and ice cream with chocolate sauce. At this time it is always inviting to serve ice cream with strawberries, peaches, pineapple, or any other fresh fruit.

Vanilla Ice Cream

2 cups scalded milk — Salt
1 tablespoon flour — 1 tablespoon vanilla
1 cup sugar — 1 pint milk
2 egg yolks — 1 pint heavy cream

Mix the dry ingredients, using about ¼ teaspoon salt, add slightly beaten egg yolks, and the milk gradually; cook for ten minutes stirring constantly over hot water. Cool, add cream and flavoring. Then strain if you want it smooth, and freeze.



Gertrude Niesen doesn't look like a cook, but here she is at her own kitchen stove

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

Our "Going Away" Party

Get your friends together for that last party before vacation time. Miss Covney shows you an easy way

IT is June and either you or your friends are busy planning, packing, and arranging to leave town for the summer months, and yet many of the readers would like to have another of the RADIO MIRROR parties before closing the city domiciles.

Do you hesitate because with all the rush and worry of this season, entertaining your friends would be extra work and trouble? But we have planned a party that is simply arranged, yet will be delightful to your guests and add more laurels to the busy housewife's accomplishments.

The menu is planned so that everything may be prepared the morning of the party, allowing the rest of the day for other home duties.

The evening may be passed sitting around and talking leisurely, or patterned around the fun we have planned for you. If, as so many do, you have the usual guests who are all known to one another, ten cent gifts might be presented to each one. Tell each a different name of one who will be at the gathering, and have them select a ten cent gift suggesting something amusing done during the year, or have a slam bag with a gift denoting an irritating quality or a flattering article telling what you like most about the person.

One room might be made in readiness for cards, another for dancing, and another with a ping pong set-up, as one of these is certain to delight your guests.

MENU

Stuffed Tomato Salad — Cheese Straws
Pickles — Olives — June Sandwiches
Frozen Pineapple and Strawberry Whip
Tea Cakes — Coffee

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD

Use one tomato to a portion. Wash, dry, and cut out a slice of tomato at the top. Remove the pulp, and place in refrigerator for an hour to freeze before filling. Mix two cans of chicken with mayonnaise, and about a cup of chopped celery. Cut the tomato slightly at sides, so it will open and resemble a flower. Fill with chicken mixture, and garnish the top with sliced olive, or thin strips of pimento and green pepper. Place on lettuce leaves with a rosette of mayonnaise at one corner, and a few cheese straws at another.

Major, Sharp and Minor, popular air trio all dressed up to take a trip and ready for the party which we tell you about here



PICKLES AND OLIVES

Get the Sweet Gherkin Pickles, and if the salad is garnished with Stuffed Olives use the pitted ones.

JUNE SANDWICHES

Cut bread in triangle, round and long shapes, using some white and some whole wheat bread. Some may be left open faced, and some closed. Spread with this June sandwich mixture. Cream about a quarter of a cup of butter thoroughly, add to this enough cream cheese and mayonnaise to spread the mixture easily, and put in this chopped green pepper, chopped radishes, pecan or walnut meats, and very finely cut pieces of dates. Another spread is Roquefort cheese softened with butter combined with finely chopped tongue or salami meat. This is attractive on whole wheat open faced sandwiches with a garnish of caviar circle in center, or a curled slice of thinly cut pimento or pepper.

FROZEN PINEAPPLE AND STRAWBERRY WHIP

2½ pounds of marshmallows
5 cups walnut meats, coarsely chopped
2½ cups strawberries, cut

(*Continued on page 71*)



Streamlines for Summer

Summer clothes call for that perfect figure, and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien puts a trio through their paces

ARE your hips too large, your stomach too prominent, your thighs too fat, or have you any defect that keeps your figure from being the perfect model?

Exercise and diet can cure this in a short period, depending on amount of overweight, and the type of flesh of the individual. Those of you that have a flabby fatness will lose more quickly, and those that are firm and hard it will take longer to lose their "obese." To get the full benefit of exercising you must diet at the same time or only half the weight will be lost.

Does it amaze those of you who are underweight to be told that exercise will put poundage on for you, along with eating starchy foods, vegetables, fruits, and sugars?

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who has taken care of the avoirdupois trouble of radio and screen stars, as well as of hundreds of others, has told us some of his exercises to gain the figure you have so much wanted.

The diet of overweight is not at all difficult to abide by, consisting of a fruit or fruit juice without sugar, coffee or tea, with milk or lemon, and one piece of whole wheat toast in the morning. The luncheon may include a non-fattening fruit or vegetable salad, and one slice of whole wheat bread, and even a cup of broth with onions, parsley, and celery cooked in it. The dinner may consist of a cup of broth if none has been taken at noon, meat, vegetables having a low caloric value, one slice of whole wheat bread, a fruit dessert without sugar, and tea or coffee with lemon or milk. These menus certainly offer enough foods, and yet if no starches or sugars are taken a good deal of your corpulency may be gotten rid of in a short time.

Drills for Overweight

The best time to exercise is in the morning about fifteen to twenty-five minutes. Take a shower after you have finished because then the pores have been opened and the perspiration flows more freely. Remember that no exercise does you any good unless you inhale fresh air as you do your workout. (*Continued on page 75*)

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

WHEN THEY FACE the

What happens when Radio artists make their first appearances

By BILL VALLEE

WHAT happens when your favorite air hero or heroine deserts the ether for the boards, the rostrum or any old vaudeville stage? Are they nonchalant or do they quake with fear at the thought of facing an audience no longer invisible? This thought (the second this month and surely indicative of something) occurred to me the other day as I was peeling potatoes. Surely someone must know the answer to this perplexing question I said to myself. Some bright soul must have an answer for me, so I finished my potatoes (not small potatoes either), hung up my apron and was off.

The first person I ran into was Eddie Paul, who by a curious turn of fate remembered that I owed him $10. Dragging me into a nearby alley by main force he searched me. I knew he wouldn't find anything but as he searched an idea came to me. Here was the musical director of New York's Paramount theatres. Here was a man who might know the answer. Did he? He did indeed.

"For example," he said, "When Guy Lombardo played the Paramount for the first time he wasn't exactly nervous. True he dropped his fiddle when four of us had to push him onto the stage. He couldn't remember his first speech and he had trouble in saying 'Ladies and Gentlemen' but I wouldn't say he was nervous."

I figured that the air was getting him so I inveigled him into taking me up to his office, loaning me a cigar and another $10. There he unburdened himself of the following. (We're both leaving town tonight, so don't try to find us. And I mean it.)

Bing Crosby has never done badly on the stage. Backed by a checkered career he has variously hidden behind scenery and Paul Whiteman. He charms and amuses when he's down in one but he can't get off stage. Yessir he has tried a dozen exits. He has used his little tricks like picking up his trousers like a skirt—posturing crazily, etc., but they all seem to leave him stranded especially following passionate love songs. Someone suggested a hook—executives of higher and lower grades have offered various other schemes and the midnight oil sales have gone up but Crosby still can't go out!

Walter Winchell signed up for a week with Benjamin Bernie, a friend. Naturally you wouldn't expect the hero of many a small keyhole to be nervous. No? He was *so* scared that he had to sit down all of the time he was a-stage! *He couldn't take it standing up!*

While we're on the subject of nervousness let's cock a listening ear toward the redoubtable Paul who sees to it that people are accompanied, taught the art of the baton (Crosby, Columbo and Vallee, et al), and in general lives up to his degree of Doctor of Music. He advances the theory that *most* stars are nervous *every* time they go a-stage. But more important, he says this same nervousness improves their work; that they actually work better under a high tension. Interesting and quite plausible, eh?

Jane Froman is like that. She finds the switch from radio to the stage a



● Amos (Freeman Gosden) 'n' Andy (Charles Correll) as they really look before they put on makeup for personal appearances

CROWDS

Are their brows wrinkled!

thoroughly disconcerting one. She trembles and in general exhibits the teeth chattering symptoms that most people do. But just to prove that Doctor Paul is right she admits that her performance benefits from the sweating that she undergoes.

Another of the nervous type is Roy Atwell. Atwell, the twister-up-of-words, is (by vote) the most nervous man to ever tremble on the Paramount boards. Does it affect his singing? No one knows nor cares, because Atwell relies only on his ability to turn words inside out. But it did do one thing to him—he got half of his words *right!* He afterwards confessed that he felt a perfect flop, but applause from the front indicated something else.

Amos and Andy are no exceptions to the rule of stage fright. When they hit the stage they demanded and got a protective scrim. "Scrim" in the language of the stage has nothing to do with a five letter word meaning "exit quickly," but is a sort of cheese cloth that softens the stage but prevents the players from seeing the audience. This was exactly what A. & A. wanted. They were terribly afraid. Funny isn't it how two such familiars to the American home the breadth and width of the land become so frightened of the small cross-section sitting out in front?



● Jane Froman's so pretty she has no reason to fear the spotlights or large audiences



● Guy Lombardo is used to crowds, but he's had many a worried moment

Not because she's really dumb. She's not, this Gracie Allen. She too is one of the sufferers of the above mentioned complaint. When she gets the jitters from the sight of 3000 supposedly unarmed people, she forgets lines right and left. Husband George Burns writes their stuff anyway so it's only a question of stalling with several new ones until Gracie regains her poise (or is it pose?)

Paul Ash is no newcomer to the stage. His arrival in New York had been preceded by noisy months of fan-fares of trumpets. Chicago was literally at his feet in humble supplication. Paul Ash Clubs kept little (*Continued on page 62*)

"OUR PUBLIC"

RADIO MIRROR IS GROWING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS!

How do you like the new size? And the new departments? We bow to the requests of thousands of our readers on the Pacific Coast and give them four pages of news and gossip from the western studios. And to the fans in Chicago we introduce with this issue a department devoted exclusively to the broadcasters of the big mid-western metropolis. Have we left out anything?

It is only through your letters that we can learn what you want in this your own RADIO MIRROR, the magazine devoted to your broadcast interests. So keep writing! AND GET PAID FOR IT!

We still want to know WHAT YOU THINK OF YOUR RADIO PROGRAMS AND ALSO WHAT YOU THINK OF RADIO MIRROR!

Are you becoming bored with air entertainment? Or does it still thrill you as it did when you bought your first set? Have the programs improved? What do you like? And what could you do without in the way of broadcast material?

Write us and tell us what you think! Don't flatter us! Constructive criticism is more valuable than pleasant flattery! Because we're printing RADIO MIRROR for you and we want to keep you satisfied!

Letters should be addressed to CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, not later than May 22 and letters must contain not more than 150 words. THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE TWENTY DOLLARS, THE NEXT BEST TEN DOLLARS AND THE NEXT FIVE WILL EARN ONE DOLLAR EACH!

Here are this month's winning letters:

$20.00 PRIZE

What a marvel of this scientific age radio is! For where or what can you have for so little cost and trouble that will give so much enjoyment? During the past few depressing years radio has not only been a source of enjoyment to countless thousands, but has in many cases been a source of inspiration to carry on. For there are programs for all ages, tastes and occasions and so many who have idle hours now have turned to it as a source of education for one can learn much by listening to the news broadcasts and other excellent speakers, not only about world affairs, but the correct pronunciation of words, etc.

But, like all good things, radio has it's faults also. I am very fond of the comedians, especially Eddie Cantor, but why do the networks have so many comedians on Sunday evenings? I would rather have them distributed throughout the week when we could give them undivided attention and really enjoy them all. Also, I wish some of the excellent speakers on world affairs would broadcast at an earlier hour, especially the late news flashes.

Give me a good radio and RADIO MIRROR by my side, and I am content.

So you can count on me as a life long friend of RADIO MIRROR.

ELSIE S. MEYERS,
Helmetta, N. J.

$10.00 PRIZE

I think, and am sure that many others will agree with this opinion, that the words "News Flash", should be reserved absolutely for news broadcasts. There are a number of programs which use sentences of this sort, if not the actual words, as is sometimes the case, which lead the listeners to await with bated breath the story of some accident or emergency—only to hear some advertisement.

I think, further, if you please, that some specified signal —probably the using of the words "News Flash" and the sounding of some gong which would soon grow familiar to all should be agreed on and used—used as sparingly and as truthfully in meaning as the SOS signal of true distress at sea.

When a matter of national interest, an emergency, is to be brought to the radio listeners, may the great systems help to render a greater service to the people by keeping the air-news channels free from programs which falsely scare people by their "Wolf—Wolf!"

Until there are no FAKE "news flashes", I am

BOB WARD,
Rock Hill, S. C.

$1.00 PRIZE

I picked up my first copy of the RADIO MIRROR last week. In it were facts I had often wondered about and never could verify. Facts about stars and radio broadcasting itself. It was a real bible, with no high toned price and fit for any radio listener.

The majority of programs on the air today strive for variety, trying to present music, drama, comedy, and what have you, all in a short half hour or so. If each program was devoted to a special style of entertainment it would be possible for a listener to hear what he desired without combining it with things he has no eagerness to hear. Thus there would be such a variety on, each a separate style, such that the listener, if he desired, a good comedy could turn the dial of his set and secure a comedy. That is he would get what he wanted and that alone.

Wishing to read future copies of the RADIO MIRROR.

GUS NERONE,
Bristol, R. I.

$1.00 PRIZE

Since so much care is taken in preparing a program, why not take some care in preparing and presenting the advertising in an interesting manner? The advertising is an important part of every program, and with a little extra effort, can be made as interesting as, or even a part of, the program.

The advertising can be woven into a program in a humorous, musical, or other interesting manner. Two splendid examples of humor putting over the advertising are the Chevrolet Program and the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program. The advertising on the Old Gold Program is presented with a beautiful musical background. Several other programs use short dramatic sketches to present the advertising. There is no reason why all programs could not present their advertising in a more interesting manner.

RADIO MIRROR leaves nothing to be desired in a radio magazine. It is the perfect radio guide!

ALEXANDER IVANCICH,
Eureka, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

As I am an invalid and a complete recluse, radio is my "other world", more real to me than is the actual world to "Those who run". Though it is five years since the advent of this miracle into my room, its shining magic is still a marvel which is "new every morning and fresh every evening" to me.

BROADCASTING

Banalities do exist in radio; I am sometimes mildly annoyed by those little electrically transcribed advertisements; and too much studio applause seems to strike a jarring note at times. But the annoyances are of too minor a nature, it seems to me, for the general effectiveness and beauty to be marred by them. Though I feel that I do have discriminating taste in radio art, I always try to condone what is poor by remembering that the programs are prepared with care and precision—and a desire to please. So I listen with an endless gratitude which precludes much criticism.

Radio Mirror is delightful. I read every word of it and find it refreshing and illuminating; it is a most excellent supplement to the gifts of the loud-speaker.

Mrs. Harry Talbot,
Somerset, Kentucky.

$1.00 PRIZE

I am a resident of a small suburban village and, as I stay at home many nights, I have become an ardent radio fan. Although I am very fastidious in my musical tastes, I can find little to criticise in the programs offered by the various broadcasting systems. The most talented and popular contemporary musicians, at one time or another, perform over the ether lanes. When I listen to the criticism of radio programs by many friend listeners—to their perpetual complaints about the commercialization of radio—I am bewildered. How could these national hookups offer such lavish programs if they were not sponsored commercially? It is really too small a price to pay for such wonderful entertainment. I am reminded of Will Rogers' eloquent remark—"If my listeners are too lazy to turn a dial, then let them suffer".

Recently a friend showed me, for the first time, a copy of Radio Mirror and I was greatly impressed by its contents. I read it through several times and I am truly grateful to the Radio Mirror for introducing me to my favorites who formerly were only enchanting voices but now have become vivid personalities. Now that I know them better I like them even more. Thanks.

G. Irvin Callahan,
Catonsville, Maryland.

$1.00 PRIZE

My criticism of radio as many another's, is broadcasting and announcing. This broadcasting business is a very serious proposition. I think the best way to illustrate this is the Jack Benny program with which Alois Havrilla does the broadcasting and announcing. Jack Benny acts as if he considers Havrilla a pest and when Alois wants to announce something Jack lets him go ahead and do it as if it couldn't be helped. In my opinion this is a very clever way of broadcasting and announcing and I wish this would be taken up in earnest instead of the way they broadcast now. People get so bored that if they happen to be thirsty they go for a drink of water, knowing they're not missing anything.

I have no criticism to make of your magazine. I think it's swell.

Betty Mulholland, Los Angeles, Calif.



The Three Radio Rogues, Jimmy Hollywood, Ed Bartell and Henry Taylor

WHAT DO YOU



All you want to know about your favorite artists and your pet programs will be answered here. Only don't get too personal!

WE are twelve girls who belong to a Rudy Vallee Club. We loved that cover of our dear Rudy and hope you will have something more about him in the near future. But we want you to settle an argument. Was Fay Webb his first wife?—The Admiring Dozen, Detroit.

No, that was Vallee's second marriage. His first, before he became famous, ended in divorce.

I think Wayne King's music is simply grand. Will you advise me if he is married?—Marguerite H., Dallas.

Yes. His wife is Dorothy Janis, the movie actress.

Where can I write Jack Benny? Please give me his home address because I don't want the studio—Grace C., Helena, Mont.

Sorry, but we can't print home addresses. Your letter will reach him at the NBC studios in Rockefeller Center, New York. Go ahead and try.

Why is Bing Crosby going off the air? Monday night won't be the same without him. Can't they persuade him to continue his broadcasting? Where can we reach him in California?—Florence and Edna, Binghamton, N. Y.

Bing thinks he's been broadcasting long enough and wants a rest from radio. Don't you think he's earned it? He expects to be away from the mike for six months, maybe longer. Address him at Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

How many children have George Olsen and Ethel Shutta? Did Walter O'Keefe ever go to Ohio State University?—Thomas G., Roanoke.

The Olsens have two sons. No, Walter attended Notre Dame.

Did James Melton ever go to Hollywood after it was announced he would be in pictures? How can I get a photograph of him?—Norma B., The Bronx, New York.

No, he didn't. He went out on tour with Jeritza. But he did make some movie shorts in the east. Write him at the National Broadcasting Company, New York City. Note the nice portrait we have of James in this issue.

Who is your favorite announcer? What's happened to Norman Brokenshire?—Henry M., Newark, N. J.

Puh-leaze! Do you want the whole crowd on our poor necks? Ours is to answer questions, not to pick the winners on this page. Norman Brokenshire is announcing on the west coast.

Marion S., Spokane—That's idle gossip and I wouldn't pay any attention to it if I were you.

What is Rubinoff's home town and does he really talk on Eddie Cantor's program?—Martin E., Wilmington.

Rubinoff's parents live in Pittsburgh. No, he has a voice double. But he certainly can play that violin, can't he?

Is it true that Lanny Ross was an athlete at Yale and was he on the football team? If so, when?—Ben R., Philadelphia.

He was on the Yale track team, holding the 300 yard indoor championship in 1928-29.

To write Guy Lombardo or the boys in his band where should the letter be addressed?—Helen A., Minneapolis.

To Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Ave., New York.

Can you tell me the real name of the Voice of Experience?—W. W., Barabok, Wisc.

William Sayle Taylor.

What is the stringed instrument with the peculiar twang which is used on the Three Keys program and also by Jack and Loretta Clemens?—Ray, Opollo, Pa.

The guitar.

We have had a dispute about Alice Faye's age? How old is she?—Katherine and Thelma V., Charleston, S. C.

Miss Faye gives her age as twenty.

How old is Bing Crosby and where was he born?—H. J., Utica.

He'll be thirty on May 2. In Tacoma, Washington.

I am an ardent admirer of Dave Rubinoff. Tell me where to write him?—Elsie C., Houston, Texas.

At the NBC Studios, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Alice G., Washington, D. C.—Sorry but we can't find out those home addresses you ask for. Come again.

Billy D., Spokane; Janice M., Buffalo; Grace F., Duluth; Marion N., Baltimore—Yes, Frank Parker is still a bachelor. Are you happy?

Radio Mirror lovers, R. F. D. 2, Richmond—Thanks for the posies. Glad you liked it. We'll try to comply with all your requests.

I am very fond of Frank Parker and I'd like to meet him some day. Do you think there is a chance? Is he married? Does he like fan mail? Where can I write to him?—Virginia S., Lewistown, Mo.

You, too, Virginia? He's single, he's handsome, he's clever and of course he likes fan mail. What radio artist doesn't? If you want to meet him so badly, I certainly hope you will. Write him at the NBC studios, Rockefeller Center, New York.

George H. McC.—Write Eddie Duchin at the Central Park Casino, New York or the NBC Studios, New York City and he may be able to comply with your request.

Are Gene and Glenn on any evening programs now? When will they return?—Ellen L., Watertown, N. Y.

They're back now, since April 2, each Monday, Tuesday,

WANT TO KNOW?

By THE ORACLE who knows nearly all, and what he doesn't know he'll find out for you



Thursday and Friday evening at 7:15 P. M. on the NBC chain.

Who is the best orchestra leader, Whiteman, Lopez, Bernie, Lombardo or Fred Waring?—Louis T., Rochester.

You tell us. Each to his choice say we. It's a matter of individual opinion and if you don't mind we'll keep ours to ourselves at this writing. But they're all good, aren't they?

Who takes the important parts in the Buck Rogers broadcasts?—S. H., Ritz Apts., Watertown, S. D.

Curtis Arnall plays the role of Buck and Adele Ronson acts as his assistant.

Has Kate Smith ever been married? Will you tell us if she played on the stage for George White?—Thelma R., Evanston, Ill.

No, Kate has never been married. Yes, she was a featured singing comedienne in "Flying High".

Who takes the part of Mary Lou in "Showboat"? Sometimes it is given as Muriel Wilson and sometimes as Rosaline Green.—Esther T. L., Williamstown, Vt.

Miss Wilson was formerly the singing Mary Lou. Now it's sung by Lois Bennet. Miss Green takes the speaking parts of the character.

Where can I reach the following orchestra leaders: Glen Gray, Fred Waring, Ben Bernie, Guy Lombardo, Ted Fiorita, Eddie Duchin, Isham Jones, Ozzie Nelson?—R. S., Revere, Mass.

Glen Gray, Essex House, New York; Fred Waring, Columbia Broadcasting Co., New York; Ben Bernie, National Broadcasting Co., New York; Guy Lombardo, CBS, New York; Ted Fiorita, Columbia Broadcasting Co., Los Angeles; Eddie Duchin, National Broadcasting Co., New York; Isham Jones, CBS, New York; Ozzie Nelson, NBC, New York.

To decide an argument which is Amos and which is Andy?—Georgia F., Boston.

Amos is Freeman Gosden and Andy is Charles Correll.

Did Ozzie Nelson really go to Rutgers or does he just use the song?—Bertha D., Marion, Ohio.

Yes, Ozzie is an ex-Rutgers man.

Where will a letter reach Rudy Vallee? Now please don't tell me the broadcast studio.—Marguerite Y., Tulsa, Okla.

Address him at his office, 111 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

On what regular program can Tamara, the Russian singer be heard?—William A., Roanoke, Va.

On Manhattan Merry-Go-Round over the WEAF chain Sunday nights at nine o'clock.

Where is Phil Harris appearing with his orchestra now?—James K., Wilmington, Del.

At the Palais Royal, New York.

Is Isham Jones married and has he any children?—Dorothy E., Philadelphia.

Yes, there's a Mrs. Jones. They have one child.

Does Walter Winchell do his own broadcasting or does someone else read his material—Jonathan S., Birmingham, Ala.

If you know Mr. Winchell, you'd never mistake that voice. Yes, he broadcasts.

Who is the man who broadcasts as The Wife Saver on WJZ Monday mornings?—Frances V., Providence, R. I.

Alan Prescott.

Who is the regular conductor on the Capitol Theater Sunday morning programs? Evan M., Louisville.

Waldo Mayo.

Will you tell me the names of the cast on the little Orphan Annie program I hear over the NBC. Mrs. K. J., Paterson, N. J.

Shirley Bell, Allan Baruck, Henrietta Tedro and Harry Cansdale.

Who is the banjo player I've heard a number of times with Rudy Vallee's orchestra?—R. R. S., Atlanta.

Eddie Peabody.

Where does Henry Busse broadcast from with his orchestra?—William Q., Toledo.

From the Chicago Studios of Columbia Broadcasting Co.

Is Nick Lucas on the air again and on what program does he appear?—Henry P., Newark, N. J.

Yes with Freddie Rich's orchestra on the CBS chain Wednesday nights.

Who is the man whose talks are heard with Will Osborne on the Friday morning programs?—David H., St. George, S. I.

Pedro de Cordoba, a well-known stage star.

Who announces the Contented program on Mondays?—Harold V., Duluth.

Jean Paul King.

Are George Burns and Gracie Allen really married?—Katherine L., Hartford, Conn.

Yes, they're Mr. and Mrs. Birnbaum in private life.

Could you please give me the name of the advertising agency which has the Palmolive program?—Frederick F., New York.

Benton & Bowles, 444 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Where's Morton Downey, why don't we ever hear him any more?—Mary A., Baltimore.

He's been out on a personal appearance tour for several months. But he'll be back on the air.

What nationality is Ruth Etting? Where was she born?—Jimmy T., Albany.

She's American, of a family that has lived in the middle west for several generations. In David City, Neb.

The Jazz King Wears a New Crown

(*Continued from page 23*)

"Mississippi Suite", his "Metropolis" and "Grand Canyon"; Dana Suesse's "Jazz Concerto"; Johnny Green's "Night Club"; Deems Taylor's "Circus Days", was born in Denver as the "Gay Nineties" were ushered in. He had a musical heritage from a talented Dad, who supervised the music of the Colorado city's school for a half century. But, Paul, a cuckoo kid, a trifle slug-nutty from the touch of genius, took to driving a taxicab. It was more fun than violin practice, and probably more remunerative.

But the Muse, disguised as the proprietor of 'Frisco's "Old Faithful Inn", beckoned, and Paul quit monkeying with meters to get that extra, larcenous jit to play viola in the 112-piece band. A feller called Art Hickman told him about a thing called jazz. Then the war came, and Paul joined the Navy. But he didn't see the world.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, then Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, couldn't see the logic in offering the pre-Hitler Teutons a target as prominent as Paul was in those days, so they gave him an Admiral's suit, or something like it, and a forty-piece Navy orchestra. It was the Whiteman music that piped our tars over the side with a hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-cha-cha for the Heinies.

A lot of Paul's gob musickers wished to Davey Jones that they'd been assigned to nice, easy jobs on submarines in the war-zone, for the way this genial giant kept them plugging at practice left a lot of ladies lonesome. You see, Whiteman saw a chance to experiment with his new theory of symphonic rhythm. It was tough at first, but once they became imbued with the leader's enthusiasm, those forty horn-tooters and what not were transformed into classical jazz maniacs.

After the Armistice Paul had a little spell of sickness that tore 150 pounds of robustiousness from his Gargantuan frame. He went West to recuperate, and carrying on the work begun for Uncle Sam, he organized an orchestra in Santa Barbara. Somehow the Coast has always been a stride ahead in recognizing musical talent, and soon Whiteman was down in Los Angeles, as Hollywood is called, playing to the stars that thronged the old Alexandria.

Ah, those were the happy days! Poor Charlie Chaplin, poor Roscoe Arbuckle, poor Douglas Fairbanks, poor Wally Reid, who couldn't see clearly into the future, praise be, haunted the hotel where Whiteman's music echoed, and not infrequently "Fatty" would take a turn at the drums, "Wally" would toot a sax, and "Charlie" would relieve Paul as conductor. Then, like as not, they'd all adjourn to Arbuckle's "Sunset Inn" and choose up sides for a football game played with a watermelon.

In those days Paul was a Good-Time-Charlie. If Garbo had been around, it would have been her slipper from which he would have sipped his champagne, for it would have held more than the ones that were pressed into service then. It was here-today-gone-tomorrow with Paul, his wine and his women. So when an offer came from Atlantic City he forsook the Wild West for the Effete East.

At the Atlantic City Ambassador, not even the auctioneers had heard of Whiteman, and at his Grand Opening, four couples turned out, and they probably were guests of the management. They stayed until the end, though, Paul remembers, and the next night returned with a score of friends. The old word-of-mouth did the business, and at the end of the week you'd have to call up George for reservations.

It was then that the "His Master's Voice" man, attending one of these here conventions, made Paul promise to come-up-and-see-me-sometime at the Victor Talking Machine Company's place in Camden. But, shucks, Paul was too busy getting a load of sun-tan, or something, and teachin' the wimmin the swimmin' by the sad sea waves, to bother much about it. He started four times and got side-tracked en route. But finally he made the grade, and . . .

"Whispering," Paul's first recording, sold two million—count 'em—two million platters!

New York was the next step. And Paul took it in his stride. These were the days of Thompson, Salvin and Boag, the triumvirate who ruled New York night-life through possession of a chain of clubs and cabarets. It was the day of Gilda Gray—and Paul Whiteman. Paul stepped into the Palais Royale and chipped off three Gs a week for himself swinging his little ebony stick while Gotham danced, and cover charges clinked merrily into the Broadway coffers. Paul has been away since then, but he became a New Yorker at the Palais Royale, and he'll always come back.

THESE were the days, too, when an engagement at the Palace Theatre was akin to a peep at Paradise, and we don't mean NTG's jernt. Naturally, Paul wanted it, and he didn't hesitate to accept the Albee offer of $900 for a week's speculative engagement. He stayed five weeks, and within a month returned for four more—but this time at a $2,000 increase in salary. Whiteman and Jazz were in the bag.

But Paul stepped out of the club and vaude class when he shocked the town by giving a concert in the conservative, high-hat hall called after the Scotch bobbin-boy, Carnegie, another guy who knew a good thing when he saw it. It was all white tie and decollette, and all the furs and jewels of the Four Hundred out of hock for the occasion. And it went over like a Babe batted ball. That night Whiteman became international.

He went to London and played for crowned heads—and no cracks about that crowned stuff. When that well-known American, Edward, Prince of Wales, came over for the grouse, or whatever it was, offered at Mr. Mackay's Long Island estate, every band in the land, offered its music free, gratis and for nothing. To have the Pragger-Wagger, himself, trip a light fantastic to your music was good advertising. But it was Paul who got the job, and $6,000 for the night's fun.

Just a few highlights in the Whiteman career.

As for radio, his was the first orchestra to broadcast, and when he put "The Rhapsody" over WJZ, the morning mail brought 4700 letters of appreciation. One of his most memorable broadcasts was the three-loop affair in which he and Bebe Daniels collaborated, with Bebe on the Coast and Paul and his bandsmen in Chicago. He and the boys listened with ear-phones for they had to play one-eighth of a second ahead of the beat to make the synchronization with California. Another of his experiences was the loss of pages from his script in the middle of a three looper—New York, Chicago, Hollywood—which was costing $40,000! But he got through all right.

NO one realizes better than Whiteman that hummable tunes are bigger money-makers than classical compositions. But he knows, too, that if America is to make definite musical progress, young composers of serious music must be encouraged. With this in mind, Paul is intent upon founding a Whiteman Scholarship which will cost him $30,000. It is to be an annual award, something like the Pulitzer Prizes, and it will be for the year's outstanding achievement in music by any American citizen under the age of twenty-five.

The award will be made by a committee consisting of such judges as Deems Taylor and Franko Goldman. Stokowski was invited to participate but couldn't. The award will be a year's musical education for the winner. Compositions should be from seven to twelve minutes in duration. It isn't necessary for contestants to orchestrate them. The prize composition will be presented by Paul and his orchestra, which is a pretty good way to launch a youngster on the road to success. Whiteman wants America, and Americans, to have the best. This is his generous way of trying to secure it.

With all his activities Paul has found time to write the first book on Jazz, which has gone through edition after edition since its initial publication, and he found time, too, to star in a motion picture, among the first of its sort, which is titled, "The King of Jazz". I say "is" rather than "was", because even at this late date, Universal has seen fit to reissue the film. It's that good. And in addition, he has found time for romance.

It isn't easy to get a movie star to quit a career. Especially when she has

such a fan following as that enjoyed by the Titian-tressed beauty, Margaret Livingston. You have to go out and kill dragons or something, like the Prince in the fairy-tale. But Whiteman wooed with an ardor that wouldn't be ignored, and finally Margaret whispered a "yes"—but with reservations. She made a condition that seemed impossible of fulfillment, particularly for a feller who likes his crepe suzettes, not to mention fried chicken and waffles, Chateaubriand steaks, and similar delicacies conducive to avoirdupois.

Paul had had a lot of fun putting on poundage. But when Margaret said, no diet, no wedding bells, he forsook the flesh-pots, and the ale-stoops, too, with the result that after a battle with that too solid flesh he emerged trim and youthful, minus 150 pounds, but with all best features retained. And now he and Margaret are happy as can be in that Central Park South apartment, so rich, so mellow in its antiques, so luxurious in its appointments, so exquisite in decoration, and yet, so comfortable, home-like, simple, unpretentious.

And that, my hearties, brings us back to where we started.

"Let's go to the Biltmore, I suggested, knowing that Paul had just signed another contract there—they just won't let him go.

"What? to hear that fat fiddler?" said the Visiting Yokel.

Then I backed him up against the bar and told him the story. And we went to the Biltmore. And just for a touch of local color, we sat at a table with Jack Dempsey, Hannah Williams, George Raft, Billie Dove, Norma Talmadge, George Jessel, Bert Lytell, Grace Menken, Louella Parsons and a host more folk whose names mean something in the headlines of the day. They'd all gathered to hear Paul play. There are similar gatherings every night. But of all the celebrities crowding the spacious floor and sitting, entranced at the tables under the soft lights, only one is a true Immortal. And that one is Paul Whiteman.

On the Pacific Air Waves

(*Continued from page* 41)

protest. So you can see that western fans take the Coronets series pretty seriously.

Kay now keeps two or three radio serials running, and is out at Culver City putting the finishing touches to a couple of scenarios. Yes. She has finally broken into the talkies but says she will never desert radio. In between times she has found time to write a book on the Coronets series which was published a few months ago.

Kay has been too busy to think of marriage. But of course she will some time. Nowadays she lives in the hills of Hollywood, just a few blocks from the boulevard, yet far enough away for plenty of inspiration. She has a dog, a cat and a bevy of goldfish for pets. Although she has a housekeeper,

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she is domestic enough to want to bake cakes and pies . . . when she has time and nothing else to do. Which, of course, is almost never . . . well, hardly ever.

* * *

The "Prince of Pep." That's the way Charlie Wellman was billed in vaudeville years ago, and in radio twelve years back. And so it is today though his hair is getting a bit thinner and a little greyer.

The University of Chicago opened its yawning doors to the youthful boy sometime between the Spanish-American and the World War. But, though he has no quarrel with higher education, the life of a hoofer appealed more strongly to the future songster.

So vaudeville claimed his attention and finally radio when public broadcast first came into being. By this time he was back in Chicago again.

But the lights of Los Angeles called and the "Prince of Pep" hustled aboard a Pullman and stormed the citadel of The City of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels. KHJ was the first station to claim his allegiance and later he became manager of a couple of more stations.

Still, through it all, he much preferred the part of an entertainer. The past year or so he has been a regular daily feature of KFI-KECA as master of ceremonies for his own show and, of course, he still sings and gets as many encores as ever.

The "Prince of Pep" thinks that maybe after all he should have kept on through college, though he has made good in his chosen profession. So Charlie Jr. will study for the legal profession. Now in junior college, his career has been provided for right through the university and then to a four-year law curricula. It is all provided for financially even though something should happen to the father. That's the kind of a pal he is.

Tamara's Russian Love

(*Continued from page* 15)

During her cafe engagement, Tamara met Martin Tafel again, the young man who had won her heart while she was adjusting herself to her new life in America. Tamara met a young man who was most attractive. In the years that Tamara had struggled for a place in the line of stars, Martin had been building up an educational background for himself. He was now a Rutgers graduate. He looked at Tamara with a new light, and found her beautiful and vivacious. Tamara had never forgotten Marty and this meeting brought her the realization of a love which she found to be even greater now than it was back in that little Russian colony not so long ago.

And so they were reunited.

Then came her first engagement in a musical comedy. The audiences liked her charm and were thrilled with her voice. Then came parts in "Crazy Quilt", "Free For All", "The New Yorkers", and "Americana" with Phil Baker, and now star of "Roberta", the Shuberts' current musical comedy success. Her plaintive voice reaches out to all parts of the country on her Sunday night broadcasts. She has a soulfulness, tenderness, and sadness which has captivated the public.

Now, Tamara did not want her romance to interfere with her career and so she hid her great love from the eyes of the world. It is this secret that has thrown a mysterious cloak around Tamara's personal life. However, I believe it is this hidden love that has brought out that something which has made her the star that she is today.

Why do some people feel that marriage interferes with a career? For the past few years this fact has been disputed. Many stars have only reached great success after marriage. If you have something to offer the public, nothing can stop you from being recognized. Down through the ages, LOVE has always been a stepping-stone to SUCCESS.

Tamara is not the ordinary type of Russian. Russian women are generally large in stature, and they usually have an abundance of energy which they necessarily need to take care of their exuberance of emotions.

Tamara is the unusual type. She is fragile, and almost china-like in her appearance. Her skin is olive and her eyes are dark brown fringed with long lashes. They are wide apart, giving her an almost oriental look. Her outward appearance is calm but no one knows of the tumult going on within her breast as she stands before the microphone or the footlights. But anyone who has seen or heard Tamara cannot forget her eyes or her voice. Her eyes are dark pools in which you can read of her past struggles, and the gleam in them tells you of her determination to reach even further goals than she has achieved thus far, and she says, "I have not come anywhere near reaching the height of my ambition." Her voice has a rich full quality and she sings with her whole heart and soul without seeming to make any effort.

HER wardrobe is most unusual. Her clothes are especially made for her by Mme. Tafel, who runs an exclusive dressmaking establishment which caters extensively to brides. Tamara prefers black, although she wears white, and red and gold predominates her evening clothes.

Tamara loves to read. In her little apartment not far from Central Park, one finds on the shelves in her living room many books. And they look as though they have really been read. Many of the books bear the titles of great Russian writers of today and yesterday. Her favorite authors are Proust and Knut Hamsun.

Ripley Says It's So

(*Continued from page 33*)

lowers his hands with the palms down, he wants the musicians to play more softly. And so on.

"The one law that the radio world knows is that regardless of what happens in the studio, the radio program must go on. That fact is responsible for a number of strange Believe-It-Or-Nots in radio.

"During a fire at NBC one summer, while the firemen chased through every room, the broadcasters ran right through their regular program.

"Listen to this. Some years ago Billy Jones and Ernie Hare were singing when the S. S. Robert E. Lee sent out an SOS. When they were cut off the air they were singing 'Waiting for the Robert E. Lee'.

"You see, it was the custom in the early days of radio to stop the program every thirty minutes to listen for a possible SOS or distress signal.

"That reminds me of a rather ludicrous story. An opera singer who made her debut in the early days of radio finished her number with a series of high, blood-curdling shrieks. As her number ended, the announcer said, 'We will now stand by to listen for distress signals!' That opera singer could never be convinced that it was all a matter of custom and that the announcer had not meant to insult her."

That's what Ripley's broadcasts are based on—the strange, the incredible, the unbelievable.

HE has been called a liar more times than any other human being on earth. That includes even the Baron Munchausen. And when people call him a liar he is delighted. It means that he has succeeded in presenting some truth so fantastic that those who hear about it do not believe it. When he told the world that Lindbergh was the sixty-seventh man to make a non-stop flight over the Atlantic Ocean, three thousand people wrote in to tell him that Ananias had nothing on him. He has told radio listeners-in that Washington was not the first president of this country, that a day is forty-eight hours long, not twenty-four, that there is a flower which eats mice and fish which climb trees, that Methuselah died before his father and that Buffalo Bill never shot a buffalo in his life.

Ripley began his career of gathering Believe-It-Or-Nots by accident when he was a sports cartoonist on the old New York Globe. One day he was unable to think of a single idea for a cartoon. He sharpened his pencil a dozen times, paced up and down in front of his desk, and still no ideas came. The deadline was approaching.

He had to do something to fill space! Suddenly he thought of something. Why couldn't he write about some of the curious champs who were so proud of their strange records? For instance, there was J. M. Barnett of Australia who had jumped rope 11,810 times in four hours, the man who had hopped 100 yards in eleven seconds, the man

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Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks!

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Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 226, Atlanta, Ga.

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who had walked backward across the continent looking into a mirror all the time. "Chumps and Champs" he called them, but the title didn't satisfy his editor, so he changed it to "Believe It Or Not." The cartoons caught on. The editor liked it; readers liked it. Soon Ripley was doing a group of these cartoons every week; then twice a week and finally every day. He found it wasn't necessary to limit himself to strange things in the world of sports; people were interested in odd curiosities of every kind.

A few years ago he wrote a Believe-It-Or-Not article for Collier's. John B. Kennedy asked him to speak on Collier's hour. Believe it or not, he was scared stiff.

"I groped my way into the studio," he told me. "At first I couldn't even find the microphone. I hunted for it desperately. Then I began my spiel. At the beginning it didn't go off so well. I was nervous and panicky. But gradually things went better. Toward the end of the broadcast I thought of something I had figured out. It was the story of the marching Chinese. If all the Chinese in the world were to march four abreast past a given point, they would never finish passing though they marched forever and forever. I proved how that was true according to army regulations. That clinched the broadcast.

"As a result, I got a year's contract to appear over the air. I have appeared on various programs since, but it was only recently that I hit upon the device of dramatizing the incredible things I have discovered."

When They Face the Crowds

(*Continued from page* 53)

girls off the streets and heart specialists in funds. But the above trouble followed him out of the wings and shook his hands so that for several minutes he couldn't read a telegram. Thus the great Ash!

Many odd things happen to stage folk that don't happen to radio folk. Radio folk find this out when they become stage folk. Stage folk who have been radio folk for a long time find it out all over again when they return to become stage folk again. Bert Lahr, one of the latter, verbally fencing with Harry Richman forgets his lines and "gong gongs" until Harry whispers a cue. Johnny Green won't step on a stage until a carnation is firmly affixed to the Green buttonhole. Lack of a flower once held up a show until one could be borrowed from a man cleaning out the furnace.

Rudy Vallée has little fear of the stage and really for peculiarities. Waiting in the wings he reads. Generally it's something like Pitkin's "Psychology of Achievement." Quite an abrupt change, that from Pitkin to "Goopy Gear" on stage.

The four Mills brothers came to the stage as kids and left as men. But even as kids they showed no fear. They weren't egotists but they were natural born entertainers and they became so absorbed in their work that they forgot audience, fright and everything but giving the world the songs that had been through the Mills.

The Pickens Sisters, of whom Paul says, "Their absolute intonation is one of the most remarkable things I've ever heard," had none of their present *savoir faire,* two years ago. Trailing onto the stage that first show they excited laughter from the front rows. Afterwards they realized that it was their clothes and the evening performance brought nothing but the applause which they deserved. Today they're *the* Pickens Sisters and some pickin's I'll say!

Lou Holtz felt that the audience would miss a lot of his gags. That they did, has nothing to do with his recently-started Blue Goose campaign. James Melton, freed from the inexorable stop watch of radio, celebrates by changing songs several times during the week. Buddy Rogers would do everything but fall down a set of folding stairs. He was afraid it would injure his voice. George Olsen considers a chance to lead the pit band as the next best thing to a kiss from Wife Ethel Shutta. Dick Himber and Nat Brusiloff were getting some place as fiddlers in the Paramount pit band until they got fired for wisecracking. Now look at them. Jesse Crawford spent a week directing the band in a so-called "phantom concert." The band, playing radium-dipped instruments on a darkened stage, were led by Crawford waving a three foot baton. The change from the comfortable seat of the Wurlitzer left M. Crawford a physical wreck. His doctor of all things suggested a radium treatment!

FRED ALLEN didn't expect his audience to get his gags at all as they are of a very subtle order. When they got them and loved them he became so flustered that he forgot his next lines and rattled off several impromptu ones while Milton Berle sat in the audience. George Price just gets rattled once in a while for no special reason at all. He forgot to imitate Cantor and Jessel while in the midst of one of these spells a while ago and when Price forgets his imitations you may be sure that it has something to do with the Price of cheese in Denmark. Emery Deutsch planned on wearing a white pongee suit when he first came to the Paramount. When he donned the suit it was transparent and as he laid his claim to fame on his musical ability he wore silk pajamas under it. Sounds like an easy "to bed"!

So the transition from studio to stage. Thus its people. Human, nervous and nuts. Ah, such is life . . . indeed life is a sorry affair at best. Let us pray for these poor people, all slaving their lives away . . . at $500 per!

Chicago Breezes

(*Continued from page 47*)

man named Arthur Gwilliam, do you?" he asked.

"Not Captain Arthur Gwilliam?" queried the ancient mariner.

"I don't know whether he was a captain. I've knever seen him. He was my mother's older brother. He ran away to sea when he was 15. The family never heard from him again but we understood he was killed in the war . . . this Captain Gwilliam, what kind of a chap was he?"

"He was one of the hardest toughest chief gunners I ever served under" replied the old timer.

"That's either my uncle or his double" said Tremayne. "All I know about him is that he was hard boiled."

The missing uncle, now Captain Gwilliam of the merchant marine, will soon receive a letter from Tremayne who plans to locate him through the marine officers at Hull, England.

* * *

BUS DRIVER'S BONER

Up at WTMJ's studios in Milwaukee an amusing one happened the other day. A bus driver pulled up before the studios. On both sides were hung banners "Heinie and His Grenadiers." The bus driver got out and looked around . . . not a grenadier in sight. He fidgeted around and finally went up to the studios. Nobody there but an announcer who knew nothing about Heinie and his crew needing a bus.

Finally the announcer got tired of being bothered and decided to get rid of the bus driver. He tried to tell the man to leave but he wouldn't go. Finally he said: "Are you sure your contract calls for you to pick up Heinie and His Grenadiers today?"

"Absolutely" replied the bus driver. "look here . . . here it is. Look, it says 'Heinie and His Grenadiers, pickup and take to Madison and return June 4' . . . "Oh, migod, I'm a month too early!"

* * *

PRIVATE STUDIO

Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh have a whole studio of their own. It's the glass enclosed one in the basement level of the Chicago Theater. And from there they broadcast their daily radio gossip and often present important guest stars from among the entertainers visiting Chicago. On the walls of their studio are pictures autographed to them from many of those who have appeared with them . . . Irene Rich, Guy Lombardo, Bing Crosby, De Wolf Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne King, Chic Sale, Myrt and Marge.

* * *

WAYNE KING'S LOST PIPE

And that reminds us that Wayne King is still trying to find that lost pipe. Wayne doesn't spend much time hanging around town. He does his job and leaves for that swell home of his up in Highland Park . . . or if weather

SAVAGE

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Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed South Sea night! Yes, Savage does exactly that, for it colors the lips without coating them with charm-destroying paste. Apply like ordinary lipstick . . . rub it in . . . nothing will remain on your lips but ravishing, transparent color . . . color that clings . . . *savagely!*

LARGE SIZE SAVAGE in exquisite silver case, may be obtained at the more exclusive toilet goods counters.

$2



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20¢ AT ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES



"BLONDE HAIR MADE LIGHTER AND LOVELIER"

Says Mrs. J. W. T.

"I WAS so discouraged by my muddy-looking hair. It added years to my appearance. Then a friend told me about BLONDEX. The very first time I shampooed with Blondex my hair actually showed new life and color, looked shades lighter and brighter!" Use BLONDEX is good advice for blondes whose hair is darkening, losing its golden charm. Blondex, the fine rich-lathering powder shampoo (not a dye), helps bring back the youthful gleam of radiant gold, alluring softness and sheen to dull, faded, stringy light hair. Try it today. BLONDEX comes in two sizes—the economical $1.00 and inexpensive 25c package. At any good drug or department store. NEW: *Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair—only 35c.*



IMPORTED 15¢

To introduce our blue-white rainbow flash stones, we will send a 1 Kt. IMPORTED Simulated Diamond, mounted in nice ring as illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense. Address National Jewelry Co., Dept. T, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)

BLEACH OUT FRECKLES BLEMISHES



It is so easy now to have a lovely skin of satin-like texture; to have smooth, white, flawless new beauty. Just begin tonight with famous Nadinola Bleaching Cream; it never fails; no massaging, no rubbing. The minute you smooth it on, Nadinola begins to whiten, smooth and clear your skin. Tan and freckles; muddy, sallow color vanish quickly. Soon your skin is all you long for—creamy-white, satin-smooth. No long waiting; no disappointments. Money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola at toilet counters or by mail postpaid, only 50c. NADINOLA, Box R-14, Paris, Tenn. *Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.*

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

is good he may get his airplane and fly up to his Wisconsin farm with mama and the child. Wayne's hobby is collecting pipes. He doesn't smoke much but when he does it's a pipe. And when he wants to make a present to some good friend he usually gives him a pipe. But one day he made the mistake of giving away the wrong pipe. It was one he cherished. Now he can't remember who he gave it to. Will recipient please return and take any other pipe he likes from the King collection?

* * *

ONE OF THE BEST

One of Chicago's best musicians is little Eddie South who is called "The dark angel of the violin." Don't know why Eddie hasn't gotten any farther . . . probably because, no matter what's inside, his outside is black. He plays the violin beautifully with the touch of a real artist . . . as you may know if you've heard him recently on WBBM along about dinner time. In Europe Eddie won great acclaim in music centers of the old world. But in Chicago, his home town, he's just another fiddler and a colored one at that . . . just one of life's little ironies.

* * *

PAGE GALE

Gale Page who sings at the Palmer House and is on that hotel's radio series over NBC with Ray Perkins, Harold Stokes' orchestra and various big name guest stars, pulled a wise crack in the studio the other night. As you probably know the program starts out with the hotel telephone switchboard girls and then the page boys yelling "Page Mr. Perkins." Just before the show Gale went over to Ray Perkins, who, by the way, is an officer in the reserve intelligence force.

"Say, Ray, did you know I am really the star of this program?" said Gale.

"You are?" wondered Ray. "Why, I thought I was."

"O, yeah? I get top billing don't I? Don't they call MY name before yours?"

"Aw, now you're kidding."

"I do too. Look. This is the way the program opens 'Page Mr. Perkins'. See? Page comes before Perkins!"

* * *

CHARACTERS JUST CHARACTERS

Have you ever noticed that even when Amos 'n' Andy are on tour and broadcast from some other city than Chicago no announcement to that effect is made on their program? For all we listeners know the boys may really be in New York or Chicago or Memphis or New Orleans or Detroit. But there's a real reason for that. The actual identities of Charles Correll, the deep voiced boy, and Freeman Gosden, the high voiced one, have long been submerged. Really, there aren't any such people as Correll and Gosden as far as the radio audience is concerned. They died long ago and became reborn as Amos 'n' Andy. The show is so built as to submerge their real identities behind their radio personalities . . . which really is smart programming. You have never never heard anything Amos 'n' Andy. It is simply Amos 'n' Andy." It isn't Correll and Gosden as Amos 'n' Andy. It is simply Amos 'n' Andy. There aren't any players doing some fictitious parts. The radio characters are the REAL thing.

Of course there's the other way of doing that job. Take for instance the way Captain Henry's Show Boat capitalized on the fact Lanny Ross was in Hollywood for so many months. But there the problem was different. And because Lanny was separated from his Show Boat lady love, Mary Lou (which is only part of the sketch and isn't a real life love at all), they managed to have the two pining for each other and singing and talking to each other of the happy days when they would again be together in the NBC New York studios.

Radio fans rarely see Amos 'n' Andy around Chicago. The boys have retiring natures. They live just north of Lincoln Park in the Belmont district on Sheridan Road. Their offices, which are really much nicer than most of our homes, are high up in the clouds in the upper reaches of the towering Palmolive Building. They broadcast from the NBC studios in the Merchandise Mart . . . when they are in Chicago. But you won't be able to find them. Neither their home nor their office telephone numbers are shown in the telephone directories. Nor is either address shown in the city directory. And you can't see them broadcast. For they use that little Studio F on the twentieth floor, the one fitted out just like a grand living room, from which they exclude even the NBC people.

I NEVER have felt they were trying to high hat people. The main reason they don't let any one see them broadcast is that they are actually embarrassed, afraid they might get fussed and miss a line. And when you realize that the two boys alone take ALL those different parts you can easily see what a mixup might occur if one of them lost the place! In their office they are busy writing up the coming broadcasts. In their homes and away from the business of entertaining millions they want the chance of acting and living like normal human beings.

And you know as well as I do that if they were to be seen by the admiring millions right along they'd have as much privacy as a gold fish in a glass bowl. Some may say they are high hat and aloof. But I can't get mad at anybody for being busy and when not busy for wanting the chance to act like normal, regular honest-to-goodness human beings!

* * *

Virginia Clark plays the part of Helen Trent in the radio show of that name. She also reads the commercials on the National Tea programs—the commercials describing nice foods. You can imagine how she felt the morning after the night when ptomaine laid her low and she had to get up to the microphone and talk about delicious foods!

OLD TIMERS

Buried deep in the Myrt and Marge cast are some grand old timers. Take Vincent Coleman for instance. He plays the part of "Biddie," the Keystone style cop. He played stock company for ten years and played in that time practically every city in the United States and several in Canada. He played lead in fourteen different Broadway shows including "Self Defense", "Poor Little Rich Girl", "Keeping Up Appearances", and "Beau Brummel". For seven years he was in pictures and in those seven years . . . O, you old timers just listen to these movie names of bygone days . . . he played with . . .

Corinne Griffith
Madge Kennedy
Doris Kenyon
Mae Murray
Constance Talmadge
Constance Binney.

And then think of Eleanor Rella and Reg Knorr who have just celebrated their silver wedding anniversary . . . and that's something in this entertainment business! Eleanor is Billie De Vere, "de tough dame" in Myrt and Marge, and her husband is Sanfield Malone. Eleanor was practically born to the theater. Father was Joseph B. Clifton, writer and producer, and mother was Mae Treat, soubrette. We asked her where she had played on the stage . . . "every city and many hamlets many times in Canada, Mexico and the good old U.S.A." was her lusty reply. Knorr and she had their own vodvil team for twelve seasons . . . and he was once a juvenile in the good old Chicago movie studios S & A!

A Collision With The Town Crier

(*Continued from page* 17)

to the control man. He said he hadn't gotten the two-minute signal, and he didn't seem to be too pleased about it. The control man vowed he had given it. Woollcott vowed he hadn't seen it. The sudden appearance of the watch on the table was the first notion he had that time was passing, and it irked him to be taken short like that. It hurried him. But he had finished too soon anyway, hadn't he? That didn't matter. The principle of the thing mattered. He didn't want to be hurried. Next time, the control man must give the two-minute signal, not from the window, but from close by. On the table. Woollcott made it very clear. He must come up and lay two fingers down on the table, one for each minute. Like that. The control man said he would. Woollcott felt better after that.

He turned now and put on his hat first, then the knitted muffler, then his coat. I asked for another moment of his time. It was granted me. He doesn't permit interviews and he won't be directly quoted, but I might ask questions. I asked for a few special incidents from his rich experience. Woollcott looked pained again, as he had at the control man. He hadn't meant that



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BEAUTIFUL eyes are your best asset at any age. Study the types shown above and see how each age is made charming by the addition of Maybelline Mascara to darken the lashes, Maybelline Eye Shadow to delicately shade the eyelids, and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows. Then there is the delightful Maybelline Eyelash Grower, a pure, nourishing cream that will stimulate the natural growth of the lashes when applied nightly before retiring. Last, but not least, is the dainty, yet strongly constructed, Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training the brows and lashes. Try these five famous eye beautifiers today and learn why over ten million women insist on *genuine* Maybelline eye beauty aids—for highest quality, purity, and harmless effectiveness. Purse sizes of all Maybelline eye cosmetics may be had at 10¢ each at all leading 10¢ stores.

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Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.



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If you are embarrassed by pimples, blackheads, eczema, minor rashes or other skin blemishes, you can depend on POSLAM to relieve their discomfort quickly and safely.

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Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair although at one time it was believed her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko and now it can GROW! "New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing" writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since." Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling, dandruff has been eliminated, or new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko.

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Full Address.....

.....

kind of question. He has written a lot and seen a lot and been around a lot. Also, much has been written about him, although he doesn't in the least remember what or where. No, he didn't mean that kind of question at all. So I asked about pet preferences, hobbies, and hates. The look of pain grew. He didn't mean that kind of question either. Questions like that savor of fan stuff and the movies. He doesn't like fan stuff. He doesn't think highly of it at all. People don't really like to read it. I thought they really did. But it didn't matter whether they do or not. Woollcott doesn't like it.

Then I asked a question that puzzles a great many people. It has to do with Mr. Woollcott's very versatile style. When you read his writings, in any of the smart magazines, you are struck by the sheer sophistication of the man. Sentimentality is jeered at, and most things of plain "average" mental complexion seem to get measured through the reverse end of the opera-glass. It is all very clever, of course, but it just isn't meat for the masses. You feel it isn't meant to be. Yet when you hear Woollcott talk on the radio, you are struck by his utter human warmth. The sheer sophistication seems tempered. Anybody at all can get a sentimental heart-throb from his enthusiastic approach to Christy albums, mission furniture, Victorian good cheer, and little old ladies who inspire serenades on the old guitar. The two attitudes vary greatly in key. Or do they? That was what I wanted to find out. Has Woollcott really two separate styles, one for the magazines and one for the radio, or does the cold printed word merely lack the warmth of the Woollcott voice? I asked him this. Woollcott said merely What. But what a what!

His eyes blazed behind their thick lenses. His muffler quivered with agitation. With great agility, he charged across the room and entrenched himself behind the announcer's desk, thus putting three feet of good, hard wood between us. He spoke. This, he said, amounted to asking him about his working methods. He has written a lot and his work is well known. He will not be asked about his working methods. Furthermore, in all the thirty years of his own active journalistic experience, *he* never once asked a person about his working methods. There it was. In eight minutes, I had done what Alexander Woollcott hadn't tried in thirty years. The implication was something terrible.

I murmured that, just because his work is so well known and so much admired, people are interested in it; people would like to know How and Why and all about the oiling of the machinery. That brought him out from behind the announcer's desk. The wooden barrier was no longer needed between us. Woollcott spoke again. He said that was very nice, but he just couldn't discuss his working methods. Anyway, not casually. Moreover, everybody wants to know the same thing! That is very boring. Even a nit-wit would find it boring. Besides, it doesn't matter whether people want to know about his working methods or not, he just doesn't discuss them. And anyhow, how can anyone presume to say just *which* facts about Woollcott the public is going to want to read? But that isn't important either. One shouldn't worry about what the public is going to want to read. One should write only about what one likes. One should talk only about what one likes. That is what he himself does. He has written a lot and seen a lot and been around a lot. His work is well known. His material just drifts in. He speaks only to please himself. He cannot discuss his working methods. I had it all perfectly well in hand now, beyond a shadow of doubt. It was then nine-thirty-six. Mr. Woollcott loomed toward the door. Just as he went out, he turned again and fixed me with another pleasant smile. All the pain had left his face. He was serenely Woollcott again. He said he sincerely likes to be properly co-operative about giving people the material they come to get. And, of course, he had been that.

I Speak for Myself

(*Continued from page* 19)

them. I didn't drink, or smoke, and I thought it would be agony to try to make conversation with them. Diplomacy was a word which meant nothing to me. I just didn't like them, so I kept strictly to myself. Finally, they decided to leave me alone, so I no longer had to make excuses to avoid seeing them.

Of course I grew so lonely that I would come home at night to the hotel room and cry my eyes out. I never had any trouble making friends before—but all the people I had known were plain, sincere and uncritical. I wrote mother very homesick letters, and she told me not to stick it out if it were too great an effort.

At one time, it was a great temptation to fold up and go home, but I was very anxious to show the producers of "Honeymoon Lane" that even though I wasn't much to look at—I could put over my song.

Besides, I couldn't see myself returning home to all the friends I had so jubilantly left, and reporting, "I just couldn't get along with theatrical people."

Opening night was the high spot, the reward for all those grey weeks. I will never forget my excitement as I applied my make-up, lip-rouge and eye-shadow. The super thrill was that song of mine—and the applause afterwards. I was proud to be in the show, proud to be part of the excitement!

The first night pride gradually wore off, and I considered that the fact remained that I was fat and unglamorous, with only one song to sing, crowded in the background because I was not pretty and had no long eye lashes and attractive silhouette.

I think it was more stubborness than joy that kept me on the stage for two years in "Honeymoon Lane". The production ran on and on successfully, and I, in my small "bit," shared none of the glory.

If I were always to be shoved into the background, I preferred to get out of the business forever. However, goodness knew what I would do when "Honeymoon Lane" closed. Go back home? It seemed dreadful to return home after sticking it out two years—and to return home without making even a small name for myself!

I wanted to be famous. I wanted to be proud of myself, and to make my friends proud of me.

So—when I got an unexpected offer to be co-starred in "Flying High" it took my breath away. However, this production brought me fame without dignity. For the comedian of the show would go out of his way to make impromptu jokes about my size and weight before the audience. The audience roared, and I had to take it with my chin up.

Still, it wasn't what I wanted! I wanted fame without what went along with it. Cheap jokes. Contact with people I hated. Lonely hotel rooms and noisy Broadway.

I figured that fate was against me. I wasn't a great dramatic actress. I wasn't glamorous or "cute." I just had a full contralto voice and a heart full of emotion which few people dreamed that I possessed.

THE zero hour of my whole life so far came while I was playing in "Flying High." After the matinee one Saturday, my mother called me from Washington.

"Your father is very very ill, Kathie," she said, "You'd better come right away."

I told her that I'd do my level best. He had been ill for a long time with diabetes, but I had a feeling that this time was the last call—so I rushed to the telephone and called the producer of the show, explaining my predicament.

"May I take a train right home to Washington," I begged, "And let the understudy do tonight's show?"

"Now wait a minute," he said, "Doctors always exaggerate and you're overly excited. You wait and take a train to Washington after the show, and you'll be there the first thing Sunday morning."

I was very tense, and I begged him to let me go, but he was firm. I must wait until after the show.

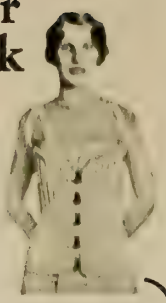
It was agony waiting in New York until the evening performance. After the show I rushed to the Pennsylvania Station with my make-up on, and counted the hours until I reached Washington.

I arrived there just two hours too late. My father died while I was on the way to see him, and one of the greatest regrets of my life is that he had no chance to watch my career, and to let me prove to him that I could make a name for myself.

I couldn't even stay for the funeral



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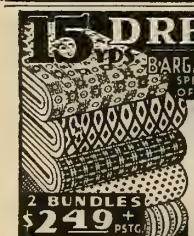


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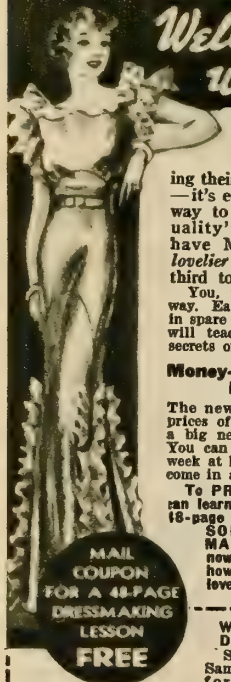


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Name.....
(Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)
Address.....

for I had to return to New York to appear in "Flying High" on Monday.

At about this time I was enormously despondent. It did seem that my life on the stage crowded out all the worthwhile things of existing—I had even missed out on one of the greatest duties of a daughter—comforting my father when he needed me most.

Suddenly, in the midst of these dark days, the greatest break of my life occurred. At the moment it seemed insignificant. It was a letter addressed to me at the theater from an executive of Columbia Records informing me that he had seen "Flying High" and that he thought I had a great voice. Would I please drop by his office and have a talk with him? The signer was Ted Collins.

I stopped by his office as he had requested—and from the first moment I shook hands with him I felt better! He was forceful, and, as the saying goes, completely "on the level." Ted Collins lifted me right out of depression. He told me that he thought I had been very badly mismanaged, and that nobody had bothered to bring my talent to the fore with the right tactics.

"I'm not beautiful—I haven't got 'it'—what's the use?" I asked simply.

"Now wait a minute," said Ted, taking a drag on one of his eternal cigarettes, "There's no doubt in my mind that you have a glorious—rare—voice. Sooner or later people are going to sit up and take notice. I think if you offered your voice directly to the public through radio you would be a great hit."

"Radio!" I exclaimed.

"Yes—do you want to follow my hunch?" Ted grinned.

I nodded. Furthermore, I put myself in his hands without contracts or other red tape. Two weeks later I was scheduled for my first broadcast.

(*Kate Smith concludes her own story in the July* RADIO MIRROR.)

Penner's Duck Ride to Fame

(*Continued from page* 13)

necessity. Even the memories of the occasions when he had essayed the character of a Hebrew, and had used Joe Miller's joke book for his gags, without dialect, with the inevitable audience reaction, had not dimmed Joe's request for those out front.

Vallee's assurance that there would be an audience—in the old Times Square studio of the NBC—reassured Penner, and Penner made his radio debut on July 13 (he has no superstitions) 1933.

I happened to be backstage that night—and was introduced to the duck salesman.

Joe regarded me strangely. When I told him it was my sincere belief that he would, within a year, reach the top of the radio wave of popularity, his expression did not change.

"You," he said—"I know you. You're the guy who gave me my first write-up—that is, my first favorable write-up, in Baltimore. Don't you remember?"

And then I did remember. Joe was the Joe Desmond, whom I had seen at the Gayety Theatre, where I had gone, in a weak moment, to see what reporters there had told me was the best burlesque show in town.

"Boy," said Joe, "did I buy a hundred papers on that day and send 'em to everybody I knew. I'm not superstitious mind you, but that was my first good break on the stage, and you were there. And now you're here on my first radio appearance."

And I wrote Joe up the next day, just as I had written him up in Baltimore. And my prediction about Joe's radio future, happily, turned out to be one of those instances in which I happened to be right—and prophetic. For Joe Penner is now at the top of his business, and doubtless will stay there, for he is the most unaffected of all the comics. He is unspoiled, and even more boyish than his twenty-nine years of life warrant. His birthday, by the way, is on Armistice Day, November 11.

I don't know whether the radio audience realizes it or not, but it is a fact that Joe Penner is the only radio performer who sings only such songs as are written expressly for him. He never sings a Tin Pan Alley product. He has his own private song-writer, and this makes him a veritable radio pioneer. The lad who tosses off these unique ditties is Hal Raynor. And the lads who write his comedy lines and sketches are Billy K. Wells, the same fellow who writes the gags of Jack Pearl, and assisting Wells is a newcomer to the radio script business, Parke Levy.

BUT the lines, "Wanna buy a duck"? "Don't Ever Do That", "You Nasty Man", and "Oh, I Didn't Know That", are strictly the personal property of Penner. He doesn't know how they happened to pop into his head. So far as the non-salable duck is concerned. Joe imagines that he picked that creature as perhaps the most silly and useless to be mentioned in ordinary conversation. He is a bit sorry about it, too, for never a week passes without an increment of ducks, live, dead and stuffed, from admiring listeners. All sorts of presents reach him too, from duck farms, the owners of which credit him with stimulating the duck industry.

What does he do with the live ducks? I was curious about that myself. And it seems Joe has solved the problem nicely. To date he has been the recipient of at least 1200 ducks. All of them are doing nicely. Joe merely arranges with his household staff to have the duck shipments diverted. Each and every duck received is promptly detoured to the New Jersey Farm of Joe's friend, the Broadway impresario, Nils T. Granlund, himself a radio pioneer,

the famous NTG, who yesteryear held forth at WHN, New York.

The dressed ducks are given to charitable institutions.

It should be noted perhaps, that on one occasion, Joe actually sold a duck. It was during the ill-fated carnival tour. Joe and his foreign-speaking straight man were hungry. A duck, won at a raffle, had escaped its owner, and was wandering in a duckish daze that amounted to asphasia, near one of the tents. Joe captured it, and sold it back to the concession holder, took the 75 cents it brought, and banqueted with his stooge.

A long observation of radio has failed to reveal any other comedian who has practically tied up the nation's processes of education. Juvenile and scholastic echoings of his favorite phrases, particularly "Izzat so?" and the duck question, are daily occurrences in the country's public school classrooms.

Recently in a Syracuse school, a teacher, expounding on the adventures of Christopher Columbus, narrated the incident about the pawning of Queen Isabella's jewels. An incredulous youngster in the rear of the room demanded:

"Izzat so?"

Before the teacher could reassure the child, a chorus bellowed up to her desk. It was the unified query. "Hey, teacher, wanna buy a duck?"

Simultaneously, another teacher was telling her class about the Boston Tea Party, and mentioned the King George of the Revolution.

A CHILDISH shout, a veritable mixed chorus beat into her ears. The girls and boys were calling the king a "Nasty Man."

Dutifully the teachers complained to the principal, who consulted other principals. They had the same story to tell of Pennerisms creeping into school. The upshot of it was that the school commissioners learned of the alarming state of affairs. Duck salesmanship, though of a futile nature, was classified as incongruous to education. Impertinent expressions of doubt from pupils on his historic matters seemed matters destined to impair speed in the dissemination of useful knowledge.

So the school board went into session and came out of it with an edict that children using the expressions of any radio comedians would be suspended from class in any of the Syracuse schools where Joe Penner happened to be a favorite of the young.

It didn't take long to discover that this included not only all the public schools, but private ones as well.

"Maybe you don't think that is complimentary", said Penner when he heard this. "But it is. I direct my programmes at kids. It keeps the broadcasts clean, and simple, and that, I think, is the ideal radio prescription."

Well, at any rate, it has been a profitable and a happy one for Mr. Joe Penner—who, by the way, doesn't like duck, and that is, maybe why he's always trying to get rid of his supply of the fowl.

Does This Picture Look Like a Woman of 60?

Edna Wallace Hopper, Who at Past Sixty Has the Skin of a Girl, Tells How She Does It. **Coupon Brings Tube Free.**



Edna Wallace Hopper

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Then accept, Free, as a gift, a trial tube of the method I use. *Follow it* and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. If you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. *But, don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. *Then watch!* Your skin will absorb every bit of it—*literally drink in the youth oils it contains.* It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Or mail coupon for free test tube.

Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

MAIL FOR FREE TUBE

Edna Wallace Hopper RM-6
4316 North Kilpatrick Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me, FREE, a trial tube of Edna Wallace Hopper's Restorative Cream

Name .....

Address .....

City..... *State*.....

WHY WEAR GLASSES?

They are only eye crutches at best. And today thousands are throwing them away.. Try Bernarr Macfadden's eye course at our risk. You need send no money. Just write to address below. We will send back C. O. D. You pay postman $3.00 plus a few cents postage. If you are not fully satisfied after a five-day trial, return the book and we will refund your money.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., INC., Desk RM-6, 1926 Broadway, New York

Man Can Now Use Strange Inner Power

New and Revolutionary Teaching Reveals Secret of Happiness and Financial Success



The story of a new and revolutionary teaching which reveals a strange inner power so dynamic and forceful that once contacted may bring man complete fulfillment of his visions of success and happiness, is told in a 5000-word lecture, "Key to Your Inner Power," recently compiled by Yogi Alpha, internationally known psychologist and philosopher.

He tells of his discovery that all the laws of the universe can be controlled because the laws themselves depend upon the great universal mind for their existence, that every mind is part of this universal mind, and if you learn to use this universal energy it can almost over-night bring you everything you want without physical effort. He further proves that this power is not limited to a fortunate few, but is latent in every human being, regardless of training, education or environment. He convinces the reader that this secret key is so simple to understand and to apply that it is amazing that no one has found it before.

The author offers for a limited time to send this amazing lecture free of cost or obligation. It explains how you may receive this revolutionary teaching in your own home and reveals the astounding secret, which, mastered, can enable you within the next few months to increase your earning power, attract new friends and make your visions of achievement, health and happiness come true. Mail the coupon for free copy.

Psycho-Logic Institute
Dept. 3-G, Box 98, San Diego, Calif.

Send me FREE copy of "Key to Your Inner Power."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



SUMMER can play havoc with your complexion —if you aren't careful! Hot sun and dry winds rob the skin of its natural oils. Cause the texture to become coarse and rough.

Don't let this happen! OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder will help *your* skin retain that supple softness and youthful clearness which men find so alluring.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the *only* face powder made on a base of pure Olive Oil. It is light and fluffy, yet it spreads evenly and clings for hours. Keeps the skin smooth and firm.

In large economy-sizes at drug and department stores—50c and 25c. Mail the coupon for 5 of the famous OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products.

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

CRYSTAL CORP., Willis Ave., N.Y.C., Dept. 124F
I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge, Cleansing Cream, Olive Oil Cream, and Perfume.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre
Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture, Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y RAMI, 66 W. 85 St., N.Y.



DR. WALTER'S
Flesh Colored Gum Rubber Garments
LATEST BRASSIERE 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure.... $2.25
REDUCING GIRDLE, 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures $3.75
Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.
Dr. Jeanne R. M. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

GO INTO BUSINESS for YOURSELF MAKING MAGIC CHEESE CHIPS
POPULAR PRICED FOOD PRODUCT
An exceptional business which may be started on a small scale and built up out of profits. Decidedly unusual! You can work at home. Chips come to you already made. Simply drop into hot grease and they're ready to eat—big, tasty, crispy, delicious! No complicated work. Experience unnecessary. Stores do your selling for you. You don't invest a cent until you've sold yourself on the possibilities. Then you can start with $8.50 investment. Money back guarantee goes with initial purchase. Send for information—convince yourself this is an unusual business and opportunity. A business for men and women alike. No super salesmanship, no big investment. We furnish everything—display stands, advertising, etc. Get the exclusive rights for your locality. Write at once. Sample and particulars free.

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE
NO COSTLY MACHINE TO BUY
EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY
FLUFF-O MFG. CO. Dept. 1526-F ST. LOUIS, MO.

Hot and Airy

(*Continued from page 7*)

possible to the wings, where stands his faithful valet, Manual, with a bowl of water and brush. A quick douse, a few dabs and Rudy is facing his public with his hair again carefully plastered to his scalp.

* * *

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS—

Brown derbies will be worn this Fall. Edwin C. Hill, the Beau Brummel of broadcasters, is already wearing one . . . Marjorie Anderson, the society lass, got her job on the Beatrice Fairfax program by accident. She walked into a radio casting office thinking it was a registry for models. When the mike test revealed her voice was O.K. she forgot all about her ambition to become a model . . . Bing Crosby who is off the air until Fall and is resting up after a terrifically busy season doesn't have to worry about the advancing prices of groceries. He averaged $10,000 weekly for several months and can afford a holiday . . . The first song Ray Perkins ever wrote, "Table For Two," earned for him just $7.57 in royalties . . . Marion Parsonnet, producer of Columbia's "Big Show," at one time was a circus acrobat . . . The Mystery Chef has two Scotch terriers named Scotch and Soda . . . Howard Marsh says he has sung "The Road to Mandalay" so many times that he can now render it backwards . . . Guy Lombardo took down $45,000 for the band's share in the Burns and Allen picture . . . Norman Brokenshire, one of radio's most colorful characters, is now announcing for a Pacific coast station . . . And Herluf Provensen, Herbert Hoover's favorite announcer when he was in the White House, is manager of the radio department of a Washington, D. C. advertising agency. More recently Provensen was managing a radio station in Erie, Pa.

* * *

It's getting so now they never think of casting a Broadway musical without combing over the talent in the studios. The new Weber and Fields show, "Music Hall Days," has a bunch of broadcasters. Among them are Tito Guizar, the Don Hall Trio, The Cavaliers Quartet, Aldo Ricci's Phantom Strings, Roxanne's Orchestra and Joey Nash.

* * *

Every time Jimmy Durante enters a night club, the band salutes him by striking up "Inka-Dinka-Doo," his unfinished symphony—by popular request. Which reminds Mercury of a new Durante quip. A cinema actor who went high-hat when elevated to stardom won further disfavor by becoming a tight wad. The rumor was that ice-water flowed in his veins. Somebody mentioned the man and Jimmy cracked, "Oh, I like that guy—he always has a WORM spot in his heart for everybody."

WHEN CROONERS WERE TROUBADOURS

While baritones are battling for supremacy on the air waves just now, crooning continues to hold its own. It's hard to locate a dance band on the kilocycles that hasn't one or two crooners. Carrying on in all their catarrhal glory, these boop-oop-oop-oop boys still thrill love-starved women with their tia-dia-da-das. Listeners have come to regard the Bing Crosbys and Rudy Vallees et al as creations of radio, but Frank Black, general musical director of NBC, points out they existed back in the 11th and 12th centuries. "Only then," Mr. Black explained to Mercury, "they didn't call them crooners. They were troubadours and they roamed the lands stirring the hearts of women, winning their favors with the aid of music, and being wined and feted by the nobility. He was a pretty bum troubadour who couldn't assemble a combination of June-moon rhymes, mix up a few heigh-hos and ogle the knight's wife while he expressed his passionate sentiments. For this he received titles and lands and plenty of shekels. And the present day sheiks of the studios still receive plenty of shekels." History, it would seem, does have a habit of repeating itself.

* * *

Since Uncle Sam recognized Soviet Russia, American popular music has become the rage there. Phonograph records are selling like wildfire and Mercury learns the biggest sales are for songs by Ruth Etting. She is the fair-haired child in the land of caviar and vodka.

* * *

If occasion demands, Clara, Lu 'n' Em could supply their own musical background. You'd really be surprised to know how clever these girls are. Clara (she's Louise Starkey away from the studio) sings; of course, not like Jessica Dragonette but after the same manner, using her larynx to project sound just the same as the Cities Service star does. Lu (she's Isabella Carothers) is good at imitating instruments, especially a trumpet without any key valves. And Em (that's Helen King) really can play the piano. The trio is eccentric off the air as well as on. For example Clara cherishes the gown she was married in but has twice loaned it out to other brides. She insists it insures a happy married life for she who wears it to the altar. Lu's passion is perfumery and country sausages, and her pet aversion, believe it or not, gushy women. Em has the distinction in being the champion key-loser of Chicago. She spends half her time in the hallway of her apartment waiting for the elevator boy to find the superintendent to unlock her door with a pass key, just because she never can find her own.

RADIO KIDS

Proud mammas leading firmly by the hands their young hopefuls lay siege to the studios and advertising agencies with unremitting vigilance. Still, the number of child actors on the air is strictly limited. The well-paid parts are all played by a group that you can count on the fingers of your two hands. No wonder so many aspirants for some of the favored kids, appearing on several different programs, earn as high as $250 weekly. The usual fee is $25 a broadcast. Juvenile stars like Nancy Kelly, of "The Wizard of Oz," and Shirley Bell, "Little Orphan Annie," get even more. Most of the children are graduates of Madge Tucker's "Lady Next Door" program on NBC, and Nila Mack's "Children's Theatre of the Air" on Columbia.

* * *

No sooner did Ben Bernie drop off the train in Hollywood to make a picture than he telegraphed Eastern friends about his discovery of the world's most moral lady. "When this gal dreams she's on an automobile ride," wired Bernie, "she walks in her sleep."

* * *

POSTSCRIPTS

It was bound to come. Now they are naming babies after The Voice of Experience, using, of course, his real name, William Sayle Taylor . . . Lennie Hayton, conductor of the consolidated Ipana Troubadours—Fred Allen's program agrees that "faint heart ne'er won fair lady" but adds an observation of his own. "And fair ladies win millionaires with faint hearts," says Lennie . . . The feud between the Rhythm Girls and the DeMarcos over which sang first with Paul Whiteman has been settled by the maestro awarding that honor to the Rhythms . . . The DeMarco Girls, by the way, were heavily guarded at a recent broadcast because of a mysterious telephone warning of a plot to kidnap them . . . Vera Van celebrated her 21st birthday by signing a contract which assures her continuance on the air for two years . . . Add to perfectly useless inventions Fred Allen's streamline thumb cover for hitch-hikers . . . Ted Fiorito has written so many songs it is estimated it would take over four hours of continuous playing to reproduce them on one program . . . George M. Cohan, outstanding figure of the stage and studios, takes a daily constitutional by walking around the reservoir in Central Park . . . Pity poor Jack Whiting—he has never had his fill of roast beef . . . Mark Warnow wields as a baton the same yellow pencil so employed at his first commercial broadcast.

Our Going Out Party

(*Continued from page* 50)

8½ cups crushed pineapple.
2½ cups heavy cream.

Cut marshmallows in quarters, add pineapple and let stand for several hours. Have cream whipped stiff and divide into two parts, save half for garnishing top. In the other half fold the marshmallows and pineapple (drain off any excess liquid). Then fold in nuts, strawberries and about 1¼ teaspoons salt. Keep cold. Serve in sherbert glasses garnished with whipped cream, nuts, and a whole strawberry. This makes twenty-four servings.

Tea Cakes

The batter for a two-layer cake will make about forty-eight tea cakes. We have given you this in previous issues. Frost with chocolate, mocha and vanilla frosting. CHOCOLATE: cream two tablespoons of butter, add about one cup of confectioner's sugar, two squares of bitter chocolate that has been melted, a teaspoon of vanilla, a pinch of salt and enough top of the milk to make the mixture cream well together. On these a piece of nut meat is attractive. MOCHA: cream two tablespoons of butter, add one cup of confectioner's sugar, two tablespoons cocoa, salt, a dash of cinnamon and three tablespoons of coffee, or more if you desire a real coffee taste. Use a little cream if necessary to mix and cream well. Put on cake with a teaspoon in circular motion making a little peak in center. WHITE OR VANILLA: beat up two egg whites until very stiff, add one tablespoon of water gradually, to this slowly add one cup of confectioner's sugar beating with egg beater continually until very stiff like a marshmallow icing. Add a teaspoon of vanilla and a little lemon juice for flavoring. Garnish with small pieces of cherries.

RADIO MADE A FAMILY MAN OF JOLSON

Did you know that Jolson has at last persuaded Ruby Keeler to give up her movie career for a home? The veteran trooper is settling down in the suburbs with his Ruby, and they're fitting a nursery on the second floor. Radio did this for the Jolsons.

Next month Herb Cruikshank brings you the how and the why of Jolson's domesticity in a brilliant, sparkling interview with Al telling all. Don't miss it!



EACH MORNING BILLY LEFT HOME WITH A CLEAN HANDKERCHIEF . . . . BUT BY THE TIME THE TEACHER SAW IT, IT WAS INDESCRIBABLE



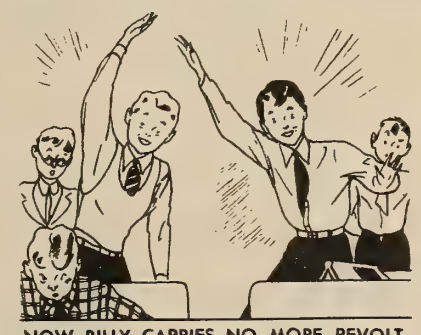
THEN ONE DAY THE TEACHER NOTICED THAT ALL THE CHILDREN NEXT TO BILLY HAD A COLD WHENEVER HE HAD ONE



ONE DAY THE TEACHER GAVE BILLY SOME



HE TOOK SOME HOME TO MOTHER THAT NIGHT AND SHE CAUGHT THE HINT



NOW BILLY CARRIES NO MORE REVOLTING HANDKERCHIEFS, AND THE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL ARE SAFE

Perhaps your *child is offending with dirty handkerchiefs* **Now 18c** 2 for 35c

KLEENEX
Disposable Tissues
ARE CLEAN . . . SANITARY

"Here is the SECRET"
says
Mary Brian



MOON GLOW
NAIL POLISH
Beautifies Your Hands

YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid $1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.
Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral.

Name.....

St. and No.....

City.....State..... RM-A6

GIVEN BAGUETTE WRIST WATCH

Yes, you can own this magnificent watch. Latest model —special adjusted movement—metal link band—exquisitely engraved case. A Reliable timekeeper! *Simply take orders* for 18 Boxes First Grade Candy and 18 merchandise articles. LADIES! GIRLS! *It's easy!* Rush name and address for new Give-away Premium Plan.

EMPIRE MDSE. CORP., 259 Canal St., Dept. 106, N. Y.



Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide

. . . to ANY shade you Desire
. . . SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. **Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener** requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. **Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair.** Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless, Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application..... $1

FREE 24-page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.

ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist
563 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

OILY SKIN?
Wash with KLEERPLEX!



Oily Skin may be a dangerous breeding ground for BLACKHEADS. DON'T SQUEEZE THEM! IT MAY CAUSE SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine," clear Muddy, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Has marvelous pore-purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY! SAFELY! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. SEE QUICK IMPROVEMENT. No harmful chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed, pure product, approved by thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Stop wasting time and money on ordinary cosmetics—send only $1 TODAY for this unusual skin purifier. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

KLEERPLEX (Dept. MD2)
1 W. 34th St., New York City, N. Y.
☐ Here is $1. Please send me 2 mos.' supply of KLEERPLEX WASH or
☐ I will pay postman plus 20c P. O. charge. Outside U. S. $1.25—no CODs.
WRITE NAME— ADDRESS IN MARGIN

MAIL COUPON NOW

Julia's Past Is In Her Voice

(*Continued from page* 11)

married. But that was not for long, and it was not poignant. I still have my father and mother. They live near me, and we often see each other. Death has come into the family but once. It took a little brother six years old. But since I was only eight at the time I did not fully realize our loss and, with a child's gay forgetfulness, the active memory of it soon passed. I did not even have the stern bringing up that some children, in certain localities do, for I was the core of my father's heart, and he thought whatever I did was very right. My mother had to give an imitation of stern family discipline, but I escaped even much of that. For I began earning my living when I was fourteen, and have continued to do so. Economic independence frees a child from harsh parental restraint, even though a parent were disposed to exercise it.

"I LOVED my parents, my friends, and my work. So, although the only child for all but six years, I was a very happy one.

"Then I had the great good fortune to be under Charles Frohman's direction. One used to hear on Broadway that to be in David Belasco's company was to be in the actors' heaven. It was just as true about Charles Frohman. He protected his stars from any disturbing incidents. I know he did for Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore and Billie Burke. The rough places were smoothed for them. The story is told that when Mr. Frohman was drowned by the sinking of the Lusitania, and the stars, to some extent, assumed business responsibility Miss Adams looked rather helplessly at the young woman in her company, who showed signs of a truculent temper, and said: 'Too many things have been done for me.' I shared that kindly management for twelve years. I played 'The Sunshine Girl' at the Knickerbocker Theatre and Mr. Frohman said he wanted me to be a 'Sunshine Girl'. He wanted me to be happy, and to radiate happiness. I was happy, and I hope I made many happy. Not too much can be said of that lovely era in my life when I was surrounded by gentleness, and absolute consideration. Tenderness was in the atmosphere. It did much to retain in my voice that happy quality that my radio listeners say reacts in their moods. Mr. Frohman made me a star, and I continued to be one, still with the duty of playing gay roles, and trying to make others happy. That I seemed to absorb, under Mr. Frohman's direction, as a rule of my life.

"Then along came Frank Crumit. I had known his voice from his records and liked it. I thought it was very sweet. So when I heard he was to be my leading man I was glad." A softly reminiscent smile played across her features, as the sunbeam that glowed across the roofs in to her apartment at the St. Regis, where, she said, "We keep our clothes and occasionally ourselves." "Frank had a good many other interests that prevented his taking the stage seriously. That engagement in 'Tangerine' was to him a sideline or a pot boiler. Therefore when the stage director's voice boomed, 'Mr. Crumit, you are playing with an established star. She is used to dominating a scene. In the love scenes you must not let her do that. You must dominate her,' I was glad. Frank began playing the love scenes earnestly, and with realism, and, in time, with enjoyment to both of us. He sat at the foot of a ladder, and strummed his ukelele, and sang 'Sweet Lady' to me as I sat on the top rung of the ladder. In a very short while, a week or two, I realized that the song had a personal meaning.

"This was after Charles Frohman's tragic death. I was under new management. I was missing the protective atmosphere, with which Charles Frohman surrounded his stars, and freed them from cares that he himself bore. I missed that cordon of tenderness. Certain differences, real enough to be annoying, crept into the season. Frank knew of the differences. He sympathized with me. Again the cordon of protective tenderness was about me.

"In two years we were married. We are genuinely happy. Frank is a darling.

"When friends of ours talk, and business acquaintances speculate about professional jealousy, we laugh. Daudet's 'Artists' Wives' the haunting story of the jealousy of two professional singers, who were married, and one of whom hired a claque to hiss the other, seems preposterous to us."

The tales of the jealousy that caused Julia Marlowe's first husband, Robert Taber, prompted by what he thought was the critics' favoritism to her, to break dishes on the breakfast table, Miss Sanderson is unable to believe.

SHE thinks that all that tenderness of her parents, even when her father, the actor, Albert Sackett, as a leading man was clasping lovely actresses to his manly bosom in plays, of a Philadelphia stock company, decided it was good business to let his fourteen year old Julia drop his name and use that of her mother, "Sanderson", made hers a happy voice. The traditional kindliness of the Frohman management contributed. The big, gallant leading man, who rested his one hundred ninety pounds precariously on the lower rung of the ladder and sang "Sweet Lady" to her as though he meant it, which soon he did, was a strong contributing factor to keeping her heart, and her voice happy. There is the peace of the home, Long Meadow, in the suburb of the New England town in which she was born, the retired actor father, Albert Sackett, as a close neighbor; the town in which she grew up, which has always been home to her, and in which grizzled men and women proudly call her "Our Julia". All these contribute to the happy notes of her voice.

"I don't really mean to find fault

with my voice," said the pretty woman in the brown skirt and the gold lame jacket, that matched inspirationally, or was it studiedly, the brown and gold of her hair. "I should be glad it is happy. I am. I only mean that I hear it so often I am tired of it. Besides hearing it at radio rehearsals and performances, I hear it in records, and now I shall hear it again this afternoon, in a rehearsal of a motion picture short.

"Besides, it is a voice that so far has refused to grow up. I feel that, vocally, I am a Peter Pan."

YET we agreed that it were a pity if a young voice showed age, a happy voice should grow sad. "I had a relative, a very distinguished member of my mother's family, who had eyes that were unforgettably sad. They grew sad through his thinking of the problems of mankind, and the sorrows of the world. You have read Edward Bellamy's 'Looking Backward?' He was a slender man of medium height. He wore a brown beard, cut in a half circle. I cannot forget the sadness of his eyes," she said.

Does Miss Sanderson believe that the experiences of a life echo in the voice?

"Indeed I do," replied Miss Sanderson. "One cannot always impersonate a happy heart. The note of reality is sure to be heard. I could not always laugh that foolish little laugh, that some of my correspondents say they like, if it did not bubble up from my heart."

She has but one intense liking that she does not gratify. That is for potatoes. Upon them she turns the visage of a rigid Puritan. Once she relaxed. It was when Frank Crumit gave her a surprise party, in which every item on the menu was made of potatoes. Every civilized method of cooking the lowly tuber was represented on that menu.

She has but one fear. She is still nervous before the small disk of the microphone. Not the microphone itself, but the millions of listening ears it represents. The thought of an audience so vast, that all the theatres in New York could not hold it, awes her. It makes her palms exude cold perspiration.

The telephone tinkled. "I will be right down" came in the light, round, rich tones that millions enjoy. She adjusted, with one eye on the mirror, a little brown velvet hat with a slight front brim. In a second she had thrust her arms into its sleeves, and her slim body was enswathed in the handsomest sable coat I ever saw.

Frank Crumit waited for her in the studio where they would rehearse the short motion picture. Then shopping. Then the long drive through the clear February sunlight, with her big, happy husband at the wheel. At the other end of the journey the twelve room house, its three fireplaces ablaze, and Jocko screaming, and Lindy barking welcome. And five placid days at this home that, tired of travel, the pair of troupers named "Dunrovin."

Of course Julia Sanderson's voice is happy. Of course it is young.

And long it should be, both.

For, we agreed, as we clasped hands at the Fifth Avenue corner, the voice, excepting some serious physical handicap, represents the real person.

Life, for the Crumits is a continuous performance of happy days.

The Man Behind the Fighting Priest

(*Continued from page 9*)

a quiet Irishwoman of indomitable spirit and his relatives say Father Coughlin is just like her. Certainly to her he owes all those early influences which impressed on him the importance of a healthy body that must essentially go with a strong mind. Even now he is athletic, in spite of all the calls on his time and energy. Both in the Canadian institutions of learning and later when he studied theology in the middle-west schools, he was a formidable participant in scholastic sports, distinguishing himself particularly on the football field.

It wasn't that he was so brilliant in his studies during his formative years which made such an impression on his teachers. Rather it was his determination to conquer whatever problems came up in his classes, his complete absorption in the thing at hand and the eventual distinction which crowned his efforts.

He has never risen high among the ecclesiastics of his church. His pastorate was no grand assignment to a city church or a big cathedral. His duties were those of a missionary sent out to a little parish in Michigan to build an unimportant wooden church in a community where there was no place of worship for the people of his religion. And all that he has done has been the result of his own individual efforts, with, of course, the complete approbation of his own bishop.

Whatever else has been the reaction to his broadcast work among the clergymen and laymen of the Catholic Church in other parts of the country, Father Coughlin in every instant has had the consent of his own diocesan superiors and no address of his has ever gone on the air without first having been passed on by his bishop.

IN appearance he doesn't look like a crusader. At first glance there is nothing to distinguish him from a hundred other men of his calling whose life is dedicated to church work and the multitudinous duties entailed.

He is strongly built with dark, thick hair, a healthy skin and eyes that are alive and give the impression of never missing anything. And talking to him, or watching him in action, one gets the feeling of an amazing power held in reserve as well as the unassuming attitude of a man who is sure of what he says. He will tell you himself he is no oracle



blood will tell—

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Some people just hope when "run-down" that they will "come around."

It is just good sound reasoning that your so-called "tired feeling" may come from a lowered red-blood-cell count and the hemo-glo-bin in these cells.

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but he will convince you of his sincerity and of his unalterable purpose to speak only about those things of which he has a deep-rooted conviction. Probably it is the fact that all his preachings are so much a part of his espoused life work which has brought him such a tremendous response. One can't argue oneself out of the feeling that he says what he really believes.

Primarily his radio activities were inaugurated to bring attention to his little mission, the Shrine of the Little Flower in Royal Oak, a suburb of Detroit, which by the way is assuming imposing architectural proportions all through the voluntary contributions sent in by his radio followers. But to this fighting prelate it was impossible to preach the gospel and not apply those teachings to everyday life. It was this effort for a practical application of religion to every day life which drew him into a series of political and economic embroilments that were all stepping-stones to his present prominence.

ORIGINALLY his broadcasts were sent out over WJR in Detroit. They gained so much attention and had such an unexpected response both in letters to Father Coughlin and in voluntary donations to his church, that the priest contracted for time on the Columbia Broadcasting chain. His speeches were such as to bring protests from prominent men in public life and when the time of his contract expired he was not allowed to return to that network. Then he set about purchasing time on independent stations, some of which are still members of the Columbia network. WOR is the New York outlet for his broadcasts.

With the inauguration of President Roosevelt and Father Coughlin's espousal of the Chief Executive's plans and principles, the priest's following increased tremendously until now radio executives, even those who opposed his air activities, admit him to be the outstanding figure, next to Roosevelt himself, on the air today.

During the past many months he has been an untiring advocate of the return of silver and in evidence of this the new Charity Tower that rises on a hill above the cottages of the Detroit suburb has a silver door leading to the outdoor pulpit.

Whether his prominence is a vogue which will pass or whether he will take up new causes as they arise in this nation and will have the same amazing response from people all over the country, remains to be seen. But to Father Coughlin, as he claims, there will be no side-stepping from his life work of fighting for the literal application of a "Charity for All" and "returning America to the American people."

COVERING THE COUNTRY!

More important news and pertinent notes of the west coast and Chicago stations in the JULY RADIO MIRROR in the new departments inaugurated in this month's magazine!

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Streamlines for Summer

(*Continued from page* 51)

Hip Exercises

1. Place hands on hips, bend from side to side, two counts for each side.
2. Feet together, raise arms and touch the fingers to the toes; this is good for the stomach as well as the hips.
3. Feet together, raise right arm and right leg, and then left arm and left leg.
4. Stand erect, clasp both hands around right knee and raise up to the stomach, do the same with the left knee.

Thigh Exercises

1. Get down on the floor, swinging one leg over the other, do this by rolling on the hips.
2. Raise legs straight out forward, doing alternately first left then right.
3. Stand erect, place hands on hips and deep knee bending to the floor.

Arm Exercises

1. Stretch arms out to the sides, and circle forward and backward.

Neck Exercises

1. Turning the head as far around to the right as possible, then turn and bring to the front, turning as far left as you can.
2. Drop the head forward and back as far as you can.
3. Bring the head down to touch the chest on the count of one and on the count of two hold up.

Bust Exercises

1. Bring arms up close in at the sides, push back tightly, and thrust to the sides.
2. Raise first the right arm and touch the left foot, and then the left arm to the right foot, in a crossing manner.
3. Clasp the arms behind the head; bring forward and push back.

Ankle Exercises

1. Hold foot up on the heel and circle around the toes from right to left.
2. Place heel on the floor with foot raised and bring front of foot to the floor and then raise back as far as you can without taking the heel off the floor.

Exercises to Gain Weight

Most individuals who are underweight are round shouldered and so we first plan to do away with this defect, by using the wand to do all exercises. To gain weight do any of the above drills but do them more slowly, so you won't perspire a good deal.

Too Short

If you are too short exercising can help you.

1. Throw the arms up straight over the head and stretch as hard as you can.
2. Hang on to a bar and jump lightly up and down.

He Plays Hot "Latin Music"

(*Continued from page* 21)

people, was tottering on its last legs.

In seeing that, he showed himself much wiser than those radio artists who, starting (some of them) without any musical background at all, became successful on the radio and then aspired to the concert stage. Coming, himself, from the concert stage, Madriguera realized that there is as much use for concert-hall musicians in this age of radio, as there is for buggy-whips, kerosene lamps, and pony express riders.

Back in New York, he got his musicians together, and began on plans for his experiment. But he realized it would take a tremendous amount of money, as he would expect to continue paying his musicians their regular salary during the two-year period of study, and there would be no income other than royalties on his compositions.

Yet the money he had been saving for the fulfilment of his dreams was slow in mounting to the needed sum. Times were bad, and he wanted to do his share in helping. He increased his orchestra from eight to ten, then to twelve, recruiting his new men, as he had done with the original eight, from the ranks of unemployed symphony-orchestra musicians. He hired vocal soloists. He paid all his musicians much more than the required union minimum scale. Despite that, he managed to put aside some money. When 1933 came he took what was to be his last engagement before the retirement period; with his orchestra he went to Monte Carlo to play at the famous sporting resort on the Mediterranean. This engagement was to be the burning of the phoenix which would be re-born, from the ashes, into something finer and more beautiful.

Then he broke his finger. After spending six years in preparing for his experiment, he gave it all up in one quick, powerful left to the jaw of a waiter who had insulted an American woman. Sorry? Huh! His only regret is that he didn't break the waiter's jaw, too.

Back he came to New York. All his savings were quickly spent on x-rays, violet-rays, bakings, massages, and everything else the best doctors of Europe and America could think of. But still his finger remained broken, so that he cannot play the music he loves.

Of course, he plays his violin on the



Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night," a Columbia Picture

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NBC BLUE NETWORK

radio. "For dance music you don't have to use this finger much," he told us. "But for real music," and here the fingers of his right hand, flashing over the keys of his piano, played something that must have been by Debussy, "for real music the fingers of the left hand must dance around on the violin strings like . . . like . . . well, like a Catalan peasant girl dancing a 'cachucha'. My parents spent thousands of dollars training these fingers so I could be a really great violinist, but now all I can play is dance music."

Back in New York, he is playing to capacity nightly in the dignified Empire Room of the Waldorf Astoria, and sending his music over the two nationwide NBC networks. And every day for two hours he exercises his fingers, hoping that some day he will be able to play again the music he loves. The doctors say it will be at least two years. . . .

BUT Enric is impatient. He doesn't want to waste those two years. Selecting his two best musicians he put each at the head of an orchestra. One, Ernie Lee, he sent to Monte Carlo; the other, Sol Misheloff, is at present at the Caveau Basque in New York. With personal conferences, long distance telephone calls, and interchange of recordings, and by listening in to each other on the radio, Lee and Misheloff, thousands of miles apart, are being schooled by Madriguera in the technique he is slowly developing. At the same time he is training four other members of his original orchestra for similar positions at the head of what will be known as Madriguera-orchestras.

For Enric Madriguera, who has had Fate put the finger on him once already, is taking no chances. When he is ready for that two-year study period—that is, when his finger has been properly healed—he will take with him not an orchestra of musicians, but an orchestra of conductors, orchestrators, composers. While they are studying somewhere in the mountains of central Spain, there will be four or five Madriguera-orchestras in the United States and elsewhere, working not only to support themselves, but also to support the students and Madriguera himself.

Thus this orchestra of conductors will be able to work out, together, the technique which Madriguera feels, in the musicianly heart of him, is the future of radio dance music. When they have it worked out, they will return; not before. Returning to the United States, they will go back to their individual orchestra and introduce to the radio the new Madriguera technique.

Will the experiment be successful? Who can tell. We can only say that if it's merely a matter of perseverance, Madriguera will succeed, for he is a hard-working soul who isn't easily discouraged. Or if it's a matter of foresight, then, too, he will succeed, for wasn't he one of the first to play tangos and rumbas and create the vogue—and then just before the vogue died out, wasn't he the first to change? And

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didn't he foresee, in 1918, the death of the concert stage?

Perhaps the success of the experiment depends on knowledge of music, on creative ability. Then, too, it should succeed, for as a violinist, a conductor of a symphony, concert master of a vast network, foreign director of the Columbia Phonograph Company, leader of several dance orchestras, composer of a number of successful dance tunes—in all these capacities, Enric Madriguera has shown his knowledge of music and his creative ability.

The question is, will Fate be with him? Or will Fate again "put the finger on him"?

But Madriguera no longer fears for his hands. For he has wrestled with Fate, and won himself a new set of fingers—musicians through whom he expresses himself as perfectly as if they were, indeed, his fingers. With them he won the title, in January 1934, of Tango King of America. Through them he pours out the beauty that surges in the noble soul of this young Spanish-American genius.

And on the piano beside him as he broadcasts rests his beloved Guarnerius, gift of his late friend and mentor, Enrico Caruso. With rapture it listens to the artist's new instrument as it changes simple modern dance rhythms to shimmering tinkling ecstasy.

Madriguera has patience and courage.

We Have With Us

(*Continued from page* 45)

Monday (Continued)

Have a slice, or don't you?

7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kolynos Sales Company). WABC and associated stations.

What it says.

7:30 P. M. THE MOLLE SHOW—Shirley Howard and the Jesters, Red, Wamp, and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, piano; Tony Callucci, guitar. Also Wednesday and Thursday. (Molle Shaving Cream). WEAF and associated stations.

Vaudeville in the parlor.

7:30 P. M. MUSIC BY GEORGE GERSHwin. Also Friday. (Feen-a-mint). WJZ and associated stations.

And it's music as is such.

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

As Mr. Carter reads the headlines.

7:45 P. M. THE GOLDBERGS—Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others—comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WEAF and associated stations.

A family and its problems.

8:00 P. M. Happy Bakers, Phil Duey, Frank Luther and Jack Parker, with Vivien Ruth. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Wonder Bread). WABC and associated stations.

A habit, that's what they've become.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL "The Human Side of the News". Also Wednesday and Friday. (Barbasol Company). WABC and associated stations.

Another front page reader telling you all about it.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks alternating with William Daly's Orchestra. (Firestone Tire and Rubber Company). WEAF and associated stations.

This one certainly makes some of those jazz singers look sort of sick, doesn't it?

8:30 P. M. BING CROSBY with Jimmy Greer's orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Bing will be with us a little longer.

8:45 P. M. BABE RUTH—Also Wednesday and Friday. WJZ and associated stations. (Quaker Oats).

Another home run?

9:00 P. M. ROSA PONSELLE with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

The most gorgeous feminine voice in America taking the air.

9:00 P. M. A. & P. GYPSIES—direction Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company). WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. Parker again and of course Horlick has his followers.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Persons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Cliff Soubier, end men; band director, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.

Old time stuff, still going over.

9:30 P. M. DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY with Hugh Barrett Dobbs; guest artist; Doric and Knickerbocker Quartets; orchestra direction Meredith Wilson. (California Packing Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

A free ride with every dial turn.

9:30 P. M. JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS—Theodore Webb, Baritone; guest artist; orchestra direction Josef Pasternack. WJZ and associated stations.

To remind you of sugar cane.

9:30 P. M. "THE BIG SHOW" with Gertrude Niesen, Erno Rapee and his orchestra. Dramatic Cast and Guest Artists. (Ex-Lax). WABC and associated stations.

We like the solos best in this one.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; Male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Milk Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

The cows inspired this one.

10:00 P. M. PACKARD presents Dr. Walter Damrosch and symphony orchestra with John B. Kennedy. (Packard Motor Car). WJZ and associated stations.

The one and only Dr. Damrosch.

Kidneys Cause Much Trouble Says Doctor

Use Successful Prescription to Clean out Acids and Purify Blood—Beware Drastic Drugs

Your blood circulates 4 times a minute through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes in your kidneys, which may be endangered by drastic drugs, modern foods and drinks, worry and exposure. Be careful, Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, frequent night risings, itching, smarting, burning, painful joints, rheumatic pains, headaches and a generally run-down exhausted body, I am of the opinion that the prescription Cystex corrects a frequent cause of such conditions (Kidney or Bladder dysfunctions). It aids in flushing poisons from the urinary tract and in freeing the blood of retained toxins." If you suffer from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders don't waste a minute. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). Formula in every package. Starts work in 15 minutes. Gently soothes and cleans raw, irritated membranes. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to fix you up or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose. At all drug stores.



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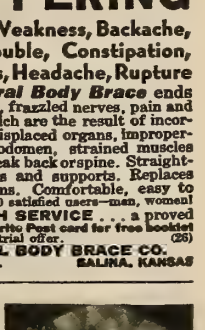
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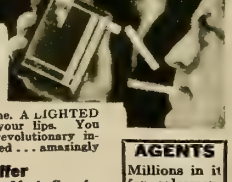




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10:30 P. M. PRESENTING MARK WARNOW, Connie Gates, The Melodeers Quartet and orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Just a real good program.

Tuesday

1:30 P. M. EASY ACES. (Jad Salts). Also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

As we said before they ought to be on later.

7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS, Paul Keast, Baritone. Also Thursday and Saturday. (Gold Dust Corp). WABC and associated stations.

Reminding you to do your shining up

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone. (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEAF and associated stations.

A master of rhythm and he knows it.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES — an original Spencer Dean mystery drama with Edward Reese and John MacBryde. (Harold Ritchie & Co.). Also Wednesday. WJZ and associated stations.

Shivers and thrills.

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). Also Wednesday. WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. King again.

8:30 P. M. Hudson Vocalians—Conrad Thibault, baritone; Lois Bennett soprano; Harry Salter's Orchestra and Choir. (Hudson Motor Car). WJZ and associated stations.

It's good but Conrad's the star.

8:45 P. M. CALIFORNIA MELODIES — Raymond Paige's Orchestra and guest stars. WABC and associated stations.

Out of Hollywood and very entertaining.

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON Orchestra. (Premier-Pabst Sales Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

Massa Bernie still wowing them all over and doesn't the fan mail tell the story.

9:00 P. M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Joseph Koestner's orchestra. (Household Finance Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

Poems and high notes.

9:30 P. M. MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. (Grunow Refrigerators). WABC and associated stations.

The middle west in its better musical moments.

9:30 P. M. THE TEXACO FIRE CHIEF Band—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, with Graham McNamee; male quartet; Fire Chief Orchestra. (Texas Company). WEAF and associated stations.

Where does he get all those jokes?

9:30 P. M. EDDIE DUCHIN and his Central Park Casino Orchestra. (Junis Facial Cream). Also Thursday and Saturday. WJZ and associated stations.

The debbies' delight but don't call Mr. Duchin that to his face.

10:00 P. M. THE CAMEL CARAVAN with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Stoopnagle and Budd, and Connie Boswell. (Camel Cigarettes). Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.

An up and coming orchestra in good company.

10:00 P. M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX Theatre — Operetta with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Paul Oliver, baritone and others—orchestra direction Nathaniel Shilkret. (Palmolive Soap). WEAF and associated stations.

I hope you appreciate these efforts.

10:00 P. M. PALMER HOUSE PROMENADE—Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies; Gale Page, contralto; orchestra direction Harold Stokes; guest artist. WJZ and associated stations.

Smoothly paced and always entertaining.

12:00 Mid. RUDY VALLEE'S ORCHESTRA from the Hollywood Restaurant, New York. WEAF and network.

The popular Mr. Vallee from his own dance floor.

Wednesday

1:15 P. M. SCREEN STAR INTERVIEWED by Louella Parsons. (Charis Corp). WABC and associated stations.

A critic asks more questions.

7:45 P. M. IRENE RICH in Hollywood—dramatic sketch. (Welch's Grape-Juice). WJZ and associated stations.

Irene tells you the inside stuff—and pleasantly, too.

8:00 P. M. CHASE & SANBORN TEA PROGRAM—with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen; Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

The Baron is our favorite air comedian or shouldn't we have mentioned it?

9:00 P. M. GRETE STUECKGOLD with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Kostelanetz is even better than we anticipated.

9:00 P. M. THE HOUR OF SMILES—Fred Allen, comedian; Theodore Webb, the Ipana Troubadours; the Sal Hepatica Glee Club; the Ipana Male Quartet and Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

A man with a real sense of real humor completely surrounded by real talent.

9:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT and his Cuckoos; Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy, Jack Arthur, The Sparklers and Robert Armbruster's orchestra. (A. C. Spark Plug Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

They're crazy, that's what I think.

9:30 P. M. WHITE OWL PROGRAM. Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians with Burns and Allen, Comedy Team. (General Cigar Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Gracie and Georgie still making dumbness pay.

9:30 P. M. THE VINCE PROGRAM. (Wm.

R. Warner Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Trying out a new idea.

10:00 P. M. OLD GOLD PROGRAM. Ted Fiorito and his orchestra with Dick Powell, Master of Ceremonies. (P. Lorillard Co.). WABC and associated stations.

The West Coast's best dance exponent.

10:00 P. M. CORN COB PIPE CLUB of Virginia — barnyard music; male quartet. (Larus & Brothers Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

Fun among the cows and chickens.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Three Scamps, vocal trio; Charles Lyons, guest artist. (Plough, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Lopez again and this time getting paid for another good program.

10:30 P. M. ALBERT SPALDING, violinist; with Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Don Voorhees' orchestra. (Fletcher's Castoria). WABC and associated stations.

A pair of musical aces.

10:30 P. M. CONOCO TOURIST ADVENTURES with Irvin Talbot's orchestra. (Continental Oil Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Tidbits from the roadsides.

11:20 P. M. ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S ORCHESTRA from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. WEAF and network.

It's Spanish—and it's good.

Thursday

12:15 P. M. CONNIE GATES — songs. WABC and associated stations.

A show in herself.

7:30 P. M. ROMANTIC MELODIES—Don Ameche, master of ceremonies; Sally Ward; dramatic sketch; Eric Sagerquist's String Orchestra. (D. D. D. Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

And here it's spring!

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees and guest artists. (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEAF and associated stations.

The best all around consistently good program on any wavelength.

8:30 P. M. "VOICE OF AMERICA" with Alex Gray, Mary Eastman, Nicholas Kempner's Orchestra and Guest Artist. (Underwood Elliott Fischer Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Some worthy artists get together for this one.

9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Who says cowboys are lonesome?

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger; Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Lois Bennett, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell



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10:00 P. M. Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Deems Taylor, master of ceremonies. (Kraft - Phoenix Cheese Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.

The Jazz King still reigning supreme.

11:20 P. M. Isham Jones and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

You'll dance to this one, all right.

Friday

11:00 A. M. Music Appreciation Hour—Walter Damrosch conducting. WEAF-WJZ and associated stations.

Maybe you'll learn something now.

5:00 P. M. Madame Sylvia of Hollywood—WEAF and associated stations. (Ralston Purina Co.).

How about taking off that five pounds right now?

7:45 P. M. Gus Van and Arlene Jackson—WJZ and network.

Mr. Van sure knows his songs.

8:00 P. M. Cities Service Concert—Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

When you're tired of jazz this will make you happy.

8:00 P. M. Nestle's Chocolateers with Ethel Shutta and Walter O'Keefe. (Nestle's Chocolate). WJZ and associated stations.

Walter's so funny and they're both simply swell.

8:30 P. M. True Story Court of Human Relations. (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.

Thrilling tales realistically presented.

9:00 P. M. Waltz Time—Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products).

Who said moonlight and honeysuckle?

9:30 P. M. One Night Stands—Pick and Pat, blackface comedians; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Company). WEAF and associated stations.

Funny lines among the musical notes.

9:30 P. M. Armour Program featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, as Bottle; Mable Albertson; orchestra direction Roy Shield; Merrie-Men, male quartet; Neil Sisters, Harmony Trio. (Armour Ham). WJZ and associated stations.

There's nothing hammy about this excellent program.

10:00 P. M. Schlitz Program (Schlitz beer). WABC and associated stations.

Cool and soothing.

10:00 P. M. First Nighter—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Campana Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.

The curtain goes up again.

10:00 P. M. Stories That Must Be Told—Fulton Oursler. (Liberty Magazine). WJZ and associated stations.



Curtis Arnold as Buck and Adele Ronson as Wilma Deering in "Buck Rogers of the 25th Century" over the Columbia network

Thrilling things that have really happened, and they're new to you.

10:30 P. M. The General Tire Program with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone and Don Bestor's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Jack gets a new spot but he's here anyhow and we're glad.

12:00 Mid. Leon Belasco and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

A baton wielder who takes his time.

Saturday

6:00 P. M. "Meet the Artist". Interviews with radio stars. WABC and associated stations.

When the stars start talking about themselves.

8:00 P. M. "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood." (Borden Cheese and Condensed Milk). WABC and associated stations.

Another feature from the land of stars and camera shots.

9:00 P. M. Colgate House Party—Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Arthur Boran, radio mimic; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio; Orchestra direction Don Voorhees; Brad Browne, Master of ceremonies. WEAF and associated stations.

Half a dozen people you want to hear.

9:00 P. M. The Pure Oil Program—guest artist; Harold Stern's orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.

"Erling" up the ether waves.

9:00 P. M. Nino Martini with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra. (Chesterfield). WABC and associated stations.

A gorgeous voice and he's not too highbrow.

9:30 P. M. Beatrice Fairfax—dramatizations. (General Foods Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.

How are your family affairs?

9:30 P. M. George Jessel, with Vera Van, the Eton Boys and Freddie Rich's Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Jessel ought to give mama a rest—but he gets better and better. The Eton boys couldn't be.

10:00 P. M. Terraplane Travelcade—Al Trahan, comedian, Saxon Sisters, vocal duo; Male quartet; Graham McNamee; Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Hudson Motor car). WEAF and associated stations.

Easy riding in your favorite chair.

10:00 P. M. Broadcast from Byrd Expedition, and William Daly, orchestra; Fred Crockett, commentator; Mixed chorus. (Grape Nuts). WABC and associated stations.

It just goes to show you how far we've gone in making radio improvements.

11:35 P. M. Paul Whiteman and his Biltmore Hotel Orchestra from New York. WJZ and network.

The Jazz King wears his crown easily.

You Ask Her Another

(*Continued from page 24*)

sing most of all, and why?

A. The song called, "Jasmine Door". I have sung this song since I was a little girl. It was the number I sang when I made my debut at the Paramount Theatre, New York. I heard Milton Cross sing it once and decided to include it in my repertoire. I have had tremendous success with it ever since.

Q. If you had three months of complete leisure what would you do with your time?

A. I would go to Europe on the fastest boat I could catch. I haven't had a vacation for years and could use one.

Q. Before signing off, is there any message you would like to give your public?

Q. Yes, I would like to thank them for being a very lovely audience as they have shown me by their response.

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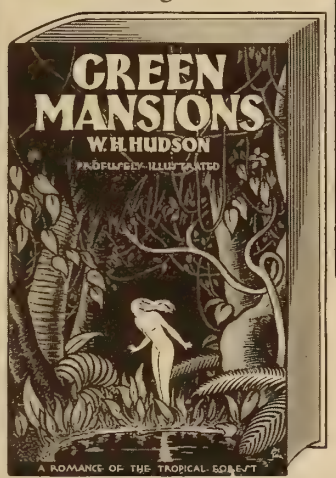
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Radio MIRROR



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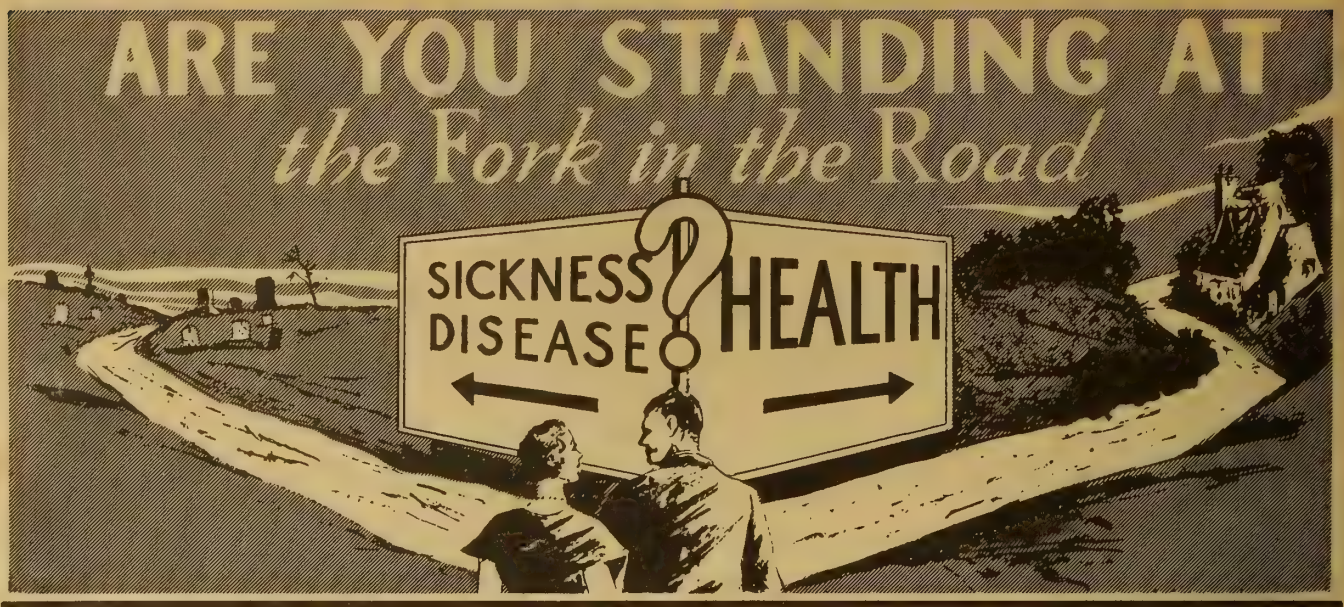
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Meet the Radio Wives

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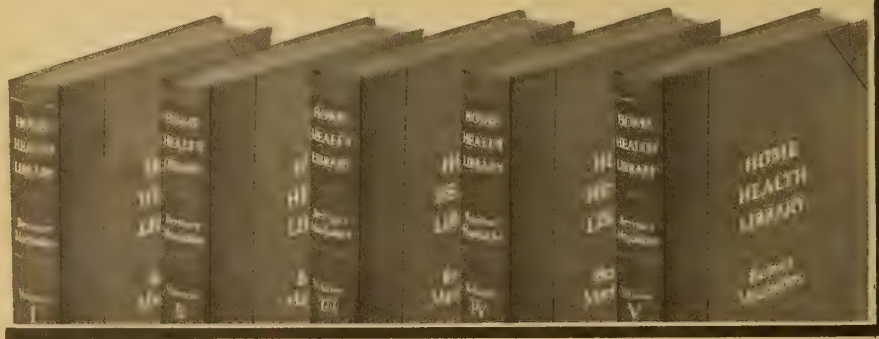
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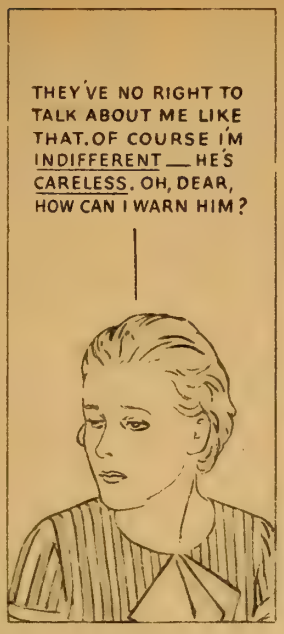
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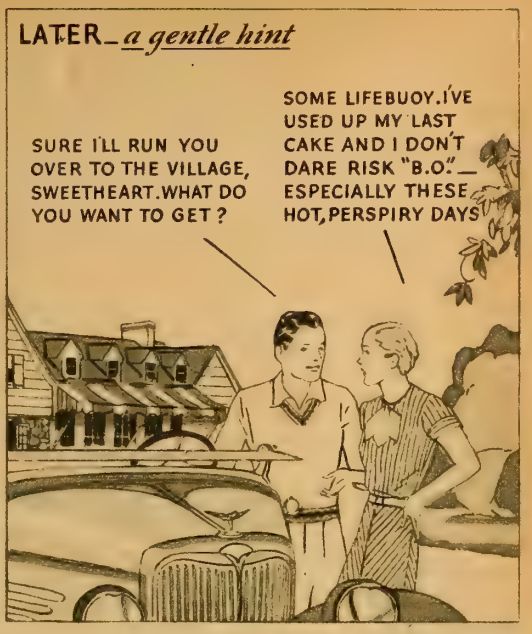
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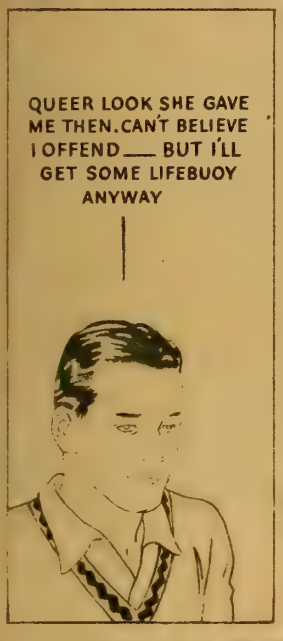
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EVEN HER HUSBAND NOTICED IT...









AND HONEY, I'M GOING TO SAVE LOTS OF MONEY NOW! I'LL TELL YOU HOW...

YOU see, Rinso *soaks* out dirt. Clothes don't need to be rubbed to pieces against a washboard. They will last 2 or 3 times longer, and we'll save lots of money.

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Radio MIRROR

VOL • 2 NO • 3 JULY • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

special features



NEXT MONTH—He broadcasts a lie a minute and makes the whole country laugh. The Baron Munchausen has become a national air character, and now Jack Pearl puts down on paper some of the fabulously exaggerated facts which the baron has never broadcast. In the language of the imaginative Munchausen, Jack Pearl writes his own story for RADIO MIRROR next month. Don't miss it. It's a riot!

Sometimes they, themselves, don't know what they're talking about, but that never stops Stoopnagle and Budd. Herb Cruikshank tears away all the side-splitting defence of their crazy microphone caperings and tells you about the nutty duo, Stoopnagle and Budd, who grow sillier and more popular with each broadcast.



Just when it seemed as though the Movie sun had set for the glamorous cinema star, Irene Rich, radio discovered her. The Irene Rich behind the voice comes to you next month in an entertaining recounting of what you don't know about this actress.



Would you like to be a confidential secretary to Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Ben Bernie, Eddie Duchin or any other of your radio favorites? Next month Rudy's brother, Bill Vallee, tells you all about these RADIO OFFICE WIVES, what they look like, where they go after office hours, and WHAT THEY ACTUALLY THINK OF THEIR BOSSES.

He was born in the lap of luxury. He could have found a life of pleasant leisure, but Albert Spalding was an artist, and money meant nothing to him. HIS MUSIC WAS EVERYTHING. Rose Heylbut tells you all about this charming genius who overcame the early handicap of too much money in the family.

Did you know there's a woman behind Nino Martini's rise? A blonde? A brunette? Read the August RADIO MIRROR and learn all about this feminine inspiration who made the handsome singing star what he is today.



Mike Porter gives you the inside of this vogue for microphone stooges, those OLE-MAN RIBBERS who have saved more than one famous comedian from flopping on the air waves. Then there are a dozen other interesting personality stories, all the news of the West Coast and Chicago studios, a gorgeous gallery of stars, the HOMEMAKING DEPARTMENT. Gard's caricatures, and many more features, packed into what we consider the best RADIO MIRROR we've given you yet.

DON'T MISS THE AUGUST RADIO MIRROR!

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"Double Quick" REDUCTION DURING THE SUMMER *with the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

Is it...

"BACK ROLL" "BULKY HIPS"
"EXTRA TIRE" "HEAVY THIGHS"

...or all four?

PERFOLASTIC WILL QUICKLY REDUCE YOUR SURPLUS FAT!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES - QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

REDUCE WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR it will cost you nothing!

IN 10 SHORT DAYS YOU CAN BE YOUR SLIMMER SELF WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS

■ "I reduced my hips nine inches with the Perfolastic Girdle," writes Miss Jean Healy . . . "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley . . . "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Miss Brian . . . "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Joy Lynn

★ She looks like a South Sea Island maiden, but it's pretty Joy Lynn, a new blues singer with Don Bestor's orchestra.

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson



Making Radio Stars for the TOBOGGAN



"WE make 'em and break 'em" should be the slogan for some of the important executives in the big broadcast studios, as the talent situation exists today. The most significant weakness in this powerful medium of entertainment is the uncertainty of a microphone career, the almost inevitable toboggan which looms ahead for even the foremost mike entertainers. The more popular they become, the higher their salaries, the more probable is the greased ride for the famous who are built out of mediocrity in the business offices or borrowed from stage, movies, concert or vaudeville.

Production chiefs blame it on the listening public which they say is fickle; artists say it is the fault of the business offices and the public, with the last and deciding word, insists it isn't fickle if it grows weary of stale fare on the ether waves. In this case, the public is right.

On the stage an actor may appear in half a dozen vehicles which are flops, but when he strikes a successful role, the customers flock to his production. He isn't judged by one role nor one play. In the movies a star may be seen to disadvantage in characterizations which don't suit him, but if he's important enough, the bosses hunt around for a type which will return him to favor.

When it comes to casting the radio shows, the names are important and the material seems only incidental. A sponsor signs a prominent personality, gives him a continuity which may be his microphone Waterloo and then banishes him forever to the big army of talented men and women who didn't "get across." Even when the artist clicks in a mike role for fifteen or twenty weeks they never think of changing his style until the millions of listeners are so fed up with his stuff, they never want to hear the poor victim again.

Just because a man is a hit in a dialect characterization that goes over for one contract doesn't mean the same stuff will sell to the set owners indefinitely.

Then, too, there's the expensive experimentation with obscure talent, particularly singers of the popular-song variety. These people have a flair and a microphone technique, but many of them never show anything which warrants the terrific buildups they get from broadcast companies that have them under long contracts.

Think of the tremendous expense involved in planning a big chain's program for six months or a year—the super-exploitation of a whole group of people who will be forgotten next year. Men and women who were big broadcast draws three or four years ago can't get a program now—they were hits at first, and whose fault is it that they have been discarded? It's just as though a movie mogul filled his studio payroll with such people as Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, Crawford, March, Howard and a half a dozen others, gave them each one role and continued casting them in the same part through half a dozen pictures, then at the end of the year let them all out and signed a new crop of players.

Is it any worse to think of Garbo playing "Queen Christina" through three pictures over a whole year than it is to saddle some of our prominent air comedians with a character that is written with dull sameness into every weekly program over a twenty-six or fifty-two weeks' contract?

It is baffling, but true, the indiscriminate sifting process which gives coveted microphone spots to scores who don't rate it, which keeps talented people off the waves, which burdens entertaining troupers with script properties no genius could put over and which allows the public to get tired of their favorites when the poor favorites can't do anything about it.

Julia Shawell

What did AL JOLSON'S

FOR the third time that Thursday evening the mightiest of all the many studios in Radio City was filled with airwave enthusiasts. A score of spacious elevators had shot the Vallee fans down the length of the sky-scraper into its muralled foyers, and ascended groaning under the burden of the Jolson thousands. In brigades and battalions they stormed the aisles and galleries of the theatre, three thousand of the thirty million who were listening that night. No wonder Thursday is a bad evening for the play and picture people!

As always, a sprinkling of celebs frosted the mass of just-folks. Margaret Livingston, the titian-tressed movie-star bride of Paul Whiteman; Sol Wurtzel, the saturnine Sultan of Fox Films; Bert Lytell, stage and screen scion of an ancient theatrical family. These, and 2,997 more thrilled to the murmur, "Al's here!"

And, sho' nuff, the one, the only, the irrepressible Al Jolson leaped to the stage with Fairbanksian agility. All in a minute, it seemed; he waved to his audience, grinned at Bert, mimicked Whiteman, who was running his bandsmen through a bar, kidded the sponsor, and yanking a microphone into position ad-libbed a story about his fictitious Uncle from Russia, and another about a lavender-hued taxi-driver, of all things. The crowd laughed, and cheered. And Al, one eye on the clock, beamed his approval.

"You ain't heard nothin' yet!" he boomed in familiar phrase, "but, listen, folks, we'll be on the air in a minute, and I'm goin' to ask you a favor. Don't laugh or applaud in the wrong places! You know this radio thing is screwy business, and a lot of funny things happen here that the tuner-inners don't know about. Last week when I was supposed to be on a horse, a feller comes out and thumps his chest to imitate me ridin' away. Well, I almost laughed right in his face! So, no matter what happens, be quiet 'till I give you the office—then you can give it hell, and the guys outside'll know we're havin' fun!"

Suddenly everything was silent as a banker being asked for a loan, two or three mugs in different spots of the auditorium waved their arms and made faces, the baton was raised, and the haunting "Rhapsody in Blue" floated through the air to tell America, and some Canadian stations, too, that Paul Whiteman was on the air.

Then Jolson's turn came. He told a story, he sang a song, and another. Then he went into a dramatic sketch. In each he worked with all his being. That mellow voice went out, his eyes rolled, his expressive hands were never still, his knees bent as he pleaded with "Mike" as though it were "Mammy", his whole body swayed. But never for an instant did he forget the 3,000 loyal rooters who were awaiting his signal, and when the time came, he'd tip 'em a wink that in itself was sufficient to start that plaudit avalanche.

By HERB CRUIKSHANK



Radio do to FAMILY LIFE?



Leisure, home and a nursery are what Ruby and Al want and they'll get it

Jolson's career had him trouping so many years he never could call any place home but radio and Ruby made it different

Then came the commercial, with Al clowning through it in pantomime, and again he took the air to thank some fan thousands of miles away, and sing a special song for her. Eventually the hour ended, and the autograph seekers swept forward in a tidal wave of enthusiasm engulfing Al and Paul, and snatching Bert from the audience on the crest of its emotion. I managed to get Al's ear before the mob—not literally, y'understand, just in a manner of speaking.

"Say, Al, I wanta see you a minute . . . story for "Radio Mirror". . . !"

And as I was tossed back by the tide, I heard:

"Scram to the hotel . . . I'll be right over . . . gotta 'phone Ruby. . . !"

He was there when I arrived, and by the one-sided conversation I knew he had Hollywood and Ruby Keeler on the wire. Not a day passes but he calls her—and usually long-distance collects several tolls for doing its bit in the romance of Ruby and Al.

"Yes, darlin' . . ."

"No, honey. . . ."

"Yes, baby. . . ."

That's the way it went, and there was no doubt left but what Kid Cupid had come to Broadway and copped Al Jolson's heart. Yet, Al, Beau Broadway, himself, the Spirit of the Winter Garden, Lord of Lindy's, the Rajah of Reuben's, is no longer the ramblin' rose of the Great White Way. He's married now. And likes it. Al's very much in love.

Finally there were good-night kisses that must have made the wires warm.

"I'll call her again in a coupla hours," he said with that boyish grin, "gee, she's a swell kid!"

That wasn't news. He continued:

"That's one thing I like about radio. It gives a guy a chance to be home. I don't believe in these trans-continental marriages. Nix, not for Ruby and me. That's why we got the house in Westchester. We'll be together there. I'll come in and do a broadcast and we can be home by midnight. Can't do that in the theatre. And the movies—well—you see how it is. I'm here—she's out there in Hollywood.

"I don't want her to make any more pictures. She doesn't either. This'll be her last one. After that it'll be radio for both of us. Of course, maybe we'll change our minds. (*Continued on page 69*)

What did Radio do to AL JOLSON'S FAMILY LIFE?

FOR the third time that Thursday evening the mightiest of all the many studios in Radio City was filled with airwave enthusiasts. A score of spacious elevators had shot the Vallee fans down the length of the sky-scraper into its muralled foyers, and ascended groaning under the burden of the Jolson thousands. In brigades and battalions they stormed the aisles and galleries of the theatre, three thousand of the thirty million who were listening that night. No wonder Thursday is a bad evening for the play and picture people!

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"No, honey. . . ."

"Yes, baby. . . ."

That's the way it went, and there was no doubt left but what Kid Cupid had come to Broadway and copped Al Jolson's heart. Yet, Al, Beau Broadway, himself, the Spirit of the Winter Garden, Lord of Lindy's, the Rajah of Reuben's, is no longer the ramblin' rose of the Great White Way. He's married now. And likes it. Al's very much in love.

Finally there were good-night kisses that must have made the wires warm.

"I'll call her again in a coupla hours," he said with that boyish grin, "gee, she's a swell kid!"

That wasn't news. He continued:

"That's one thing I like about radio. It gives a guy a chance to be home. I don't believe in these trans-continental marriages. Nix, not for Ruby and me. That's why we got the house in Westchester. We'll be together there. I'll come in and do a broadcast and we can be home by midnight. Can't do that in the theatre. And the movies—well—you see how it is. I'm here—she's out there in Hollywood.

"I don't want her to make any more pictures. She doesn't either. This'll be her last one. After that it'll be radio for both of us. Of course, maybe we'll change our minds. (*Continued on page 69*)

BY MERCURY



● Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, old stage favorites who have found a new niche in Ward's Family Theatre

IT'S the good old summer time in the studios, all right. Sponsors usually heard moaning the hot weather blues are singing another song these days and are as keen to exploit their wares on the wireless as in mid-season. Result is the air castles are ahum with activity and everybody is buzzing about like flies around a molasses barrel. Even the sustaining artists are getting their share of sugar for they escaped the customary seasonal clip in salaries.

Clackety-clack-clack goes the teletype machine. We must see what the grapevine gossip is. WHAT ENTERTAINER, WHOSE NAME IS A HOUSEHOLD WORD, HAS GONE IN FOR NUDISM IN A BIG WAY?, it asks in caps. Well, Mercury could guess and wouldn't guess Eddie Cantor either, even though he did appear before a studio audience last winter in nothing but a loin cloth.

The machinery whirls again. A CERTAIN SONGBIRD IS SPORTING A $10,000. BRACELET, THE GIFT OF AN ADORING ADVERTISING AGENCY EXECUTIVE, it says. Humph, the teletype is falling behind with the news. Mercury knows for a fact he also gave her an imported car with an imported French Chauffeur to run it. Of course, he may only have placed them at her disposal but, any way, she's using them and that amounts to the same thing.

There goes the teletype again. WHY DID THAT HANDSOME ANNOUNCER GET A PISTOL PERMIT, it

queries. But before we can think of an answer it goes on: WAS IT BECAUSE HIS LIFE WAS THREATENED BY AN IRATE HUBAND OR DOES HE FEAR STICK-UP MEN WHEN HE GOES HOME LATE AT NIGHT TO JACKSON HEIGHTS AS HE TOLD THE POLICE? Well, Mr. Teletype Operator, your guess is as good as Mercury's and we'll now forget the tantalizing ticker tape and go on to other things.

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Moisture gathered in the eyes of Groucho Marx as he read an appealing note from a Bronx mother: "Please, Mr. Marx," she begged, "won't you come up to my house and say funny things to my boy? He's awfully sick but the doctor says your visit would help him. He just worships you." His heart touched, Groucho's impulse was to go Bronxward without delay. But he didn't dare—his own two children were ill with the whooping cough and he might carry contagion to this already sick little boy. So he did the next best thing. He summond Eddie Garr, the mimic, handed him his trick mustache and sent him up to that boy's house. Garr spent two hours impersonating Groucho at the bedside of the youngster who never suspected his hero wasn't there in person.

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Since Joe Penner, capitalizing his radio popularity, displayed sensational drawing power at theatre box offices, no vaudeville or movie house program is complete without one or more ether entertainers on the bill. The way things are going is demonstrated by the record made one week recently by one circuit when thirty air favorites were distributed on the stages of Loew's. Among the artists were: John Fogarty, Richard Himber and orchestra, James Wallington, the Pickens Sisters, Borrah Minnevitch and his Harmonica Rascals, Do Re Mi Trio, Sisters of the Skillett, Tony Wons, Phil Cook, Charles Carlile, Jimmy Durante, Harry Rose, Eddie Peabody, George Hall and orchestra, Gypsy Nina and Tito Guizar.

* * *

STUDIO SIDELIGHTS

Shirley Howard says she is interested in sports—but not enough to marry one. . . . Freddie Rich, the band man, and Jack Pearl, the Baron, are cousins. . . . Jessica Dragonette is saving something for a rainy day—and it isn't a raincoat, either. She lives on 10 per cent of her salary and banks the balance. . . . (*Continued on page 64*)



● The Three Scamps broadcast their unique vocal and instrumental arrangements seven times weekly over the NBC

HOT and AIRY

News when it's hot, gossip while it's new, as Mercury tells it



BY MERCURY

● Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, old stage favorites who have found a new niche in Ward's Family Theatre

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● The Three Scamps broadcast their unique vocal and instrumental arrangements seven times weekly over the NBC

HOT and AIRY

News when it's hot, gossip while it's new, as Mercury tells it

I'm Married to FRED

PEOPLE told me some years ago when I decided to marry Fred and spend the rest of my life laughing, that they rather envied me for my prospects of being perpetually close to a man with a keen sense of humor. I won't go so far as to say that I have spent all my years of wedded bliss with Fred Allen in an attitude of merriment, but I will venture to say that I could have had no more interesting experience of any kind, matrimonially speaking, than the experience of being the wife of a man who is, to quote an old phrase, "a servant of the public". Fred does not make me a victim of his jokes and I suppose that I ought to thank him for that. It must be pretty terrible to be the wife of a practical joker.

But the charming thing about being the wife of Fred Allen is that I do get a lot of laughs out of the every day occurrences which confront married couples. Sometimes they are pointed a little more sharply as far as humor is concerned by the gift my husband has of using "dry wit".

Fred really is not very anxious to be a comedian of the stage or the air or anything. And I suppose that is why his humor in his private life is charming. He never makes a tremendous effort to be funny and the funny ideas simply roll out in the course of his ordinary conversation. That provides a certain thrill for me because I never know what he is going to say next.

I have heard of wives who say that they like the kind of a husband who keeps them perpetually interested, keeps them on the *qui vive*, not knowing what they are going to *do* next. Personally, I believe it is a little bit more exciting to be married to a man who has such a fund of ingenuity with words that you never know what he is going to *say* next.

After all, if you never know what a husband is going to *do* next, what he does next may resolve itself into a night away from home. But if his originality is confined entirely to conversation, it is apt to be the sort that keeps him at home nights instead of running around where one cannot keep a wifely finger on him.

When I said a little while back that Fred was not anxious to be a comedian I believe I spoke a very true word. I share his belief, which is that he was never really cut out for a comedian. My husband is essentially a reader and a scholar and I believe that he would prefer reading and writing to getting up and entertaining people by making funny remarks about whatever comes into his mind.

There was a time, when Fred attained his first success on the stage, that we went out a great deal and we had a good time doing it, but in the recent years Fred has become more and more of a retiring person. The "quiet little evenings at home" which are supposed to be the ideal for married couples are something besides an ideal for us. They are more or less of a regular reality.

Most people on the stage who are constantly trying to think up new ways of making a living thereby are haunted continually by the spectre of approaching unpopularity.

Fred worries a little about the time when he will seem no longer funny to his public, but he worries about it in a rather calm, restrained fashion, and, although I could hardly say that he is a confirmed optimist, I do not believe he ever gets considerably upset about what may happen to him year after next. He works very hard at the task at hand and I suppose that has an awful lot to do with his success on the radio. For a comedian, Fred takes his work, it seems to me, very seriously.



● Fred Allen writes all his own Broadcast programs provides the gags and collects!

One of my friends who frequently writes me from a distant city, seems to think New York is the hub of everything and that anybody who lives in it ought to have a very exciting time. She probably was very much surprised when I wrote her a letter not so long ago telling her the truth about the Private Lives of the Allens. New York in a sense is an exciting place, and being the wife of a radio performer and performing myself, as I do, probably seems exciting to people who have no part in it. But the fact of the matter is, Fred and I live about as monotonously and quietly as two people could possibly live in a small town. We seem to be very much left to ourselves in this city of eight million people. This is not because we are neglected, but from

ALLEN

strictly a standpoint of personal choice.

For instance, this is about an average day in our lives.

We get up at a reasonably early hour, and, if Fred has time that day and is not harassed by the worries of preparing a program for the following week, he usually leaves the hotel rather early and goes to the gymnasium where he spends an hour or two in what I imagine is rather violent exercise, because he comes home quite fagged out and tired after the experience.

Then we usually have lunch and after lunch Fred is sure to have something to do about his imminent radio program. An afternoon passes in which Fred is writing and I am sewing, or both of us are reading, I for amusement and Fred with the idea of keeping up on the times so that he can find material about which to say funny things. In the late afternoon we usually try to have a walk downtown or around the park to get the air, and then we have dinner along about half past six.

Usually I am the one who suggests going out to a theatre or moving picture show and if Fred happens to be in the mood he may rise to the suggestion and consider the idea a good one. But it is rather rare that these moods are on my husband. He usually prefers to sit at home at night reading a book and I find that, after the temporary disappointment of not going out for the evening has passed, I am enjoying myself too.

In answer to the question I am asked many times, which is whether a comedian is difficult to live with, either because he cracks too many jokes or because, as sophisticated people have learned, some humorous men in public prove to be very unhumorous in their private lives, that is really not true of my husband. I feel that he views most things with an increasing calm. And yet he is never dull. What better combination could you ask?

As for the little difficulties which wives find in pleasing their husbands, in regard to the general management of the home, I can say this one thing without fear of contradiction. Fred Allen seems to like everything that I cook, not merely to the extent of eating it without complaint, but to the extent of eating it with many exclamations of enthusiasm. I think that is a real tribute to the restraint with which Fred Allen governs his private life, because I have never considered myself a good cook. *(Continued on page 80)*



● Pretty Portland Hoffa in a serene moment of her happy marriage to Fred Allen

Mrs. Fred Allen, wife, radio stooge and confidential secretary to the popular comedian, tells RADIO MIRROR readers what it's like to be married to a man whose job is to make the listening-in world laugh

BY PORTLAND HOFFA

THE *Beautiful*



Beginning the thrilling drama of fame-building behind the microphones where a jobless vaudeville comedian became a national favorite and fate juggled the loves and fortunes of a radio star

TOBY MALONE, who did songs and funny sayings before this radio fad ruined vaudeville, had a dollar and a yen for onion soup. At the corner of Fifty-second Street and Sixth Avenue he gazed east toward Fifth and tried to decide just what little restaurant would have the best onion soup and sufficient additional food to make it worth while.

Toby wasn't a conspicuous figure in the Broadway area. His clothes fitted too well and were just a little too vivid but that wasn't unusual on Broadway. He did have a nice grin on a somewhat comic face. He thought rather well of himself and of his appearance but that was quite traditional.

Fifty-second Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, if you know your Manhattan, is a street of many little restaurants. Before a certain national event known as Repeal, there were more speakeasies on this particular block than any other in mid-Manhattan. Came the time of licensed liquor and the speaks became restaurants. Food remained good and liquor became cheaper.

The sign in front of a cozy little basement place caught Toby's eye.

"Le Pierrot" it said. It sounded French and onion soupish. The absence of a

STOOGE

BY PETER DIXON



● "Professor!" Toby wailed. "She ain't in the business. She ain't an actress . . . why . . . why . . . she'll ruin everything. . . ."

Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer

door man, to Toby's seasoned judgment, meant a table d'hôte meal at less than a dollar. Probably sixty or seventy-five cents which left enough for a tip and possibly a cigar.

Toby wanted to think. And he knew he could think better with a good meal in front of him than at a quick lunch counter.

Suddenly he remembered his laundry. It would cost at least eighty cents to get it and the shirt he was wearing just wouldn't do another day. His dollar was silver. He took it from his pocket, enjoyed the weight of it, and flipped it carefully..

"Heads, onion soup. Tails, clean shirt," he told himself.

It was tails.

"Two out of three," said Toby to himself.

Tails again.

"But," Toby argued with himself, "if I look hungry I'll never get a job—and maybe I can wash out this shirt tonight."

Straightening his tie, he entered Le Pierrot. It was a cozy place. It had all the intimate charm of the old-fashioned speakeasy though a legal liquor license was displayed prominently over the bar. Toby selected a table in a corner and glanced quickly at the menu. There was onion soup and the luncheon was sixty cents.

A waitress—a very pretty girl with red hair, took his order.

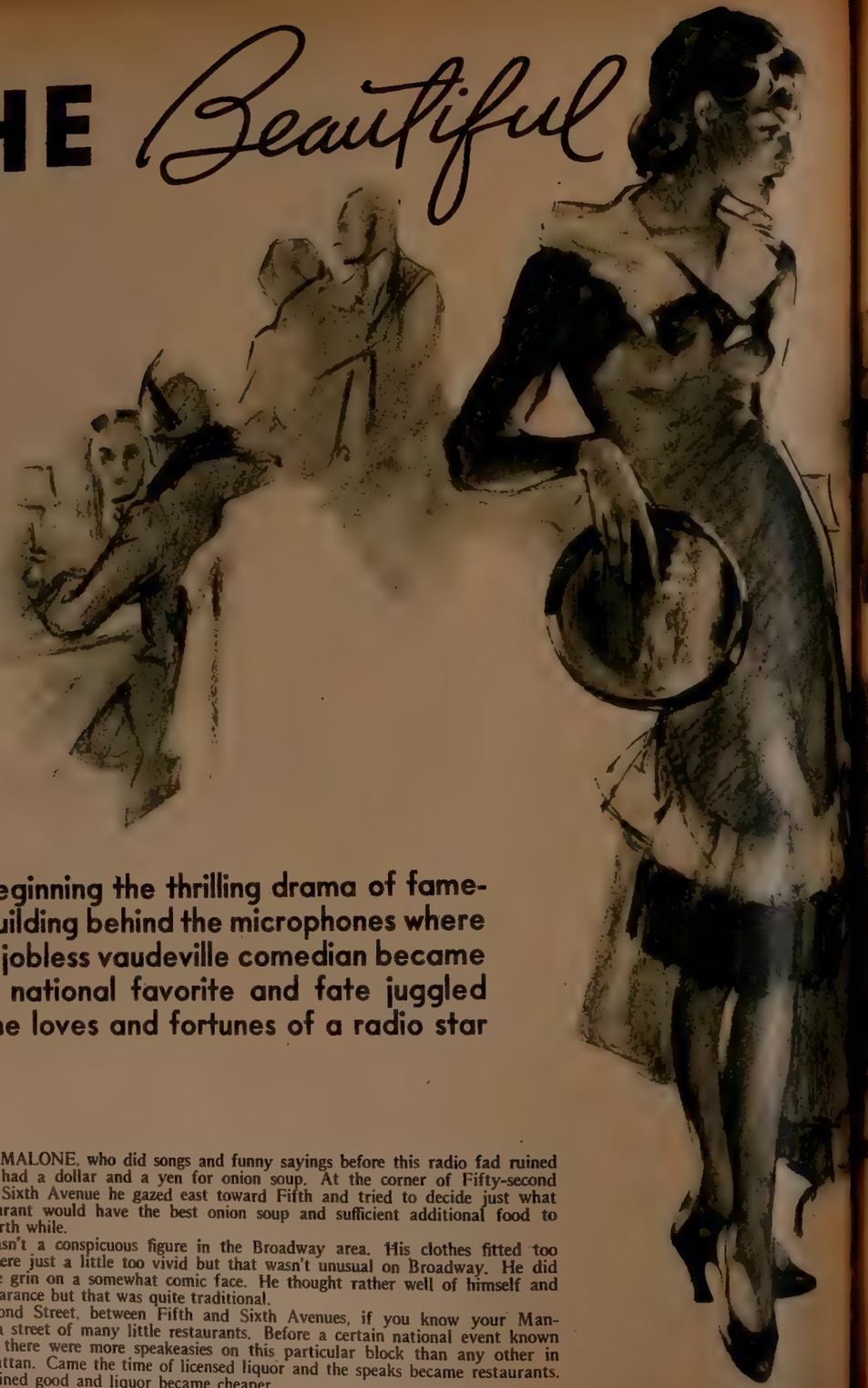
"Toots," said Toby, "Bring me some onion soup——"

"Mrs. Toots to you!" said the waitress, firmly and without any indication that this was just a conversational opening.

Toby looked at her intently. (*Continued on page 59*)

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Beginning the thrilling drama of fame-building behind the microphones where a jobless vaudeville comedian became a national favorite and fate juggled the loves and fortunes of a radio star



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PONS

Broadcasts to

● Rosa Ponselle has the most gorgeous operatic soprano voice, and she knows how to be humanly appealing as her programs show



THE reason why Rosa Ponselle is broadcasting has less to do with business matters than you might suppose. It has more to do with a round-eyed little girl who used to sit on a neighbor's doorstep, in a small Connecticut city, while the other kids ran around and whooped it up. She sat there, apparently lonely, yet lifted far above any feeling of aloneness, because that neighbor owned a phonograph. It was a cheap, tinny affair at best, but it sent out music . . . operatic arias, Italian folk-songs, the glorious voices of Melba and Caruso. And the wide-eyed child stayed on there, hours at a time, transported, drinking in the one thing that meant completeness to her.

That was the little girl Rosa Ponselle used to be. She listened to the neighbor's phonograph, because her parents were too poor to buy an instrument of their own. That's why radio broadcasting means something more than just radio broadcasting to Rosa today. It means the miracle of catching up with the past. It means sending out music to millions of people all over the country, in cities, towns, villages, and farms, who, like her former self, thrill to it, and might never get it otherwise. These are the people she is singing to, and back of them all is that little girl who sat listening on her neighbor's doorstep.

That sort of feeling gives you the key to the character of the small-town girl who has become America's foremost prima donna. She feels deeply. She isn't ashamed of sentiment. She isn't ashamed of having been poor. She is President of the I-Knew-Her-When Club herself, and pops out at the most unexpected moments with anecdotes about the days when a new dress was something to be dreamed of for weeks. She doesn't look upon this broadcasting as a job, but as an opportunity . . . a chance to give plain people, like herself, the sort of thing that would have meant supreme rapture to her, back in the old days. She tells you that the greatest advancement of this age lies in the fact that just plain folks can get the best sort of musical entertainment, absolutely free!

If you had to describe Rosa Ponselle in one word, you would choose the word BIG. I'm not talking about her glamorous public position, and I'm not talking about her physique. She happens to be tall and stately, with the broad, noble proportions of a Greek statue. But the sort of bigness I mean has to do with other things. She is big of heart. Big of mind. Capable of big efforts and big enthusiasms. Somehow, you don't think of her as just another prima donna. There's something rather gallant about the fight she has had to make.

It began in the small city of Meriden, Connecticut, where she was born, the child of Italian parents. The family's real name is Ponzillo. Always tall for her age, and endowed with a tremendous fund of magnetic energy, Rosa was something of a tomboy kid. But one thing could lure her away from the most entrancing games. That was music. In the true Italian tradition, she has been surrounded by music from birth. In a home like the Ponzillos' one just naturally sang. You sang when you were happy, to show that you were; you sang when things didn't go quite so well, to charm yourself into a rosier frame of mind. Rosa sang while she helped her mother around the house, and she sang to her father, when he came home from business at night. She could play piano before she was big enough to reach the keys sitting down. She would stand up before it, playing by ear anything she was asked for. She sang in the choir at church, and the organist, sensing unusual talent, gave her her first serious music lessons. When she was confirmed, she chose

BY ROSE

ELLE

Plain Folks

● Glamorous Rosa, garbed romantically for one of her Metropolitan roles, sings on the radio to people who like to hear plain songs, too



Melba as her middle name! And, of course, there was that neighbor's doorstep that could win Rosa Melba away from any play.

When she was but thirteen, her father met with serious financial reverses. The sunny, care-free home life was darkened by the black cloud of worry about the bare necessities of life. Rosa, just awakening to a young girl's feeling for pretty clothes and gaiety, found she was lucky to have three square meals a day! Help was urgently needed, and Rosa determined to add her thirteen-year-old efforts to the task of balancing the family budget. All she could do was sing, so she promptly got herself a job, in a Meriden movie house, singing illustrated songs, between pictures. She earned twelve dollars and a half a week . . . which she religiously carried home to her mother, telling her to use it, "just like Dad's money". The entire Ponzillo family turned out in pride on Saturday nights, to hear her. It was just too overwhelming to see people come crowding in, paying down real money, to hear "Rosie" sing! A few months later, she was offered the sumptuous amount of fifteen dollars a week, by a rival picture house. It was a tremendous feeling, to win a "raise" entirely on your own merits! Rosa now bought herself a new plume for her hat, without deducting a penny from the regular amount she brought home to her mother.

After a short time of this work, Rosa and her sister Carmela (now an operatic star in her own right) toured in vaudeville as The Ponzillo Sisters. You may remember them. They worked hard, for by this time they had a definite purpose in mind. Whatever money could be spared from the family living expenses, they set aside for serious music study.

Almost as soon as Rosa began her vocal studies, word spread around the studios that a new "find" had appeared, and the great Enrico Caruso himself listened to her sing. Enchanted with her voice, he predicted that within a few years, this girl would be singing at the Metropolitan Opera. Caruso was not a perfect prophet. "The "few years" turned out to be exactly six months. While her music lessons could still be counted in weeks, Rosa was given an audition at the Metropolitan Opera.

Now, an audition at the glamorous "Met" is something to remember. The vast auditorium is dark and still. Not a thing to be seen, not a sound to be heard, not a breath of motion . . . except, perhaps, the whirring of the shades of those who once held sway there, Melba, De Reszke, Plançon. And the young candidate steps out on that huge block-long stage, knowing that somewhere in the black pit before him, sits General Manager Gatti-Casazza, listening appraisingly to the best he can do. Rosa walked out on that great empty stage, and looked out into the immense obscurity, and knew it was now or never. Before she left the Opera House, she had been asked to sign on the dotted line, to sing with the world's leading opera company. Mr. Gatti suggested that she change her name to Ponselle, for the sake of euphony. Ponselle, of the Metropolitan Opera. Ponselle of the Metropolitan had never sung in opera before, and had only such stage experience as can be gleaned from a vaudeville turn.

When she got home, she fainted from sheer rapture. Then, when the first dazzling thrill had subsided enough to make straight thinking possible again (it has never completely subsided to this day, Miss Ponselle assures you), she wanted to run away. How could she ever, in six short months, learn enough to step into line with the experienced, world-famed (*Continued on page 79*)

H E Y L B U T

PONSELLE

Broadcasts to Plain Folks

● Rosa Ponselle has the most gorgeous operatic soprano voice, and she knows how to be humanly appealing as her programs show



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BY ROSE HEYLBUT

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If you had to describe Rosa Ponselle in one word, you would choose the word BIG. I'm not talking about her glamorous public position, and I'm not talking about her physique. She happens to be tall and stately, with the broad, noble proportions of a Greek statue. But the sort of bigness I mean has to do with other things. She is big of heart. Big of mind. Capable of big efforts and big enthusiasms. Somehow, you don't think of her as just another prima donna. There's something rather gallant about the fight she has had to make.

It began in the small city of Meriden, Connecticut, where she was born, the child of Italian parents. The family's real name is Ponzillo. Always tall for her age, and endowed with a tremendous fund of magnetic energy, Rosa was something of a tomboy kid. But one thing could lure her away from the most entrancing games. That was music. In the true Italian tradition, she has been surrounded by music from birth. In a home like the Ponzillos' one just naturally sang. You sang when you were happy, to show that you were; you sang when things didn't go quite so well, to charm yourself into a rosier frame of mind. Rosa sang while she helped her mother around the house, and she sang to her father, when he came home from business at night. She could play piano before she was big enough to reach the keys sitting down. She would stand up before it, playing by ear anything she was asked for. She sang in the choir at church, and the organist, sensing unusual talent, gave her her first serious music lessons. When she was confirmed, she chose Melba as her middle name! And, of course, there was that neighbor's doorstep that could win Rosa Melba away from any play.

When she was but thirteen, her father met with serious financial reverses. The sunny, care-free home life was darkened by the black cloud of worry about the bare necessities of life. Rosa, just awakening to a young girl's feeling for pretty clothes and gaiety, found she was lucky to have three square meals a day! Help was urgently needed, and Rosa determined to add her thirteen-year-old efforts to the task of balancing the family budget. All she could do was sing, so she promptly got herself a job, in a Meriden movie house, singing illustrated songs, between pictures. She earned twelve dollars and a half a week . . . which she religiously carried home to her mother, telling her to use it, "just like Dad's money". The entire Ponzillo family turned out in pride on Saturday nights, to hear her. It was just too overwhelming to see people come crowding in, paying down real money, to hear "Rosie" sing! A few months later, she was offered the sumptuous amount of fifteen dollars a week, by a rival picture house. It was a tremendous feeling, to win a "raise" entirely on your own merits! Rosa now bought herself a new plume for her hat, without deducting a penny from the regular amount she brought home to her mother.

After a short time of this work, Rosa and her sister Carmela (now an operatic star in her own right) toured in vaudeville as The Ponzillo Sisters. You may remember them. They worked hard, for by this time they had a definite purpose in mind. Whatever money could be spared from the family living expenses, they set aside for serious music study.

Almost as soon as Rosa began her vocal studies, word spread around the studios that a new "find" had appeared, and the great Enrico Caruso himself listened to her sing. Enchanted with her voice, he predicted that within a few years, this girl would be singing at the Metropolitan Opera. Caruso was not a perfect prophet. "The "few years" turned out to be exactly six months. While her music lessons could still be counted in weeks, Rosa was given an audition at the Metropolitan Opera.

Now, an audition at the glamorous "Met" is something to remember. The vast auditorium is dark and still. Not a thing to be seen, not a sound to be heard, not a breath of motion . . . except, perhaps, the whirring of the shades of those who once held sway there, Melba, De Reszke, Plançon. And the young candidate steps out on that huge block-long stage, knowing that somewhere in the black pit before him, sits General Manager Gatti-Casazza, listening appraisingly to the best he can do. Rosa walked out on that great empty stage, and looked out into the immense obscurity, and knew it was now or never. Before she left the Opera House, she had been asked to sign on the dotted line, to sing with the world's leading opera company. Mr. Gatti suggested that she change her name to Ponselle, for the sake of euphony. Ponselle, of the Metropolitan Opera. Ponselle of the Metropolitan had never sung in opera before, and had only such stage experience as can be gleaned from a vaudeville turn.

When she got home, she fainted from sheer rapture. Then, when the first dazzling thrill had subsided enough to make straight thinking possible again (it has never completely subsided to this day, Miss Ponselle assures you), she wanted to run away. How could she ever, in six short months, learn enough to step into line with the experienced, world-famed (*Continued on page 79*)

WHEN THEY Cross

Want to give Paul Whiteman the jitters? Make Jack Benny blue? Keep Phil Harris awake nights? Then read about their superstitions, hunches, fears peeves and aversions

IT was in one of those night clubs, a favorite rendezvous of the New York phalanx of radio's radio celebrities and Morton Downey, lately returned from a road tour was yarning. His stock of yarns is limitless, but the tales he loves most to tell are those which, doubtless, he has heard from his parents and grandparents. They are horrendous stories of the "Little Folk" of Ireland, fairies, gnomes, death wailers and banshees, to say nothing of witches and werewolves and other creatures which go to make up the menagerie of myths of Medieval Europe. The tales are at once naive and horrible, and though you shudder while they are being told, you chuckle when you move outside the spell of the narrator.

That's what all of the listeners on this evening did—they not only chuckled, but they laughed.

Banshees! werewolves. Family curses! Luck charms, exorcism of evil spirits!

I asked Jack Benny: "Don't you believe in these things—or any of them?"

"Ha!" he grinned. "They are mere superstitions. You ought to be ashamed to ask anybody who lives in this enlightened age a question like that."

"It's past midnight," I reminded him. He glanced at his wrist watch.

"So it is," he agreed. "And ugh! It's—it's Friday the 13th. Well, I guess I had better be getting along before I encounter some bad luck."

I found out later from Mrs. Benny, who is, as you know, Mary Livingstone, that Jack's first act on getting into the apartment was to scrutinize his socks. He firmly believes that to wear socks with even the tiniest hole in them—except the hole in which you put your feet, of course—portends disaster, so far as his professional work is concerned. He has found holes twice—and both times, he had contract trouble. And if you enter the Benny home, or a Benny dressing room and toss your hat on the bed—well, the safest thing to do is to get out at once, before either one, or both of the Bennys throw you out, for every actor knows that a hat on the bed brings bad luck. But Banshees? Hm!—I ought to be ashamed!

Jack Pearl isn't superstitious—much. If you want to give Jack a headache and a bad day, just precede him in a hotel lobby, or on the street, surreptitiously, of course, and scatter some loose pins around. If Jack sees a pin on the street, or on the floor, and fails to pick it up, regardless of the direction it is pointed in, well, the Pearl family will be in danger of something terrible, perhaps a plague; maybe infantile paralysis, or just a simple case of Chinese leprosy. None of these things is possible, of course, because Jack will pick up every pin. So if you are generous enough with your scattering, you can keep Jack busy indefinitely.

Ethel Shutta is a modern gal. No silly superstitions in her life. No sir! Strange that there shouldn't be, because she comes of theatrical stock, where superstitions abound. But not Ethel. But sometime, try visiting her, and then accidentally upset a can of toilet powder, or any kind of powder. It isn't the loss of the powder that troubles Ethel, but somehow, she just can't get over the idea that if you spill powder, well, she's not superstitious, but people do say that spilled powder means the end of your entertaining career. So don't waste your time relating any of those fairy stories to Ethel.

Those Saxon Sisters are new to radio. "And," they will tell you, "we haven't had time to absorb the superstitions so commonly associated with the radio business." But they laugh with great glee if a black cat crosses their path. It means luck. Good luck. But if all of the girls go out for a walk, or a ride, and two



● Phil Duey can't drink coffee before 10 A.M., it means bad luck; Peggy Healy (above) watches for ill omens when she's traveling; Mary McCoy (right) is scared if she drops her bag early in the day and Jack Pearl is always picking up pins.

By MIKE PORTER

THEIR FINGERS





of them are wearing the same color, it means the loss of a job, an arm or an eye, or maybe a toothache. Anyhow, it's bad luck.

And if you want to give Paul Whiteman the jitters for a whole week, just bribe or otherwise induce one of his musicians to drop an instrument on the bandstand. You may have to buy a new instrument for the lad, but you will have the satisfaction of conjuring up Paul's pet jinx, for a dropped instrument means a dropped contract, or at the very least, a mutiny in the outfit. Steal one of the long ear-rings of Ramona Davies, the Whiteman pianist and singer, and Ramona won't venture out of the house for two days, even though it means her job. She lost an ear-ring once, and that's how she didn't go on playing



piano in the old Don Bestor orchestra, or so they say.

Charles Winninger, the Cap'n Henry of "Showboat," takes his omens benevolently. Of course, a hat on the bed and finding a rusty pin pointed at you are symbols of misfortune, but if there's a lot of slips during a rehearsal, the final show will turn out perfectly. Well, every actor will tell you that a perfect rehearsal probably means a closed show.

Every time they get a haircut means slowing up their careers to Harry Horlick, leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, Dave Rubinoff and Phil Spitalny. Their long hair (though Rubinoff's is not so long nowadays) —is not induced by fiddling.

Phil Harris, the basso (*Continued on page 78*)

MEET the WIFE!

LAWRENCE TIBBETT. Phil Duey. Tito Guizar. Little Jack Little. Frank Crumit. Seth Parker. Whoever your favorite radio king, nine chances out of ten, behind the story of his success is a dramatic tale of the unselfish devotion and hard work of his wife.

No applause rings in her ears. No enthusiastic fans greet her on the street. Yet she is the real power behind the throne.

There are wives who have sacrificed their own successful careers so that their husbands' star might shine the brighter. There have been wives who have undertaken the double burden of housework and an outside job, to give their young, talented mates a helping hand on the way up. There have been wives who have subordinated themselves entirely to their husbands' needs. And there have been radio wives who became career women because their men needed their help and presence to conquer the little black mike.

Do you remember when Tito Guizar, the Mexican Troubadour, first went on the air for the Venida Hair Net people? We were thrilled by his warm, emotional Spanish melodies, so different from our Tin Pan Alley numbers.

But in a short time their glamor wore off. We tired of listening to Spanish songs whose words were Greek to us. Couldn't he sing some English tunes? What was the matter with "Love's Old Sweet Song", or "Just A-Wearyin' for You"? Hundreds of fans requested their favorites. The result was his sponsors wanted to take Tito off the air.

It took his lovely, dark-eyed Carmen, soft-spoken but determined, to straighten matters out. She argued with her husband's sponsors till they agreed to keep him a little longer. If it was English songs her Tito had to sing, sing them he would. And promptly. She guaranteed that. She broke up the words of each English song into phonetic syllables. She spent weary hours teaching him simple exercises; how to say cat, dog, boy—as if he were a four-year old. She sat in at rehearsals, correcting his pronunciation, over and over.

That wasn't all. When he was to sing a popular number, she took Tito bodily to the publisher and begged and pleaded till he listened to her husband's rendition. When the publisher approved, she knew Tito could face the radio audience. As a result, his Venida Hair Net contract lasted a full year and Tito Guizar is still on the air.

When Phil Duey and his young bride, Catherine Sroufe Duey, came to New York from Macy, Indiana, they had high hopes and nothing else. As childhood sweethearts they had played and worked together. They had built rosy dreams of the day when Phil's ship would come in, when he would startle the world with his gorgeous baritone voice. It would bring them fame and fortune.

But now, well; what they needed was bread and butter. Phil got a job as night clerk in a hotel; during the day he went to the Juilliard School of Music. Catherine wasn't going to sit home while he slaved. She wanted her Phil to have the best of teachers. She went right out and got a job in a bookshop, selling. The extra money she earned enabled Phil to get special lessons from well-known voice teachers, like Sophie Breslau. Today Phil is a successful singer with several commercial programs on the air.



● Phil Duey at home with his charming wife, Catherine and their two children, Jimmie, five and Barbara Nell, three

Perhaps you remember the rumors about Little Jack Little a year ago? He was going to the dogs. Success had gone to his head. The hours he should have spent in sleep were spent going the rounds of night clubs. During the day he was too tired to rehearse; too busy getting over last night's hangover, to pay attention to his work. His voice began to get hoarse; his piano-playing sounded strained; no new song hits came from his gifted pen.

His wife's remonstrance was to no avail. She was a swell girl, but what did she know of how to act to keep one's place in the radio sun? Little Jack Little had gone success mad. Something drastic had to be done. And Tea did it.

One morning when he came home, bleary-eyed and tired, she played her trump card. Her bags were packed; she was

BY ETHEL CAREY

leaving him. Abruptly, Jack sobered up. How could he ever get along without her love and devotion? Without her advice in business matters, for she is the practical one in the family? Despite her fragile, clinging-vine, brunette loveliness, Tea is a shrewd business woman.

It dawned on Jack Little that he'd been a sap. He and Tea made a compact then and there, to which they have stuck; he devotes himself to his music; she manages the business end of the job. Today he is decidedly *not* buried in the oblivion which has overtaken loads of radio performers who didn't learn.



● When Seth Parker goes far places, his wife and children, wait patiently at home

There are some wives who have actually forced their husbands on the air, like Julia Sanderson, one half of the famous Sanderson-Crumit team, which sings love duets. They met and married while both were musical comedy stars, a decade ago. A few years ago, they built their lovely home, Dunrovin', at Longmeadow, Mass., and settled down to a life of rural bliss. Their trouping days were over.

Frank got a job selling bonds. Julia fussed around her home; weeded the garden; played bridge afternoons and gossiped with the neighbors. For a time, it was a blessed relief, from the strain of stage life. Then she grew restless. The gossip and bridge that filled her friends' lives were not enough for her.

It dawned on her that she and Frank could make a go of radio. They had sung together in musical comedy; they had made victrola records together.

But Frank couldn't see it. He was making plenty of money. He had a lovely home. A charming wife. Why undertake something new? He couldn't see them back at the old grind of endless rehearsals and performances.

"There's not an ounce of guile in her make-up," you'd say, if you saw Julia Sanderson's blond, doll-like prettiness. But you'd be all wrong. She refused to take no for an answer from Frank. Down to the studio she went one fine day, armed with several of their victrola records, as samples. She arranged for an audition for the two of them, to sing some of their old favorite duets together.

Then she broke the news to Frank. He couldn't disappoint her. He wouldn't muff her chance. Protesting every inch of the way, Frank Crumit went down to the broadcasting studio. They both clicked.

We all tune in eagerly to listen to the Seth Parker round-the-world cruise, captained by Seth Parker, in real life Phillips H. Lord. His dream of adventure would never have been realized—in fact, he would never have appeared on the air—had it not been for his wife, Sophia Mecorney Lord, the Lizzie Peters of his Sunday Evenings at Seth Parker's broadcasts.

She urged Phillips to give up his position as high school principal and risk the perils of a free-lance writer. That was six years ago. And she knew she expected a baby when she gave this advice. Her husband disliked teaching; he had always wanted to write.

She realized that once the baby came, he would be caught for life in a job he didn't like. Now was the time for him to take a chance. He followed her advice. I don't have to tell you that. (*Continued on page 80*)



● A beautiful wife and adorable baby are the reasons Tito Guizar rushes home

● Many a famous radio star can thank the little woman for his success. Here's a bow to the radio wives who were silent partners in the microphone struggles and who deserve some of the applause their popular husbands receive for their broadcast entertainment

THE Famous ARE

ATTENTION, radio! Your public speaking:

"If the adverse votes of one hundred auditors could put a program off the air, in a month every station would be silent as the grave!"

What do you think of that? And there's more!

For instance:

"Opera on the air is a failure."

"The studio audience hurts the entertainment value for the unseen listener."

"There are all too many cheap performers and performances."

"Program-makers pay too much attention to the opinions of newspaper radio critics."

"Aerial drama is still in search of a form."

"Sponsors should be limited to talent selected from a bill of fare previously endorsed by jury."

These remarks are samples of sentiments about our youngest lively art which will be expressed more fully herein by four assorted laymen: John Sloan, Mrs. Henry Breckinridge, Will Irwin and Miss Lena Madesin Phillips.

When I made up my list with the idea of trying to get a cross-section of honest, intelligent lay opinion on radio I was prepared to find that at least one or two of my selections would refuse to talk on any such theme. I never dared hope for a moment that as later turned out, all would be members in enthusiastic good standing of the Tuners-In Club. And it was really beyond belief that each should say as each did in almost the same words: "I'm *for* radio!"

It all goes to show the change in the popular estimate of broadcasting. Five years ago it was only a name to these men and women. Now they are air fans.

Not uncritical fans, of course. That is natural. Radio's best friends, unlike those timorous ones in the advertisement, are ever eager to point out the infant art's shortcomings.

And the infant art, I may add, for the most part takes such blows gallantly on the chin, as I hope it will do today.

Now, as announcer for this symposium, may I first present Mr. John Sloan, internationally-known artist and president of the Society of Independent Artists, who will speak to you from his Washington Square studio, a great, tall-ceilinged, sky-lighted room, with walls covered with paintings. Mr. Sloan is a delightful little man in a flannel shirt and flaring green corduroy trousers. He has iron-gray hair, keen eyes, and a lovely sense of humor. He held out for years against radio, but finally, because he wanted to hear Al Smith's speeches, succumbed and now wouldn't be without his receiving set. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Sloan is on the air:

"The radio listener (says he) reminds me of a hungry tramp hanging about the garbage can of a careless cook. The tramp knows that what is thrown away is mostly garbage, but once in a while something good slips by the careless cook, and he is rewarded for waiting.

"Even at that, what one man finds good, another turns from disgustedly. In fact, if one hundred votes

● Mrs. Henry Breckinridge, wife of a famous man and herself one of the prominent De Acosta beauties, tells what she thinks of air programs



● Will Irwin, popular writer and lecturer has taken the air himself and tells why he and his wife, Inez Haynes Irwin, also a novelist, tune in regularly



FANS TOO

Men and women famous in their own fields are among the millions who tune in daily and tell here how they react to what comes over the air



● Miss Lena Madesin Phillips, lawyer and feminist leader, tells what she thinks is wrong with some of the programs she's heard on the air



● John Sloan, well-known artist, has his own definite opinions on what he likes and what he doesn't like in the way of etherizing when he tunes in

could put any given program off the air, in a month there wouldn't be one left on. On the other hand, no program is so bad but that it couldn't get a hundred votes to keep it on. This variation in tastes is, I take it, the reason for some of the programs that the more fastidious deplore.

"Almost the worst thing about broadcasting is the way the voices sound. The longer you listen, of course, the less you notice this. People who go to talking pictures a great deal also lose their sense of what the human voice should be like normally. I've been to only four in my life and I get the same shock each time. With all the improvements the actors are still talking in a barrel. The same may be said of radio performers.

"Then there's the radio commission for whom I have a few sharp words. It believes, apparently, that a station with plenty of advertising is worth more than one without any. That is preposterous, since it leaves the choice of our programs up to business men. And if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, what about Father Coughlin, whose popularity is certainly greater than that of anybody on a sponsored program?

"No, the sponsor's taste isn't infallible enough yet for us to be willing to let him dictate what we shall hear. It would seem desirable, indeed to have ingredients for all programs passed on first by a competent jury. Then each sponsor could be offered an approved bill of fare from which to choose items. The newspaper critic is another whose opinion is too respectfully treated. After all, why should his word be law?

"The studio audience is another of my grievances. Its laughter makes the listener conscious that he can't see what is going on and he feels cheated.

"But while in general I am for suppression of studio audiences, I make an exception in the case of speakers. A speech-maker should have something to talk to even if it's only his mother's picture.

"But I do not mean to say harsh things only. I like a lot of programs—Stoopnagle *(Continued on page 63)*

BY MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE

Do you know the REAL



● Rubinoff is a master musician as well as the butt of Cantor's wit and he's here directing his orchestra for a Warner picture, with Jean Sargent, blues singer, decorating the piano

IT was a gala night in the grill of the elaborate Hotel Roosevelt. Eddie Cantor was there with the world renowned but rarely seen Ida, Joe Penner was there, and so were Jimmy Wallington, Sophie Tucker, Paul Whiteman, and a host of luminaries from radio, stage, and screen gathered to see Rubinoff and his new dance orchestra open the hotel grill.

Eddie Cantor stood on the dais, and made a little speech. "To promote world harmony, President Roosevelt recognized Russia; to promote harmony right in this room, the Hotel Roosevelt recognized Rubinoff."

The crowd applauded paying tribute not only to the *bon mot* but the bandmaster, the dynamic Rubinoff whose success reads like a Horatio Alger dime thriller.

Later, sipping cool drinks at a table on the grill floor, Eddie, Ida, and Jimmy congratulated Rubinoff on his successful opening.

"Eddie," said Rubinoff, "that was a swell send-off you gave me, and I'm grateful but don't you think that at an occasion like this, when everybody is kidding around and having a good time, some of your usual wise-cracks wouldn't have been more appropriate?" And Cantor nearly collapsed!

"So help me heaven," said Eddie, his eyes wide as saucers, "this Rubinoff is dizzy. For the first time in my life I say something nice about him and he doesn't believe me. He always looks for a gag even at his own expense."

That in a measure, explains Rubinoff's reaction to Eddie Cantor's frolic. He breaks into a paroxysm of laughter when Eddie hits the mark. He even repeats the witticisms to his friends. He takes a similar attitude when Eddie directs the barbs at him, for Rubinoff is showman enough to know that it is all in a spirit of fun. For there is a sense of humor in Rubinoff, a humor that is not only mirrored in his conversation—but evident in his music.

Rubinoff loves fun. He loves hilarity and gaiety. It means so much to him because of the years of suffering and privation during which tears were his lot more often than smiles. He revels today in the vicarious thrill of a comedian when mere mention of his name by Eddie Cantor causes a mirth-quake in the broadcasting studio—and in millions of homes.

So few people know the real Dave Rubinoff, the Rubinoff

BY DMITRI ORLOFF

RUBINOFF?



● Russian Rubinoff is an interesting man as well as a wonderful musician

● Rubinoff worships his mother, and she thinks he's just too grand

who was born in a cellar in the town of Grodno, Russia, in 1897, and who today has his office on the 29th floor of a modern sky-scraper; the Rubinoff who took his first violin lesson on a three rouble instrument (worth $1.50) and who today plays a Stradivarius insured for $100,000.

One of seven children, the now famous violinist faced a struggle for existence almost from the moment he was born. To feed the clamoring horde of hungry mouths, father Rubinoff worked in a tobacco factory during the day and drove a horse cab at night. Mother Rubinoff tried hard to augment the family earnings by operating a laundry mangle in the cellar that was home, workshop, and laundry rolled into one.

Genius will grow, if need be, like a weed between the flagstones of a prison courtyard. Despite the poverty and squalor of his background, despite the initial objections of his father, who held that music was no occupation for a respectable man, the musical talent of (*Continued on page 77*)

I SPEAK FOR MY by Kate

Third and last installment of the intimate, revealing life story Kate Smith, the songbird of the South, tells on herself exclusively for RADIO MIRROR



● Meet Ted Collins, the man behind Kate Smith's radio success

I STARTED regular broadcasting in January of 1931, stepping into Morton Downey's seven o'clock "spot" on CBS. This occurred shortly after Ted Collins took me under his management. Ted suggested as an accompanist a young man who had done some vocal recording for Columbia Records, but who had lost his fine baritone voice through persistent laryngitis—Jack Miller.

Jack, an excellent pianist and sympathetic accompanist on account of his own experience as a singer, worked hard with me rehearsing songs. Ted stood by and listened critically, offering an occasional quiet suggestion.

In the meantime, we searched for a theme song. Music publishers combed their shelves for promising manuscripts. Somehow, none of them seemed just right.

Finally, among those Jack played for me, I lingered over a simple mountain ballad. Ted informed me that it had been shelved in the publishing house for eight years, copyrighted but unpublished. Jack changed the melody slightly to suit me, and I wrote the lyrics.

We tried it out on our first broadcast, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain". It proved to be one of the best sellers in the history of Tin Pan Alley!

I shall never forget my first broadcast, because I had throughout those fifteen minutes a feeling of absolute confidence and happiness—at last I was in my element! I missed, slightly, the familiar "pull" from my theater audience, but I tried to picture my family and friends in Washington who miles away were gathered around comfortably in their own living rooms to hear me sing to them.

Ted stood in the control room, nodding to me reassuringly, and so completely did I trust his judgment, that I felt if I satisfied him I was doing all right.

However, the event which turned my heart over wholesale to radio was the arrival of my first batch of fan mail. The letters were postmarked from towns all over the country, and it was a thrill to know that my voice had reached them and that they liked me. How different from the grudging hand-clapping of the Broadway audience! These letters were warm, friendly—made me feel necessary! They told me intimate details about themselves, and made me feel that they would be waiting for me and listening in when I returned to the air again. After that, I made my own announcements on the air, and picturing these encouraging new friends of mine, I felt that I could talk to them informally and was quite at home on the radio.

An enthusiasm, earnestness and thrill in my work crowded out my previous homesickness and unhappiness in New York. Although the footlights had seemed a feverish life of make-believe, professional jealousies and continuous battle for phantom fame—radio seemed to me to be doing an important and worth-while job—bringing entertainment, not only to Manhattan fun-seekers, but to shut-ins in hospital beds, and folks way out in farmhouses far from Forty-Second Street.

My heart and my sympathy im-

SELF Smith



● Kate may not look as though she exercises, but here's the proof in a picture, and she really can play golf

mediately went out to the forgotten invalids in veterans' hospitals. As a child I had seen those very boys marching around Washington in khaki—heroes. I had sung for them in those days when, along with the rest of the world, I was doing my best to show appreciation for their patriotism. Over a decade later, I sang to them again on the radio, when the tragic consequences of their patriotism had been forgotten by the bustling world. Their letters to me were a great inspiration, and made me feel almost as if I were singing for a worth-while cause. After visiting some of the hospitals, and looking into some of their faces, I forgot that I was stout and unbeautiful—I finally felt marvelously necessary. At least *they* were rooting for me!

When, in the fast-moving, busy months after my début on the air, I was whirled into activity that made my private life and private thoughts of no consequence—Ted Collins decided that it was a full-time job managing me—so he resigned from Columbia Records to guide my career.

Since then, Ted has gone into action with me everywhere. When I am before the microphone, he is in the studio, when I am making a personal appearance, he is standing in the wings of the theater. We entered into an ideal business-like partnership. I did the singing—Ted made all the plans that put me on the map as a radio star.

Both as a manager and friend he was consistently thoughtful. He steered me to success without subjecting me to any of the things he knew I disliked, such as professional politics, personal appearances at society or theatrical affairs. I was never seen by Winchell at a night club! I never appeared at any celebrity's party. I kept strictly to myself, and although I never dodged newspaper men or writers, my private life always was, and is to this day, as unknown as Garbo's.

I moved into a sunny, small apartment on lower Park Avenue, and decorated it in my favorite colors, French dusty rose and apple green. I cooked many of my own meals there, and spent what time I had to myself reading in one of my deep, comfortable chairs.

During that first year on the air I practically lived in my songs—and was thrilled to realize that they were affecting other lives too. There was the time I received a pathetic letter from a mother in upstate New York, asking me to sing, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight". She hoped that her runaway son, who always listened to my programs, might hear it and return to her. Though I sang it that night hoping that the mother's hopes might be fulfilled, trying to put all of her pleading in my own voice—another mother profited by that ballad. I received a letter from a happy Brooklyn mother, telling me that her runaway daughter had heard the song, and was so touched that she came home!

One night I payed tribute to Chauncey Olcott with his song, "My Wild Irish Rose", only to read in the morning papers while leaving the studio that he passed away in Monte Carlo—just twenty-five years after he introduced that beloved ballad!

None of my fan mail came to me without being read and treasured, but I found it impossible to answer all of it personally, however much I wished that it was possible. However, I set aside an hour or so every day to dictate to my secretary.

After several months of broadcasting, I returned to the footlights—this time at the mecca of vaudeville—the Palace. I broke an all-time record there, playing eleven consecutive weeks, rushing to the studios between shows to broadcast with my make-up on! I was inordinately proud of my run at the Palace! It is one of the high spots of my career.

Though my success brought me great happiness and satisfaction, I began to learn that one cannot be successful without making a great many (*Continued on page 62*)



LORETTA LEE

● Her Mother is Irish, her Father is Spanish, she'd love to be Ruth Etting, got her first break on Friday the thirteenth, and if she ever lost her voice she'd go right home and get married

YOU ASK HER Another

Q. What is your real name in private life?
A. Margaret Vieages
Q. Where were you born?
A. In New Orleans, Louisiana.
Q. Do you want to say when?
A. June 14, 1914.
Q. What nationality are your parents?
A. My Father is Spanish and my Mother is Irish.
Q. Are you married?
A. No.
Q. Do you ever intend to marry?
A. I certainly do.
Q. Was marriage ever your idea of a career for yourself?
A. Yes.
Q. When and how did you discover you could sing.
A. I come from a family of singers, but non-professional. I took part in all the kiddie reviews down in New Orleans and before I came up to New York I broadcast over a New Orleans station.
Q. Have you ever been lonely?
A. I must admit I haven't. You see my Aunt is always with me. However, I do get homesick sometimes.
Q. If you had to decide between a happy marriage and a successful career which would you choose?
A. I would give up my career for a happy marriage.
Q. How long have you been in radio?
A. A little over a year. I (*Continued on page 76*)

★ Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars ★



Portrait by Joseph McElliott

SYLVIA FROOS

Pretty Sylvia Froos has been singing for radio audiences so long she's considered a veteran in spite of her young years. Now she's dividing her time between Fox sets in Hollywood and the Columbia studios in New York



Portrait by Bert Lawson

Jane Joy



● A flock of blues singers have migrated to the ether waves this past year, and some of them have become big radio stars—Jane Joy with Sam Robbins' orchestra over a hook-up of Columbia stations is one of the newer brunettes to sing her torch songs to a mike



Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson



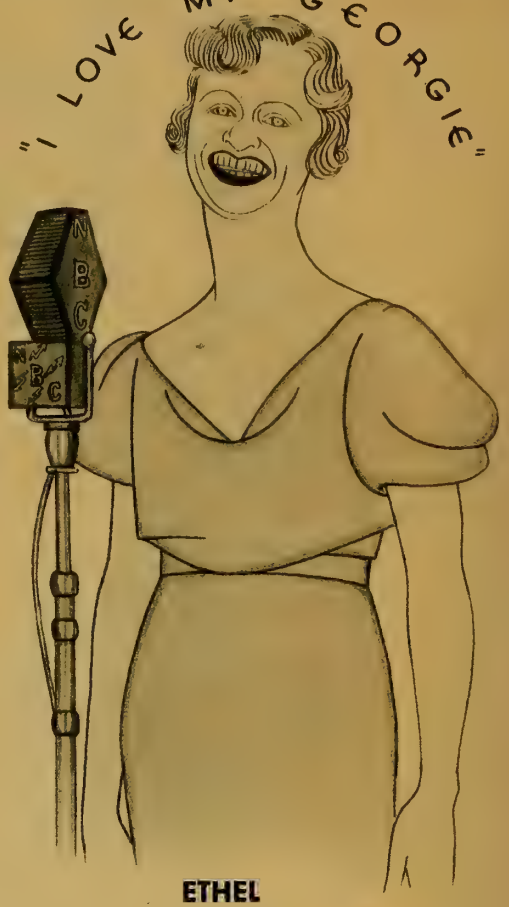
Cliff Soubier

All the masculine attractions on the network aren't handsome singing bachelors or gagging comedians—Cliff Soubier is one of the heavy thespians among the broadcasters. Right now he's with the "First Nighters" and also in the "Sinclair Minstrels" heard on NBC

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE



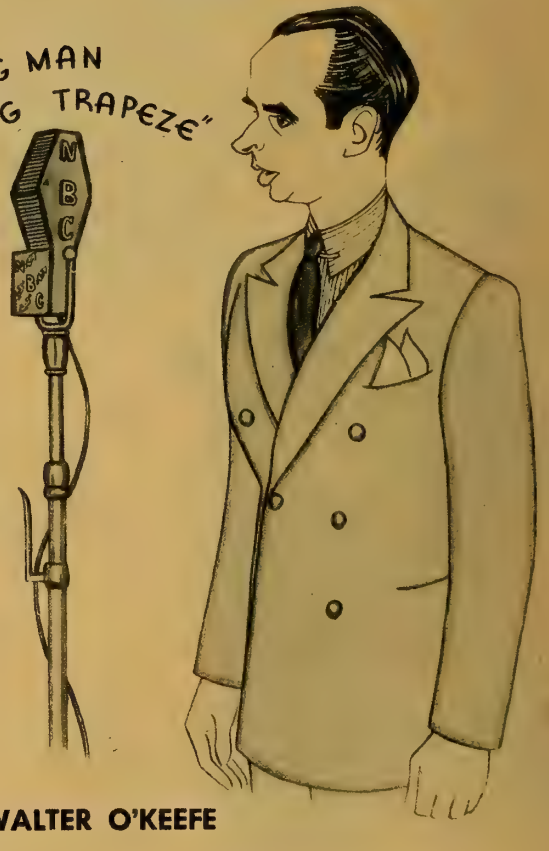
STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD



ETHEL SHUTTA



FRED WARING



WALTER O'KEEFE

GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.



Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

JULIETTA BURNETT

Dark-haired Julietta Burnett pensively considers her radio career and gets into the mood for her songs which are a highlight of the Hudson programs which are broadcast weekly over the NBC chain

Whenever a dra-
matic moment en-
ters The Palmolive
Broadcast over
NBC they call on
pretty Georgia
Backus to do the
emoting. Georgia's
one of the best
known dramatic
actresses heard on
the airwaves

GEORGIA BACKUS

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson





Portrait by Alfredo Valenté

EDWARD NELL, JR.

Edward Nell, Jr., romantic baritone of half a dozen programs, has been in radio since the days when it was known as "wireless." He's always smoking cigars or taking sunbaths and builds toy railroads





● Young Mr. Ross is happiest when he's singing, and sacrifices every other interest to hours a day at his own piano

● Lanny was a prize-winning athlete at Yale and now he still likes the feel of a baseball bat in his hands

Lanny's MOTHER

WHEN a boy is christened Lancelot, art has its first inning on one future career and if law can overcome that early handicap it will have to start with a less theatrical background than that into which Lanny Ross was plunged at birth. The story goes that Blackstone and Beethoven had somewhat of a tussle over him when he was at Yale but the professors who thought they were coaching the good-looking hero of Show Boat hour as a future legal light never had a chance.

Lanny Ross was born a troubadour and his mother did her best to make sure there were no serious detours from his destined road. It's true he passed the bar examinations and could have continued with the vague idea of preparing cases for the defense but by the time he was offered a $2,500 a year job with an eminent law firm, Lanny figured it out that he could get $25,000 for singing love songs so the courtrooms of Manhattan lost out to the ether waves.

Lanny looks more like a hopeful young lawyer than he does an actor and sometimes he suggests more of a Yale undergraduate than either. He's quite tall, almost blonde, very good-looking, rather self-assured when he has a musical score in his hands and a little naïve when it comes to things outside a broadcast studio or a movie set.

It reads well, this romantic tale about the young student who studies hard with a burning ambition that he will make history in one of the over-crowded professions like medicine, law or engineering and then the world suddenly discovers he can sing. So he gives up the books or the pills or the bridge-building and just warbles his way to an easy fame. That's the generally accepted idea of the Lanny Ross career to date only it doesn't happen to be entirely true.

Long before Yale ever put its stamp on Lanny, the musical muses had their fingers in his fate. First of all there was his mother, a professional musician who had appeared in concerts and who at one time was accompanist for the great Pavlowa in London. Then there was father Ross who was an actor and who still performs in stage productions in England, to say nothing of a younger brother who never matriculated at the New England institution of learning but who like the rest of the family

From choir boy to radio troubadour, Lanny the Yale



● A woodland scene makes a romantic background for Lanny Ross, but pretty Ann Sothern is only his cinema heroine

● Here's a typical troubadour pose of Lanny Ross taken at his Hollywood home while he was appearing in the movies



RAISED HIM TO *Sing*

had the call of the thespians and is now acting abroad. So that Lanny was no stranger to the entertainment world when he won his first job as a radio soloist.

The now-successful Mr. Ross served an early novitiate as a child singer in the churches of the Far West and long before he was ready for college was brought to New York and installed as one of the choir boys in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The fact that while he was at Yale he made quite a reputation for himself in athletics and broke a few records on the inter-collegiate tracks proves that his adolescent mind was not entirely absorbed in things musical.

But it goes to show the way the twig was bent and the tree inclined.

He was born in Seattle twenty-seven years ago with a heritage of pioneering blood. His grandfathers had come from far and old places to make their fortunes in a newer world and if sometimes the goal seemed an illusion, their search continued along strange and devious paths to join finally in the state of Washington. One grandfather took up the trail from Wales with a group of steel men, some of whom settled in Pittsburgh and accumulated wealth and others who went farther west and weren't quite so successful. Lanny's grandfather took the advice of going west so literally that he travelled until he met the Pacific and there settled down. The other grandfather detoured a little more, taking a ship-load of plantation workers around Cape Horn and stopping off for a time in Hawaii where he was manager of big plantations. Eventually he, too, reached Seattle and it was there that Lanny's mother and father met and married.

But the children of the pioneering Welshmen took up adventuring in a new field, the boy heeding the call of the footlights and the girl making herself into a capable and talented musician. When their first son was born they named him Lancelot and then realizing that might be some handicap to a youngster with a baseball bat in his hands, called him Lanny. It was quite natural that with music as one of the most important things in her life Mrs. Ross would want her son to have a (*Continued on page 68*)

Athlete-Lawyer was born to make music—By R. H. Rowan

Ten Million TRUE



Illustration by Clyde Prettyman

RADIO audiences throughout the nation, called upon to act as juries every Sunday night for the *True Story* Court of Human Relations, should want to know what their verdicts have been.

As a matter of fact the audiences have taken their duties so seriously, have written such carefully considered judgments of the facts of the case, that the sponsors of the hour have been more than gratified with the results.

Radio critics throughout the nation have been generous in their praise of the purely technical matters of production. Technically the Sunday night period over the Columbia system has been regarded as being nearly perfect.

Nothing has been said so far about the response the period gets. That's the purpose of this story; to tell, for the first time, how audiences have reacted to the highly controversial problems put before them.

At the outset it must be shown that the radio audience has been working under a disadvantage that real trial juries never know. The radio trials to which they listen are dramatic stories and one of the first essentials of the drama is a sense of conflict. Then, too, because more interest is aroused by controversial matters, stories containing a high degree of controversial detail, have been purposely chosen for presentation to the audiences.

For instance, there was that case of the mother who gave her infant son for adoption when she found herself unable to support him. The *True Story* Court of Human Relations wanted to know what to do about it. She was seeking the return of her son years later when she had come into a fortune and was able to give him advantages she felt were not to be had by him from his adopted parents, although she didn't know who they were.

THE mother's voice, her pleadings, her tears—her side of the story, were the principal details of the story. No one listening could have failed to develop a high degree of sympathy for her. One certainly would have thought that here was a difficult case for the radio audience to judge correctly, with all of the sympathetic trappery injected by the dramatization of the story, itself, stripped of all superficial detail, most difficult of any solution satisfactory to all concerned.

It might have been expected that the verdict would have been preponderantly in her favor—that, if the power of argument had anything to do with their replies, a majority would have advised the return of the boy to the mother who had not seen him for years. Not so. Seventy-five per cent of the answers, as nearly as could be determined, were in favor of preserving the status quo of the family and dismissing the plea of the mother.

That simply means that seventy-five per cent of the listeners penetrated the dramatic effects introduced purely for the purpose of interesting them. They were not in-

Thrilling real life dramas, heard on the air in the Court of Human

Jurors for STORY COURT

fluenced in their judgment by the lady's tears or the truly pathetic circumstances of her sad story. They saw only the naked question of what was honest and effective judgment and rendered their verdicts accordingly.

Three out of every four of them expressed varying degrees of sympathy for the lady but adhered to the dictates of common sense that to return her son now would be an undeserved blow to the conscientious couple who had adopted him and reared him as their own, and would be by no means a guaranty of the future welfare or happiness of the boy. "When he is old enough to know and judge for himself the decision could be made by him," said quite a few of the jurymen.

In the Contest department of Macfadden Publications, publishers of *True Story* Magazine, Elizabeth W. Neil superintends the job of sorting the thousands of verdicts that are received every week.

"It has been a revelation to me the amount of common sense shown by the public in these cases. Why, some of the cases have puzzled me but when I read the verdicts I'm surprised at myself for not having seen through the problem as clearly as a majority of those answering."

Another surprise to Miss Neil is the number of the jury that typewrite their answers. They come in from all sorts of addresses upon all kinds of stationery. Some, obviously, are from employees of big business concerns, written on office typewriters during moments of leisure. Others, quite apparently, are from housewives. Still others are from professional men, lawyers dominating this class, probably because their profession is naturally interested in anything pertaining to justice.

One story that aroused a great deal of attention was the case of Burmah White. Although it is the policy of the magazine to change the real names of the characters in the stories it prints, an exception was made in the case of Burmah White, 19-year-old California girl, sentenced to serve a prison term of from thirty years to life as the accomplice of her husband, shot dead resisting arrest.

The White story was full of pathos. The child of respectable parents, Burmah had chosen to become self-supporting in her teens and secured employment in a beauty parlor where she met another girl who introduced her to Tom White, ex-convict, who was to spread terror in Los Angeles as the dread "rattlesnake bandit."

TOO late Burmah learned his real identity and was forced to accompany him, driving stolen automobiles upon his forays. On one of these he shot a school teacher, blinding her for life. The law finally caught up with them and Tom, who had married Burmah only to protect himself from her testimony in the event of arrest, was killed when he shot at the detectives.

Public opinion in Los Angeles was at white heat. The girl, dazed by her experience, hardly knew what was happening to her. Certainly she did not realize that in effect she was being called upon to answer for the sins of her bridegroom in full measure. A jury found her guilty upon all counts of the indictment against her and she was sentenced.

Although she had only known Tom White two months, although it was shown manifestly that he had exercised a malign influence over her, threatening her with death, threatening to kill her little sister if she went back on him, giving her drugged drinks and alternately being nice to her, showing her good times, buying her presents—in short, leaving nothing undone which would make her more completely his creature, she was given the full burden of guilt.

The broadcast of Burmah White's story was a technical triumph. Without resorting to the usual tricks of staccato gun shots more than was absolutely necessary, without screeching of sirens

(*Continued on page 76*)

● A corner of the vast volume of mail that comes in daily from the millions of listeners who form the jury of the True Story court



Relations, are judged by a listening nation — By Howard Swain

Connie a Cotton



Connie Gates looks fresh and lovely in an all-over lace gown of salmon pink with stiff two-tone satin sash and an enormous bow



For one of those warm July mornings in town, Miss Gates wears a two-piece suit of silk and cotton crepe and large baku hat

★

Youthful organdie dance frock embroidered in silk thread, and Miss Gates is ready for a summer party, in town or at a resort



FOR hot days and warm evenings in July there's nothing cooler and lovelier than cotton clothes. This year the smartest women are including a number of cotton frocks and gowns in their summer wardrobes. The clothes which Connie Gates wears on these pages are from the Rendezvous Shop of Bonwit Teller and they represent dresses for every possible occasion this summer. There are the simple frocks for mornings, the dresses for afternoon parties and gowns for dinner and dancing. Summer is the season for working girls whose clothes budgets are limited and for all women who can't splurge when they go wardrobe shopping. Crisp materials and flattering collars will make any girl presentable as the attractive Columbia Broadcasting singer shows you in these poses.

The striped tub silk dress Miss Gates wears is the most useful item of any warm weather wardrobe. This one has bone buttons and a contrasting kerchief worn cowboy fashion. The simple use of pleats down the center front and back makes for comfort and smartness. With it she wears black and white sport shoes and a sport hat of felt.

The afternoon costume is a one-piece frock and the loose waist-length jacket shows the new seven-eighths full sleeve. Tiny tucks are a new note.

An unusual effect is managed in the white organdie dance frock with a double collar, very full, of the em-

Gates in Parade



Here's a simple sport frock for a hundred occasions of diagonal striped silk with pleats for comfort and contrasting cow-boy hankie



Sheer faille is used for this flower print dinner gown with its matching jacket and organdie trimming. The coat features a huge collar



For mid-summer afternoon the radio star wears a one-piece white frock of silk and cotton crepe with loose waist-length jacket

broidered organdie and a sky-blue ribbon sash provides the only color note.

For formal occasions Miss Gates wears the two-piece ensemble. The three-quarter jacket is topped by a pointed collar of white organdie that covers a formal gown of the same flower print, with low decolletage in back and a bow of white organdie at the front neckline.

It's always difficult to know what to wear on one of those morning trips into town during July so Miss Gates has chosen a cool and attractive ensemble. It is made of a silk and cotton crepe fabric, having contrasting drawn-work throughout. The frock is fitted and shows an amusing self-lacing treatment at the neckline. The waist-length jacket is double breasted and has sports tailored lapels.

Any girl will look charming in the lace gown which can be worn for dinner or dancing. It is an all-over-flower design of cotton lace in a delectable salmon pink with wide stiff two-tone satin sash ending in an enormous bow at the back.

The important thing for any woman who wants to be well-groomed in the summer is not that she wears such expensive clothes but that she always looks fresh and cool. And Miss Gates shows you how to do it without expensive shopping, which ought to be good news to you; naturally better clothes are preferred if your circumstance permits their purchase.

ON THE PACIFIC

News and intimate gossip of the interesting personalities

DON BLANDING, who is pretty well known all over the world as a poet and vagabond, started a series of broadcasts in the late spring from KNX, Hollywood, semi-weekly.

Of course probably by the time this reaches print Don will be meandering off to some little hidden nook and cranny in search of something or other in the line of literary endeavors, and vagabonds love to roam in Summer.

But, by the same token, and maybe something like the good old circus going into winter quarters, don't be surprised if Don Blanding comes back to the air again in the fall. KNX you know, or maybe you don't, has the faculty of reaching all over the country with its 25,000 watts and its favorite wave length. In the meantime, it has made application to double its power.

Somebody or other has described Don Blanding as an artist by nature, an actor by instinct, a poet by accident and a vagabond by choice.

In boyhood days Blanding daily saw the Indians, all wrapped up in their blankets and with feathered headgear. He was raised in Lawton, Oklahoma, where his father, Judge Hugh Ross Blanding, had taken part in opening the Cherokee strip.

Later the youngster studied art in Chicago with models from the windy city to depict on canvas. And, still later, he happened to see "The Bird of Paradise" company playing in good old Kansas City. A victim of impulse, he hopped a train for the West Coast and then a steamer for Honolulu. That was the beginning of his wanderlust.

Of course you know his pen, and typewriter, have produced "Vagabond's House," "Hula Moons," "Let Us Dream" and lots of others. Yes, girls, he's just as good over the air as he is in the printed books. And that's plenty good.

* * *

SEEMS as though the radio folks up in the northwest are boat builders of no mean ability. The latest to "get the habit" is George Kirchner, 'cellist at KOMO.

He has fashioned and designed an 18-foot launch and laid the keel, punctured the frame with rivets, fitted in the ribs and did all the other technical operations needed to get the craft ready for the briny deep.

Down in the Southwest, at Los Angeles harbor, the radio nabobs go in for boating in a big way, too. Only in that part of the west they seem to go in for custom-built craft instead of designing 'em as a hobby.

Those who own boats there include Don Lee, KHJ owner, with an elaborate and luxurious yacht; Freeman Lang, transcription producer, with a fast-moving power cabin cruiser; Ben McGlashan, owner of KGFJ, with two good sized yachts; Clarence Juneau, KTM production chief, with a power cruiser; Harry Earnshaw, radio producer, with a smaller sailing skiff; Victor Dalton, owner of KMTR, with a two masted sailing sloop and a whole flock of mere radio artists who can boast of smaller craft.

* * *

MAYBE you can't personally remember the days of the old-time medicine shows with the picturesque barker in wide-brimmed hat in front of the tent, with a dripping oil lamp casting weird shadows as he extolled the virtues of his medicinal products. Even the most conservative of the old-time medicine showmen would admit that their remedies would cure everything from charley horse and croup to whooping cough and colic. "Good for man and

● Pretty Julietta Novis, who married into radio, is now a popular staff artist of KFWB, in Hollywood



BY DR. RALPH

AIR WAVES

and entertaining programs out of the West Coast stations

beast," was their favorite ballyhoo phrase, if you remember.

Well, even if you can't remember all this, maybe you have heard (George) Earle Hodgins a Sunday eve on the weekly hi-jinks of KFWB, Hollywood, as he depicts the character of a medicine man selling a mythical beverage known as "Knee-Paw." "Why, my friends," wails the radio medicine man, "One of my audience writes in that, since using Knee-Paw, he has no need of any other medicine. Let's see. What's his name? Oh, yes, it was written and sent in by his widow."

Just a few weeks ago some of the California radio columnists got pretty snooty and intimated that Medicine Man Hodgins was gloriously drunk on his weekly performance.

But, lo and behold, others of the radio writing fraternity rushed helter skelter to his aid and said that, even if he was "tight," which, they said, he probably was and had a perfect right to be if he wanted to, he gave a performance that evening which will go down in radio annals as a masterpiece of wit, satirism and homely philosophy.

So what . . . mutters the old showman to himself as he sings a couple of bars about "Did You Ever See A Dream Walking," and adds something about pink elephants, two-headed serpents, et al.

He was born in Utah of Scotch ancestry, has one son, and moved down from the bay district a couple of years ago after experience in stock and on NBC.

* * *

HAL NICHOLS is the oldest station owner-announcer-fiddler out on the west coast. At that, he hasn't any whiskers and doesn't carry a cane. But veterans in radio all came from other fields and are not so old.

Some years ago Hal and his cousin, Earle, operated a dance hall in Denver. Along came radio and they put up a small broadcast station in Denver, said to be the fifth licensed in the country.

Col. John F. Dillon, then radio supervisor in the west, and later a member of the original Federal Radio Commission, suggested that the boys come to Long Beach, Cal.

This they did in March of 1924 and put up a station. A few years ago Earle Nichols passed away, and shortly after the third partner of the group died, too.

But Hal Nichols continues to "carry on." While the KFOX staff is relatively large, with many remote control points and a daily service of about 18 hours on the air, Hal continues to manage the outfit, announces a half dozen programs a day, and to even play the violin on some of the supper hour programs and old-time barn dance hours.

* * *

A CAREER or a home? Ah, 'tis the old wheeze that is bound to stir up controversy wherever it is sprung.

Some prefer a career. Others maintain a home's the thing. Still others say that both are possible.

Take the case of Gerree Middleton and John te Groen. Gerree has been hostess at KNRC, KTM and a whole flock of Southern California stations. At present she is at KMPC, Beverly Hills.

And John te Groen, who started out with the Alexandria Hotel Orchestra where Paul Whiteman got his start, has been a radio orchestra leader around Los Angeles for ten years.

A year ago Miss Middleton and Mr. te Groen were married. But each maintained their radio career. How has it worked out? Just swell, they both echo, sort of sotto voce and with sparkling eyes and a rapturous gaze into each other's orbits.

● Jeanne Dunn is the Playtime Lady who tells stories to kiddies and occasionally vocalizes in blue notes



L. POWER



● She's a hill Nelly, this pretty Mona Greer who appears on the radio with the California hill billies

ONCE upon a time Max Dolin was music director of NBC in San Francisco when it was inaugurated several years ago.

But nowadays, though he still lives in San Francisco, his radio work is confined to commercial programs.

Max is sort of distinguished looking. Dapper, some people might call it. In fact, he looks a bit ritzy and highbrow. Why, even the announcers are pronouncing his name over the air as though it were "Doleen."

But Max himself is not at all highbrow. Born in Odessa, Russia, he arrived in New York before reaching the age of twenty-one. In between times he travelled 10,000 miles to take part in the Russo-Japanese war, only it was all over when the troops in his train arrived and they had to turn about and go on home.

So, to make a long story short, Max played in vodvil and theatre pits in New York, Cuba and South America before bringing his family to San Francisco so he could engage in theatre and radio engagements.

* * *

"FRANCES" gives household hints daily over KGER in Long Beach, Cal. Probably she does it in much the same manner as a hundred or two others all over the country.

But, behind it all, is the story of a young girl who wanted to do "something different." In real life Frances is Kitty Brown. Back in sorority days at the University of Washington in Seattle, she was Miss Catherine Brown.

When college days were over, she bid her mother and stepfather adieu and set forth bravely to conquer the world. Snoqualmie Falls, Wash., where she was born, was too small a place for a career.

A majority of those who give home talks over the air already conduct a newspaper column or a cooking school. But with Kitty there was no similar background.

So she worked on San Francisco and Los Angeles stations to develop a radio speaking voice. Then she worked with sponsors to get the right slant on foodstuffs. She took a tiny cottage and in her own kitchen, tested various recipes and short cuts. Finally she was ready for the radio series and it has been going for nearly three years.

No, readers of the male specie, "Katrinka" is still single. She is twenty-six and has dieted from 240 down to 160 pounds. Ain't that sumpin'?

* * *

JOSEPH DISKAY, Los Angeles tenor who is guest artist on nearly all of the stations, born in Hungary but a naturalized American citizen, did military service for his brother during the world war. After the armistice he returned to Hungary and found the revolution in progress. Thrown in prison by radicals, he later escaped and worked his way to New York and finally California by singing as a wandering minstrel.

"At Rotterdam", he said, "the place is a veritable El Dorado for street singers. In a few days I was able to outfit myself with new clothes and buy a ticket across the sea."

* * *

LOS ANGELES' most youthful station owner has cast his hat into the political ring for state senator from Los Angeles, at the summer elections.

He is Ben McGlashan, 27-year-old owner of KGFJ, a hundred watt station which perks merrily on its way 24 hours out of each day.

In fact, most radio authorities agree on one thing at least. There seems to be little doubt but that this little hundred watter was the first U. S. station to adopt a non-closing down policy.

So, while the big fellows in broadcast were increasing their overhead by leaps and bounds, young Benjamin was whistling along merrily with a negligible overhead.

Ten years ago McGlashan, senior, in Chicago, gave his son and heir the sum of $10,000 and told him he was on his own, but to come back when he needed more.

McGlashan, junior, trekked to Los Angeles, entered the University of Southern California as a freshman, and put up a 100 watt radio station by way of a hobby and a career.

In the meantime, he has finished the college course, married, built a mansion out in Beverly Hills, owns a couple of fine yachts, and it was the little hundred watter that did all this.

Instead of putting the station in a museum as an object lesson for the younger generation, McGlashan has kept improving the outfit and intends to make it support him the rest of his life.

Seems as though all you have to have to make a radio success is $10,000. Anyway, that's the moral of this story.

P.S. He didn't have to go back to the family coffer for more money.

* * *

NADINE CONNOR was added to the cast of vocal talent at KHJ in the springtime.

Of course that's just a dull, prosaic and matter-of-fact

ON THE PACIFIC

announcement. But behind it lies a story that sounds just exactly like a talkie or a novel. Only it really sounds even more intriguing than either a motion picture or a book. Which may possibly prove that truth is stranger than fiction. Still, who cares anyway, so long as the heroine gets into "big time" and makes plenty of do-re-mi?

A year ago, when Miss Conner was studying music at the University of Southern California's school of music, the students were holding rehearsals and auditions at KHJ for their weekly broadcast.

In wandered Mahlon Merrick, who had been a 'Frisco program head for radio many years but who had then become affiliated in similar capacity with the Los Angeles station.

Gazing dreamily out of the window Mahlon Merrick's keen and sensitive ears noticed the strength and clarity of Nadine's voice as it came out over the monitor system . . . to say nothing of its delicate tonal shadings, its quality of human appeal.

Of course, if Merrick had been gazing out of the office window, his attention would probably have been distracted by scenes down on the street, but, as it was, the studio windows don't look anywhere. They are inside windows. So there was nothing at all to take the program producer's mind off the business of the day and his recommendation of the young coed's vocal prowess brought her a chance to be on a lot of the station's programs including California Melodies, Gallery of Favorites, Merrymakers and others.

Miss Connor is a native daughter of Los Angeles where she was born 27 years ago. She had studied privately for three years before receiving a scholarship in the school of music which finally landed her into the realm of radio.

* * *

FRANK COOMBS, who has been doing the Steamboat Bill characterization for KOMO, Seattle for months, not long ago, had a request to announce a birthday date.

Of course that, in itself, isn't of much news value. Not nearly so good as the gag about a man biting a dog.

But the name of the sender of the request was news. It was Dunham Wright, of Medical Springs, Oregon, 93-year-old plainsman who crossed the mountains via oxcart in '60.

* * *

WHEN John Page was graduated from Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles three years ago, radio loomed on the horizon as his goal of achievement.

As a graduation present he was given a trip up to San Francisco to visit his grandmother. While there he sneaked away to KFRC to take an audition. But it didn't "take."

But one day, after he returned home, his father took him to Long Beach while he attended to his business as an insurance adjuster. So the boy hiked over to KGER, and before he knew it he was a regular staff announcer.

But, somehow or other, the really big chance never seemed to come. That is, until somebody suggested he take a radio name. So he became David Carlyle and from then on his career was rapid.

He was at KTM as a staff announcer for a long time and now is in a similar capacity at KMTR, Hollywood. Every once in a while he also gets a chance to sing over at M-G-M or some of the other talkie lots.

* * *

WEST COAST fans have been wondering for a long time what has become of Tom Breneman. Tom evolved the "Tom and his Mule Hercules" program over KNX years ago. Then he brought out his "Tom and Wash" act at KFVD and later became manager of KFAC.

Just before Thanksgiving of last year (1933) he moved over to KFWB in Hollywood as special features director. He was getting ready to create some more of his famous radio blackface acts in which he takes all of the parts himself.

One day he started to answer his office phone. The cord caught in the curtain and pulled the heavy iron rod down on his head. Office employees found him stretched out on the floor unconscious.

The accident caused him the loss of his voice. He spent months in the hospital, and finally went out into the desert area around Palm Springs to recuperate.

By early summer he had regained speech to the extent that he can carry on a conversation in a low pitched voice, though in a halting and hesitating manner. Physicians, the fan audience and radio colleagues, hope that by the fall Tom will have completely regained his voice.

* * *

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA newspapers keep the "Home Town Boy Makes Good" slug all ready set up for whenever Harry Von Zell hits town on a visit.

Harry, as you know, is CBS announcer in New York and is heard regularly on several programs, including the March of Time which, however, has gone into "summer quarters" and is expected to emerge in the fall all dressed up and renovated.

Harry was selling automobiles six years ago when James R. Fouch, now a microphone (*Continued on page 80*)



● This sombrero business is an old Spanish custom but then Felipe Delgado sings Spanish songs at KFI

AIR WAVES

In Gladys Swarthout's Home



● Radio's newest operatic recruit, Gladys Swarthout, who's the prima donna of the new Palmolive program



● This is Gladys' husband, Frank Chapman, who's had a successful career of his own as a concert baritone





● A quiet corner in the Chapmans' living room as they discuss together their respective musical activities



● Happy over her new radio work, Gladys Swarthout shows Husband Chapman one of her many fan letters

CHICAGO

On the airways out of the Windy City. Gossipy Tidbits about the radio personalities and current events around all the big broadcast studios

BEHIND every name you see in a magazine or newspaper or hear on the air is a real person. Sometimes we forget that and sometimes it's brought to our attention suddenly and unexpectedly. We first heard of Harry Jost when he was a runner up in the radio-stage talent quest conducted last year by NBC, RKO and The Chicago *Daily News*. The youngster had a fine voice. NBC auditioned him again later on and listed his name among the future vocal possibilities. But he didn't get a paying job. Just to keep in trim he did some work free on one of the Chicago stations. About a year later he finally got his break . . . he went on NBC with an orchestra and started a commercial series of his own. Much the same sort of facts could be written about almost any one of the big timers in radio . . . they all had small beginnings. Who knows, perhaps Harry Jost will someday be a Bing Crosby or a Rudy Vallee? Behind those few facts listed above lay a real story. It came to us in a letter from a reader. . . .

I was married about three years ago and a year later the Youngest and Blondest member of my husband's family ran off and married a nice youngster named Harry Jost. Harry and Y. and B. Member of the family were just seventeen years old apiece and they hadn't a dime in the world. But they had the courage that moves mountains and they were in love. Love is the willingness to face trials with someone else just to be with that someone else. And they were very happy. The Youngest worked in a department store and Harry practiced and worked when he could find work . . . which wasn't very often. They lived in Downers Grove, Ill., with his family. They were very poor and they had a fine time. Then, suddenly they were going to have a baby. It was a very trying time for us all. WHAT would they DO? We worried and stewed and were dreadfully upset. But not those two . . . tomorrow was that new day they keep talking about.

"Harry would get his break sometime soon. And the baby . . . it would be a boy, of course, blond just like Harry. His name would be Peter . . . he would be a lovely child. Well, what can you do with children who WILL be a people? Maybe it was that perfect faith but whatever it was Harry DID get a job. Smallish, about thirteen dollars a week. But it was a Beginning. They were jubilant.

Wade Booth and Dorothy Day who are heard on "The Singing Stranger" program over the NBC chain from KYW



BREEZES



Virginia Ware with "Talking Picture Time" over WMAQ

We who were older shook our heads sadly . . . you can't have children on thirteen dollars a week, we mourned. And then Peter arrived. He had quantities of black hair and an indignant looking face and he cried a great deal . . . but he was a fine baby. Even we Olders thought so. In fact we were very proud. We felt somehow it was all our own doing. We kept (and still do) wandering in and out of his room and staring at him . . . Oh, a very miracle of a baby!

"The Blondest Member was quite brave about it all, or perhaps that is not the right word . . . she was GLAD (Can you imagine?) that Peter-the-Blond was about to arrive. Harry was the one who was brave. He heated water admirably and ran all sorts of heartening little errands. He was the perfect Father-About-to-Be and if he was disappointed in the extreme redness of his son's face he didn't mention it. You could see that he distrusted the RAWNESS of him, but he was really very polite about the alarming child. Dorothy, of course, was enchanted with their offspring. And just then Harry got the 'break'. Feltman and Curme put him on the air twice a week, Wednesdays and Sundays at four o'clock in the afternoon. It was very exciting. We all sat around the room very stiffly that first broadcast and didn't look at each other. The broadcast was to last for six months . . . thirteen week option clause could let him out at any time . . . after any broadcast if they chose.

"Dotty's hair is so blond and she's so little and Harry is so determined. I forgot to mention that Harry blossoms under the alias Gary Temple. I wonder who picks these names out. Also latest news is that he is on the blue network one night a week with some studio orchestra . . . purely a buildup I am informed."

Yes, we sometimes miss the human side of the person behind the name. But that letter is a gem. If you are technically minded you may find some faulty sentence structure and a spot or two where the continuity gets balled up. But what of it? It tells the story, doesn't it?

* * *

WENDALL HALL VACATIONS

Wendell Hall, Evanston's (Ill.) gift to radioland is vacationing from his Fitch shampoo series over NBC from June until September but he has already signed up for the new fall series. The "Red Headed Music Maker", who made millions from his "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" hit a few years back is one of radio's pioneers. In fact this letter from Miami, Fla., reminded him just how long he'd been in the business of broadcasting: "We sure like your stuff over the air. You may be interested to know that your voice was the very first one I ever heard over the radio. Back in 1924 I made a crystal set in Toronto, Canada, and lo and behold the first thing I got was your dulcet voice singing 'We're Gonna Have Weather, Whether or Not'.

P. MARSHALL,
418 S. W., 2nd. Ave., Miami, Fla."

* * *

Bill Hay, the Scotchman who announces Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs, is the Eskimo of the Evanston (Ill.) golf course. Only three weekends did he miss all winter although sometimes he had to wade through snow and once played when the thermometer registered eight above zero.

* * *

GAG MAN FROM BERWYN

It recently came to light that one of Joe Penner's gag men writing under the name of Hal Raynor is really the Rev. Henry Rubel, Episcopal minister in New Jersey. But what didn't come to light was that he was once minister of the St. Michaels and All Angels Episcopal Church in Berwyn, Ill., before he went east. Beside his ministerial job in Berwyn he also used to write musical comedies and popular songs in his spare time. His wife is a former member of the Ziegfeld Follies named Dorothy Deuel. While in Berwyn she used to conduct (*Continued on page 70*)

BY CHASE GILES



In the

Do you like gingerbread cake, tuna fish loaf or mint stuffing? Let the radio artists teach you how to cook the dishes they suggest this month

● An announcer turns culinary as Kenneth Roberts gets his own breakfast, and what's more, eats it, too!

THE Radio stars like all human beings have a certain food delicacy for which they show decided preference and take great pride in telling other people of their favorite dishes. When radio celebrities get together their discussions always include mention of this or that special menu. They are no different than when doctors gather in a staff room to discuss medical problems. They too give their ideas of food delicacies. We take pleasure in saying that the radio entertainers are enjoying our home-making department and it would please us immeasurably if all our readers would try our recipes and those of our ether celebrities.

The RADIO MIRROR has established the Home Making Department as an aid to its readers in improving their recipes and suggesting new ones to them. This month Alice Joy gives a particularly interesting Pineapple French Salad Dressing, you will like the Mint Stuffing made by Myrt, of Myrt and Marge and Gertrude Niesen's Tuna Fish and Cheese Loaf. Of the men we especially recommend John Charles Thomas' Mint Syrup and Fred Allen's Gingerbread Cake. George Burns' Fruit Cocktail is just what you want to start your dinner with these warm evenings.

Alice Joy, the lovely NBC star has a very fine knowledge of furniture arrangement, and she is also an adept cook. Her favorite dish is steak with fried onions, but this unusual salad dressing we like best.

Try this some warm afternoon.

PINEAPPLE FRENCH SALAD DRESSING

¼ cup crushed pineapple
½ pint French dressing
½ cup heavy cream
¼ cup pecans, very finely chopped

Combine the crushed pineapple and the French Dressing, and mix thoroughly. To this add first the heavy cream and then the pecans. Blend all ingredients thoroughly, chill and serve on salad. This makes about twenty portions.

Agnes Moorehead is an expert cook and she specializes in attractiveness in food arrangements. This Pineapple Pie filling will be delightful for your next luncheon or dinner.

PINEAPPLE PIE FILLING

2½ cups crushed pineapple
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
1 egg yolk
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
¼ cup water
4 tablespoonfuls butter

Scald the pineapple, add sugar and salt. Dissolve the cornstarch in water. Add to pineapple and cook 15 minutes or until starch taste has disappeared. Beat egg yolk slightly and add lemon juice to it. When pineapple mixture has cooked sufficiently, add egg and remove from fire immediately. Add butter; cool. Turn into unbaked pie shell and cover with upper crust, or for one pie crust, turn filling into baked crust and cover with whipped cream or meringue.

Stars' Kitchens

Myrt, of the popular Myrt and Marge pair tells you how to make this delicious Mint stuffing.

Mint Stuffing

3 cups fine, dry bread crumbs
½ cup fresh mint leaves
6 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons chopped celery
1½ tablespoons chopped onion
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

In half the butter cook the onion and celery for two minutes, add mint leaves and seasoning. Cook until all the water evaporates, add the other half of butter, melted, to crumbs and combine all the ingredients.

Gladys Swarthout, another of the well liked women stars, enjoys cooking, and does very well at it. She particularly likes these broiled lamb kidneys.

Broiled Lamb Kidneys

Wash the kidneys in cold water, and remove the skin. If old soak them in salted water for several hours. Split the kidneys, and broil for about twelve minutes. Serve on triangles of toast. Pour over this melted butter that has been seasoned with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. This is nice to serve for breakfast when you have guests.

Gertrude Niesen, one of the most popular of Columbia's blues singers suggests this Tuna Fish and Cheese Loaf.

Tuna Fish and Cheese Loaf

2 cups tuna fish, broken
1½ cups cheese, grated
1 egg beaten well
3½ tablespoons milk
1½ teaspoons finely chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon butter, melted
¾ teaspoon salt
Pepper, few grains
Cracker crumbs

Mix all of these, using enough cracker crumbs to have the mixture hold its shape to make a loaf. Shape in baking pan, cover with crumbs that are dipped in melted butter, and bake in moderate oven until well browned.

John Charles Thomas, whose baritone voice comes to you over the NBC network likes to cook, and is one of the culinary experts of the air artists. His favorite foods are potatoes, peas, and sauerkraut. This Mint Sirup Drink is refreshing and attractive to the eye.

Mint Sirup

1 cup sugar
1 cup water
½ cup lemon juice
2 bunches of mint
Green coloring

Boil the sugar and water for about five to six minutes, add the mint which has been thoroughly washed and finely shredded. Further mash into the liquid with the back of the spoon. Cool, color faintly, add lemon juice, and strain through a cheesecloth.

Roy Atwell, of Columbia is another of the men entertainers who cooks for his friends. His favorite is Wheat Griddlecakes, another recipe that will be popular on your special breakfast menu.

Wheat Griddlecakes

½ cup entire wheat flour
1 cup flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
3½ tablespoons sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon melted butter

Mix and sift both flours, salt, and baking powder; add the sifted sugar, milk, egg and butter. Heat the frying pan. grease pan with cut turnip, drop from tip of spoon to griddle, cook on one side, and when puffed and full of bubbles turn and cook on the other side. Serve butter or maple sirup with these.

Lee Sims one of our eminent radio pianists is fond of steaks, and this dish of Fried Oysters.

Fried Oysters

Clean the oysters and dry between towels. Season well with salt, pepper, dip in flour, egg, and cracker crumbs. Fry in plenty of hot fat. Drain on brown wrapping paper, and (*Continued on page 80*)



● Betty Barthell, pretty Columbia star, cooks as well as she sings, and that means she knows her sauces

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

OUR FOURTH of JULY PARTY

Patriotism and hospitality combined in a refreshing summer luncheon party as planned by Sylvia Covney

FOR our partying this month we have a national holiday, and so let's enjoy with our friends an American Fourth of July Luncheon. This year everyone is doing his part to be patriotic and we shall have the decorations in red, white and blue.

If you are at the shore your guests will enjoy an invigorating swim, or if it is in the city, tickets for a matinee will be appreciated. For entertainment we may also tune in on our radio and hear our friends singing, and playing, and reciting many of the selections we love for this occasion.

For those of you who have gardens it will be easy to arrange an attractive centerpiece, but for others who do not grow flowers, the florist will offer you an inexpensive bouquet. The bowl on the table may be blue with red and white flowers, or a white glass centerpiece bowl with the three colors of flowers in it.

● Wouldn't this group pep up any Fourth of July luncheon with their gay songs? Ethel Merman surrounded by gobs



Your table cloth may be all white, or as this is an informal luncheon you may have one of those colorful cloths that are so popular now. If it happens to be red, white, and blue design it will be most appropriate.

The menu for the luncheon is simply prepared before the guests arrive, inexpensive, and will not overheat you when you serve, or be too heavy.

MENU

Fresh Fruit Cup — Lobster Salad in the Shell
Orange and Cheese Biscuits — Raspberry Tarts
Iced Coffee — Red, White and Blue Mints
Salted Nuts

Fresh Fruit Cup

Make the fruit cup of melon balls, pineapple cubes from fresh pineapple, cherries, and mint leaves. Use the mint leaves for garnishing. A little liquid should be poured into each cocktail glass, either pineapple juice or ginger ale. Use about two tablespoons for each serving.

Lobster Salad in the Shell

In selecting your lobster a female lobster is sweeter than the male; distinguishing by the feelers, if they are soft it is a female, if hard, and horny it is a male. Remove the large claws and cut through the body shell, by beginning on inside of the tail end and then cutting through the entire length of tail and body. Open lobster, remove tail meat, liver, and coral, set aside. Throw away the intestinal vein, stomach, and fat; wipe the inside thoroughly with cloth that has been wrung in cold water. Remove claw meat, keeping shell in shape to garnish. Cut the lobster meat in half-inch pieces, let stand in French dressing and mix with same quantity of finely chopped celery. Then season with salt, pepper, and vinegar, and moisten with mayonnaise. Refill body and the tail. Mix the coral and liver, rub through a sieve, add a little mayonnaise a few drops of anchovy sauce, then mayonnaise, enough to cover lobster in the shell. Arrange on a bed of lettuce and garnish with thin slices of olives and paprika.

Orange and Cheese Biscuits

2 cups flour — 1 teaspoon salt
5 teaspoons baking powder — 2 tablespoons shortening
4/5 cup of milk

Mix the dry ingredients and sift twice. Work in shortening with finger tips. Add liquid gradually and soften dough with a knife. Roll on floured board about one half inch thick. Dip one cube of sugar in orange juice and place in center of biscuit. For the cheese biscuits add grated cheese to batter and mix well before rolling. Place on buttered sheet and bake for fifteen minutes in hot oven.

Raspberry Tarts

¾ cup of raspberry juice — 1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 tablespoons sugar — 2 cups raspberries

Mix sugar and cornstarch, add juice. Cook until a thick consistency, stirring constantly, and then cook about twenty minutes over hot water. Cool a little and fill tarts with raspberries, pour over mixture and chill. Put on whipped cream and one whole raspberry or finely chopped nuts.

Tarts: Cut plain pastry dough in size of the inverted pans and cover the outside, prick several times, and bake in a hot oven.



● The Olsens, Charlie, Ethel, little Georgie and George getting their tan

GET THAT SUMMER TAN

You can be a sun-tanned goddess if you know how to treat old father sun's rays, or you may look like a boiled lobster

WE all eagerly await the summer to bask in the sun, to go fishing, boating, or any of the thrilling July sports, but many have hours of torture after exposure.

Sunburn is painful, unattractive, and injurious to the skin, as it makes it coarse, and leathery old in appearance. There are several Sunburn creams that allow these difficulties to be vanquished easily.

Cosmetics for the warm months are chosen by different methods than your other seasonal selection. In the summer, naturalness is the keynote to beauty. Select your make-up by your skin tone alone, and not your eyes, your hair, or your clothes. It is wiser to blend your own powder to get a shade that will exactly match your skin. The rouge and lipstick at any time of the year must be the same shades.

A cream rouge is the best, because it looks more natural. For the eye shadow a green coloring is very effective with the tan skin, and the eye shadow should be subtly applied.

Dorothy Gray says that many women do not properly use the powder. Begin at the base of the throat, and powder up to the jaw line, then on up the sides of the face to the forehead, being careful to use only enough to make your complexion look smooth.

A definite sun tanned skin, red hair with plenty of gold in it and freckles, with brown or green eyes should use an orange sun-tan lipstick and rouge for daytime. Scarlet for evening.

A golden-skinned type with dark or yellow hair should use an orange-pink lipstick and rouge for day, and scarlet for evening.

The truly olive type should wear a wine-color lipstick and rouge.

Eyes that are beautiful may compensate for other features that are not perfect, if they are made up properly, and the rouge is put on carefully, as rouge does a great deal to draw attention to the eyes.

For hands that become too tan or freckled in summer there are bleaching creams which are very efficient.

Another cream must be added to your evening preparation shelf, a cream to make the skin soft and smooth.

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

"OUR PUBLIC"

WE needed snow shovels to get out from under the avalanche of mail that came in last month from our readers! And don't we know now what they think of radio artists and certain radio programs! That's right, get the complaints out of your systems and don't keep the kind words unwritten because even the biggest stars like to know what their listeners really think of them!

Our faces are red, too, but not because we're burned up at the opinions sent in on RADIO MIRROR but because we're blushing at the compliments!

A bunch of aviators in Hawaii wrote that they had gotten hold of a copy and are just aching for the next issue. Isn't that nice? A man from Mexico wanted to have his say about stations in the States. From Cuba, they wrote what they think of broadcasting and us! We certainly do seem to be getting around these days. But don't forget, this RADIO MIRROR is your magazine and we want to get it out just the way you like it best. We added the Pacific Coast pages to please our western readers and got Chase Giles to tell you every month all about what's happening in Chicago.

NOW WE'VE ADDED A SHORT WAVE DEPARTMENT FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO TUNE-IN FAR OFF CORNERS OF THE EARTH!

ANYTHING ELSE? If you don't get all you want, just ask for it. CAN WE DO MORE?

How do you feel about the programs this month? Does your radio entertainment give you as much fun and pleasure as ever? Have you a definite complaint to make? Or do you want to throw some more bouquets?

WRITE EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT RADIO BROADCAST PROGRAMS. Have you any suggestions to improve or change them? AND LET US KNOW IF WE'RE STILL PLEASING YOU WITH RADIO MIRROR.

LETTERS MUST BE SENT TO THE CRITICISM CONTEST EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, not later than June 22. LETTERS MUST CONTAIN NOT MORE THAN 200 words. Now don't be afraid to write your mind and don't bother about our feelings at all. We're getting out this magazine for you!

$20.00 PRIZE

I conduct a small radio repair business and in the course of my excursions into radio fans' homes I have compiled a series of complaints and opinions on modern radio programs. The predominating complaint concerns the inability of successfully blending advertising and entertainment. Sponsored programs always contain just enough long-winded sales talks to detract from the appeal of the program presented. Another big complaint is the presentation of two good programs at the same time by different broadcasting systems. Two really worth while programs are broadcast at the same time when, for hours, before and after, only minor broadcasts are heard. The last but not the least of major complaints is that between the hours of six and seven P. M., when the average family is eating dinner and would appreciate good music, they receive nothing but children's programs. This really should be changed because that "after dinner" period is a big radio spot.

I have recommended RADIO MIRROR to many fans as a guide to programs,—as a good magazine where one can meet his favorites and learn more about them, and, lastly, as a magazine of interest and entertainment. In RADIO MIRROR one gets a dollars worth of magazine for a dime.

CLINTON FAUNCE,
Baltimore, Maryland.

$10.00 PRIZE

My radio is my best friend, for regardless of my mood, I can always find a program that pleases.

To those who "knock" the lengthy advertisements, I suggest they stop and think (if possible) where their favorite program would be were it not for this advertisement? I purchase as many of the advertised products as possible, because if a product is worthy of offering "real" entertainment free, then my way of showing my appreciation is to purchase the product. I feel every one should say "thank you" in the same manner.

My complaint is for a certain chain to be a little more accurate in timing the closing announcement and the signal for the station to give call letters, because sometimes this is lengthy.

RADIO MIRROR is "the" magazine that will *always* find a very welcome place in my home.

ERMOINE LISSNER,
Lockhart, Texas.

$1.00 PRIZE

The RADIO MIRROR is a monthly event in our home, we all read it, we all like it; but why not give us one excellent picture of a star each month suitable for mounting.

Radio is being over commercialized. In saying that I realize that the expense of programs must be maintained by the commercial interests, but the cutting up of radio time into fifteen minute intervals is too short for a great number of programs; there are too many programs that use the kiddies for bait to sell their products; announcers and masters of ceremonies are overemphasized; too often one star program is on at the same time as another. But I have no suggestion as to bettering this situation and still afford the splendid entertainment now offered on the air.

ROLAND R. DAVIDSON,
St. Louis, Missouri.

$1.00 PRIZE

Radio pleases me so mightily, that I make my suggestions in the friendliest spirit.

When broadcasting companies are arranging programs and time schedules, won't they give a thought to working people? There are many evening spots filled with dull studio programs, or recordings. Why not have these during the day, and fill the evening spots with lively, amusing talent? Working people have such a few hours to enjoy their radios.

I'd like to hear a program of reviews and criticisms of current movies. Many people would prefer such a program, to the customary "gossip fests".

I've only one suggestion for improving RADIO MIRROR. That is, to have more pages of "Hot and Airy". How we do love to read newsy human interest stories about our favorites.

In closing—a hearty congratulation on RADIO MIRROR's splendid covers. Having our beloved President's smiling features on the May cover, was an inspiration!

HELEN STAPPENBECK,
San Francisco, California.

$1.00 PRIZE

Radio Broadcasting would register new heights if sponsors studied their advertising more rigidly. Most sponsors, in their eagerness to sell their product exaggerate its claims. We listeners, like to believe something of what we hear,

BROADCASTING

but no product can create the impossible. No cream can take off ten years in ten minutes, any more than a certain tonic can bring back health in one bottle.

Cutting superlatives on advertising would increase the sincerity of announcers. Often a few well-chosen phrases do the trick and tell the story to a wider audience. I think that poor salesmanship even though wrapped in fine music or drama remains poor salesmanship! Get wise, sponsors!

Radio Mirror is an authority on radio entertainment that offers a brimming 10c worth!

James Victorin,
Cicero, Illinois.

$1.00 PRIZE

Permit a wireless operator on the inter-coastal steamship *Sidney M. Hauptman* to venture a criticism of broadcasting, and Radio Mirror.

The crew of this ship spend every spare moment "listening in". Naturally, programs are ribbed or praised as individual taste decrees.

The most bitter criticisms attack "smart Aleck" announcers who laugh while listeners wonder what it is all about. I mean the birds who say something *they think* is funny and then *laugh at it themselves.*

The bouquets, from captain to messboy, go to better class programs with professional announcers. It is encouraging to observe a majority of the crew prefer high class music to so-called "popular" entertainment.

In Radio Mirror I find a true reflection of broadcasting.

Tell us the story of HOW operas are broadcast. Give a running story of what happens "behind the scenes" in broadcasting an opera directly from the stage.

Henry J. Wiehr,
Lomita Park, California.

$1.00 PRIZE

A moment's thought will convince any one that Radio Broadcasting is the most astounding achievement of this marvelous age. I can sit at home and walk with all the great and small personages living. How in the world could one like me who cannot travel and who can not attend theatres and meetings ever know anything about our miraculous world without the radio?

Improvements can be made when the world learns that radios are common property and should be supported by subsidies from the people. We are depending on advertisers now to give us what is really nature's contribution to the human race. Cut out sorry, silly, useless broadcastings and substitute music like the best. Substitute more speeches by leading men and women. Make cheaper receiving sets and batteries for use in the country.

I'll tell you the honest truth, Radio Mirror is the only radio magazine that is worthy to be called a magazine. You are O. K. Go ahead and make it still better.

Alice Wisecarver,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

WATCH FOR RADIO MIRROR'S

BIG RADIO STAR CONTEST

Beginning Next Month

FUN—ENTERTAINMENT

BIG CASH PRIZES

A Feature for the Entire Family



A section of the "largest cast on the air," The Hoover Sentinels, heard every Sunday over the NBC airwaves

WE HAVE

● SUNDAY



Vivien Ruth sings love songs old and new on the Happy Wonder Bakers air program

11:15 A. M. Major Bowes' Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
Entertaining folks who've been with you a long time.

12:30 P. M. Radio City Concert—Radio City Symphony Orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.
A real musical treat, easily digested.

1:30 P. M. Little Miss Bab-o's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' Orchestra; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
A cute little trick in good company.

2:00 P. M. Bar-X Days and Nights—romance of the early West. (White's Cod Liver Oil Tablets). WJZ and associated stations.
Draymah of the days when men were men and boasted about it.

2:30 P. M. Lazy Dan, The Minstrel Man, with Irving Kaufman. (Old English Floor Wax). WABC and associated stations.
He's not the only lazy one.

3:00 P. M. Talkie Picture Time—sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware. WEAF and associated stations.
Now, we'll all go to the movies.

3:00 P. M. Symphonic Hour with Howard Barlow conducting. WABC and associated stations.
Mr. Barlow knows his arrangements.

5:15 P. M. Tony Wons, with Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, piano team. (S. C. Johnson Auto Polish). WABC and associated stations.
The old philosopher has some new ideas.

5:30 P. M. The Hoover Sentinels Concert—Edward Davies, baritone; Chicago Capella Choir direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
A delightful period for the late Sunday afternoons.

5:30 P. M. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.
This is one time we won't twist the dials.

7:00 P. M. Silken Strings—guest artist; Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.
How about those smooth, sleek ankles?

7:30 P. M. Bakers Broadcast, featuring Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist, and Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.
It looks like a Penner tidal wave and we hope the duck won't get drowned.

7:45 P. M. The Fitch Program—Wendall Hall. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
An entertaining singer with a tricky banjo twang.

Johnny Green, personable young song writer who turned orchestra director on the radio



8:00 P. M. Chase and Sanborn Hour—Jimmy Durante, comedian, and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.
Hearing Jimmy's only half the show, unfortunately. You just have to see that face.

8:30 P. M. California Melodies—from Los Angeles—Raymond Paige's Orchestra and guest stars. WABC and associated stations.
Once they had Clark Gable and then you heard the best speaking voice the airwaves have ever carried..

9:00 P. M. Gulf Headliners—Irving Berlin, the Pickens Sisters; The Revelers Quartet; Al Goodman and his orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
A song maker trying out new ones, and very successfully.

9:00 P. M. Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Smoothly timed so as not to make you dizzy.

9:00 P. M. Ward's Family Theatre, with guest stars, James Melton, Lean and Mayfield and Green Stripe Orchestra. (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Here's an amusing family, say we.

9:30 P. M. American Album of Familiar Music—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer Aspirin). WEAF and associated stations.
A pair of pianists we don't want to do without and Mr. Munn has such a swell voice.

EASTERN DAYLIGHT

WITH US—



She's the blues singer of the Showboat Hour this young Annette Hanshaw with the little voice

9:30 P. M. The Jergens Program—Walter Winchell. WJZ and associated stations. (Andrew Jergens Co.)
Where does he get all that inside stuff?

9:30 P. M. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians (Ford Motor Co.). Also on Thursday night. WABC and associated stations.
If the car's as good as the music, the roads ought to be full of them.

10:00 P. M. Chevrolet Program—Victor Young and his orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
Pleasant music but we miss Jack Benny.

10:00 P. M. Madame Schumann-Heink and Harvey Hays (Gerber & Co., Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.
The grandest old lady who's still a wonderful artist.

10:00 P. M. Wayne King and His Orchestra (Lady Esther Co.). WABC and associated stations. Also Monday.
Waltz-time that makes you forget all the hi-di-hi business.

10:30 P. M. Hall of Fame—guest artist; orchestra direction of Nat Shilkret. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
An air veteran up to new musical tricks.

10:30 P. M. "Forty-Five Minutes In Hollywood" (The Borden Company). WABC and associated stations.
And it's not long enough for some of us.

11:30 P. M. Ben Pollock and his Casino de Paree Orchestra from New York. WEAF and network.
Time to dance now.

● MONDAY

10:00 A. M. Breen and de Rose—vocal and instrumental duo—daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
A pair of old favorites we always welcome.

10:15 P. M. Bill and Ginger (C. F. Mueller Co.). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
To make you think of macaroni.

10:15 A. M. Clara, Lu 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. Daily except Saturday and Sunday (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Those inveterate gossips do go on.

11:15 A. M. Will Osborne and His Orchestra with Pedro De Cordoba and his family philosophy. (Corn Products Refining Co.). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
A good orchestra and some advice worth taking.

12:00 Noon The Voice of Experience (Wasey Products, Inc.). Daily except Sunday and also Monday at 3:15 P. M. and Tuesday at 8:15 P. M. WABC and associated stations.
He gets a world of troubles.

2:15 P. M. Romance of Helen Trent (Edna Wallace Hopper, Cosmetics). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
A smoothly-paced serial sketch that holds interest.

Emery Deutch, CBS staff director has blossomed as a violin soloist on several weekly programs



5:15 P. M. Skippy—Daily except Saturday and Sunday (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
Yoo-Hoo, Skippy! It's playtime.

5.30 P. M. The Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories—daily except Saturday and Sunday (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.
More stuff for the kiddies.

5:30 P. M. Jack Armstrong, The All American Boy (Wheaties). Daily except Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
To make the children ask for them.

5:45 P. M. Little Orphan Annie—childhood playlet with Shirley Bell and Allan Baruck. (Wander Company). Daily except Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.
Poor little Annie.

6:00 P. M. Buck Rogers in the 25th Century. (Coco-malt). Also Tuesday, Wed. and Thurs. WABC and associated stations.
We'll never know whether they're right.

6:15 P. M. Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim (Hecker H-O Cereals). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
The children ought to be healthy after all this.

6:45 P. M. Dixie Circus—Uncle Bob Sherwood and Frank Novak's Orchestra (Dixie drinking cups). WABC and associated stations.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday programs continued on page 72

SAVING TIME

By the Oracle who knows all about stars, programs and personalities from Coast to Coast and who'll tell you anything you want to know

CAN you tell me something about a Jules Lande, the musical director, his age, is he married?—Una G., Freeport, L. I.

He's a violinist, conductor and program director, was born June 6, 1896, is single and has won quite a reputation as a long distance swimmer. O. K.?

Are Raymond Knight's real children in his radio sketch? —Mrs. T. H. M., Boston.

No. Their names are Bobby Jordan and Emily Vass.

Is Gene Arnold an Englishman?—Tom R., Atlanta.

What made you think so? He was born in Newton, Ill.

To settle an argument will you tell us the date of birth of Ethel Shutta and George Olsen?—The Long Twins, Troy, N. Y.

Ethel was born on January 1 and George on March 18 but they won't say what year.

What was the title of Eddie Duchin's theme song when he was not on a commercial program over the Columbia network?—Frank R., Oswego.

That was Eddie's own little brain child, "Be My Lover."

Where will Isham Jones play this summer, and are Eddie Stone and Joe Martin married?—Nelle, Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. Jones will serenade at the Ritz Carlton in Atlantic City. Good news! Joe Martin is single and Eddie Stone was married. I said WAS.

Who take the parts of Brad and Marge in "Myrt and Marge"? —Fannie B., Baldwin, N. Y.

Brad is played by Cliff Bunston and Donna Damerell is Marge.

Don't you think Rubinoff plays beautifully? How old is he and is he married?—Gertrude J., Detroit.

My, my, don't the girls worry about Rubinoff's domesticity. Well, he's not married and yes, I think he plays beautifully. He was born in 1898.

We've had a discussion about Rudy Vallee's nationality. My friend says he's of German lineage. Is that right?—B. N. V., Denver.

Your friend's wrong. Rudy's a native New Englander of French Canadian descent.

Why don't we hear more about Walter O'Keefe? I think he's wonderful on the air. Please tell me something about him.— F. Green, San Antonio.

You and how many others! Walter's a versatile young man who not only sings well but writes good songs, too. He was born August 8, 1900, attended Notre Dame and is married. Does that help?

I read some place a few months ago that Mae West had signed a contract to go on the air every week for some company but I've never heard anything more about it. Was that correct?—George D., Toledo.

Miss West was negotiating with a sponsor to broadcast weekly from the West Coast but the plans never went through. The scintillating Mae has been heard several times as a guest star, though.

I miss Cab Calloway's music on the radio. Can you tell me whatever happened to him?—Dorothy A., St. Louis.

He has just returned from a tour through Europe and will make a vaudeville tour all over the country for the summer, returning to the club in Harlem next fall. Hi-di-ho!

Do you know anything about a Doris Roche whom I heard broadcasting from Los Angeles several times? Is she a regular radio artist? I liked her voice. Edward W., San Bernardino.

She was an orchestra singer at a Hollywood restaurant and was heard on the air with that program. Her husband is Sammy Cohen, the movie comedian.

Can you tell me who is older, Lanny Ross or Conrad Thibault and is it true that they're both single?—Helen B., Kansas City.

They're both unattached. Conrad is twenty-nine and Lanny's twenty-seven. Did you read the story about Mr. Ross, in the front of the book this month and did you like those grand pictures of him?

I know girls don't like to tell their ages, but can you give me an idea how old Annette Hanshaw is?—J. K., Binghamton, N. Y.

I'll not only give you an idea but the exact date. She was born on October 18, 1910. Now isn't that service?

I don't think you like Fred Waring because you don't use much on him in your magazine?—V. C., Austin, Tex.

How can you say that if you've been reading RADIO MIRROR. We had a big feature story about him and the boys





WANT TO KNOW?

in his orchestra in our March issue called, "Waring of the Blues," to say nothing of half a dozen pictures at various times. We like Waring's music as much as you do. But we've got to give the others a chance, too.

Is Eddie Cantor off the air for good?—Kenneth G., Pittsburgh.

No, and aren't you glad? He's away from the mike while he's making a picture for Samuel Goldwyn out in Hollywood. Just be patient. He'll be back.

Isn't it true that Jack Pearl, the Baron, has only appeared in one picture made in California?—Thomas Davis, Charleston, S. C.

No, he made two films for M-G-M, "Meet the Baron" and he also appears in "Hollywood Party". Come again.

Looking over the RADIO MIRROR, I came upon a picture of Jack Whiting and it said he was the young step-father of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Does that mean he married Mr. Fairbanks' first wife?—Doris E., Frederick, Md.

The present Mrs. Jack Whiting was Beth Sully, who married Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., divorced him later and then he married Mary Pickford. So of course Jack is young Doug's step-father.

What is the name of the song that Peter de Rose wrote which was featured in a Broadway show?—Marguerite T., the Bronx., N. Y.

"Wagon Wheels", featured in the Ziegfeld Follies.

I understand Harry Richman is coming back on the air. Is it true that he is still in love with Clara Bow? And what program will he sing for?—Genevieve V., Baltimore.

Be yourself. Do you honestly think Richman still loves Clara Bow? You ought to read Alice in Wonderland again. Just the same he's a good air performer and he's now with Conoco program Wednesdays over the NBC chain.

We'll tell you more about him later.

What program does Tiny Ruffner announce besides the "Show Boat" and "The Hour of Smiles"?—MIRROR Reader, Middletown, Pa.

The only other one is the Palmolive Hour.

Phil Duey is my favorite baritone. Is he married?—Bernice F., Worcester, Mass.

Sorry, but he is married and the proud father of James Philip, aged six and Barbara Nell, aged three and a half. But don't get discouraged. There are plenty of bachelors left on the air waves.

Can you tell me from what station I can hear Ted Lewis and his orchestra? I haven't heard him in almost a year when he closed his engagement at the Dell, playing through WBBM, Chicago.—Ralph R. Thompson, Ridgeley, W. Va.

He's not on any of the chain stations at the present time. And thanks for the posies.

I think Jan Garber is a grand orchestra leader. Why don't they use him more? What is he doing now?—H. Z., Seattle.

Garber is now providing the music for the Yeast Foamers on NBC and doing a good job of it, too.

Is it true that Ben Bernie has gone into the movies? Why does he always have a cigar in his mouth when his picture is taken?—G. M. Butte, Mont.

Bernie made one picture for Paramount and they were so pleased with his work, they put him in another right away. The real reason, and don't say we told you, why Bernie is always pictured with a cigar in his mouth is because they never can catch him without one. The maestro uses up twenty-five black cigars a day, not counting those he gives away.

Was Mrs. Bing Crosby an important actress before she married Bing?—Stella R., Philadelphia.

Yes, as Dixie Lee she had risen to the rank of a leading ingenue on the Fox lot, appearing in several of the Movietone musical pictures.

Is Father Coughlin off the air permanently?—Thomas H., Montpelier, Vt.

No, he plans to return to the air as soon as possible, probably in the early fall.

Is Eddie Duchin married? I'd hate to think he is because to me his music is wonderful.—Alice Q., New York City.

Eddie's a bachelor, though they do say there are any number of beautiful damsels who would like to be Mrs. Duchin. Now, Alice, what has the fact of a marriage got to do with his music? Are you sure it's his music you think is wonderful?

How can I direct a letter to Lanny Ross?—G. B., Roanoke Va.

Either to the NBC Studios, Rockefeller City, New York or to the Paramount Studios in Hollywood.

Do you want to know something about your broadcast favorites? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City



Dialing the Short Waves





BY GLOBE TWISTER

NO matter how blasé you are, you can get a thrill every time you turn on your short wave set.

Do you like detective stories? There are a thousand true ones being enacted right before you, with all the excitement of the chase—the war of society against organized crime.

Do you like to meet new people—to hear their ideas? Are you interested in the technical side of radio? Do you enjoy comedy dialogue? All of these are given to you by the amateurs, those boys and girls who operate radio stations not for profit, but for the sheer fun of it.

Do you get a kick out of tuning-in far distant stations? Does the music of foreign lands beckon you? Do you like to get practise on languages? Dozens of stations all over the world await the turn of your dial.

Or are you a busybody, who likes to pry into other people's business? Even then the short waves are your best field, for code messages await the eager interceptor.

Now you want to know how these programs are to be found. Assuming that you have a good short wave or all-wave set, and an efficient antenna installation, we'll start at 200 meters and gradually work our way downward, into the shorter waves.

Right below the broadcasting stations, you'll find some police. Those in Framingham, Mass., and East Lansing, Mich., use the 1574 kilocycle (190 meter) wave, and a step below them, on 175 meters (1712 kilocycles) are the police departments of Chicago, Ill., Arlington and Somerville, Mass., Houston, Dallas, Wichita Falls and Beaumont, Tex., Providence, R. I., Lexington, Ky., Pasadena and Los Angeles, Calif., Pittsburgh, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

After passing another group of amateurs, holding phone conversations on the 75 to 77 meter (2900—4000 kilocycle) band, you may, if you are both lucky and skillful, get station RW15 in Khabarovsk, Siberia, or HVJ in Vatican City.

The Soviet station is one of the most powerful short wave transmitters outside the United States. It uses 20,000 watts on the 4273 kilocycle (70.2 meter) wave, and is scheduled daily from 3:00 A. M. to 9:00 A. M., Eastern Standard Time.

The Italian station's schedule calls for broadcasts at 2:00 P. M. daily, but the programs are planned to run for only fifteen minutes, so your set must be quickly tuned to 5968 kilocycles (50.21 meters) if you hope to hear it. Its power is 10,000 watts.



Some eighteen more stations are crowded into the next band, from 6000 to 6140 kilocycles (50 to 48.86 meters). Their locations range all the way from Moscow to Montreal; from New York to Nairobi; from (*Continued on page 67*)

The Beautiful Stooge

(*Continued from page* 13)

That Mrs. Toots stuff wouldn't make a bad gag. Still, most waitresses on Broadway had a few stock lines and this girl was probably just another dumb sister. Pretty, though. But with just a dollar in his pocket, there wasn't much use in being too friendly. He gave the rest of his order and there were no more comments from the girl.

He began his serious thinking.

For at least two years Toby had planned most of his engagements on the sidewalk in front of the Palace. And now even that spot, long sacred to vaudeville performers who were "resting" had lost its charm. The Palace, once the heaven of vaudeville folks, was now a movie theatre.

In the past year new words and phrases had crept into conversations in front of the Palace. Take this word 'audition' for example. Everybody was having auditions. Instead of try-outs at Loew's in Jersey City one had an audition in a broadcasting studio, where one did an act before a strange thing called a microphone. Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn had led the parade of Broadway celebrities to those mysterious broadcasting studios. Burns and Allen, who weren't exactly sensational in vaudeville, became nationally known in radio. Performers who had never even played the Palace, got radio jobs, developed something called 'mike technique' and became famous.

TOBY had gone to see Mose Miller, his agent, about this radio stuff.

"This radio racket won't last long" Toby had declared, "but you better get me in on some of it, Mose."

Mose shook his head.

"It's going to last" he said. "Look at the talkies. Everybody said they were just a craze. But just look at 'em. Same in radio. Trouble is I can't help you. I know the guys in the booking offices but to get radio jobs you got to know fellers in advertising agencies. You better see if you can't get on some small station and get some experience, Toby."

Toby was shocked!

"Me on a small station with Jack Benny and the Marxes and them others on coast-to-coast hook-ups. I played the Palace once. I'm as good as them guys any day."

He had meant it, too, and he would have been a headliner in a few years if terrible things hadn't happened to vaudeville.

"Wish I could help you, Toby" Mose repeated. "I'm joining a golf club where a lot of advertising men play all the time but it's going to be six months before I get on the inside track of this radio booking stuff. Come back and see me then. Say," Mose added suddenly, "You're married, ain't you?"

Toby nodded.

"Better get hold of your wife, then," said Mose, "and figure on writing her into any radio act you do. Wives is lucky on the air. Gracie Allen is George Burns' wife. Cantor can't do a program without talking about Ida and

NUMBER THIRTEEN IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"The trouble, Madame, is not with your heart... *but in your head!*"





Dr. Helene Stourzh has a large private practice in Vienna. She holds rank as one of the most distinguished gynecologists of Austria.

" 'Doctor . . . it's heart trouble' . . . these were her first grim words as she walked in.

"And she followed with the most convincing list of symptoms I ever heard. It was all imagined; a neurosis brought on by fear. She had a perfect heart!

" 'The trouble, madame,' I said, 'is not with your heart but in your head.'

"Many married women are like this. Some slight feminine irregularity throws them into panic; panic may bring on physical symptoms. But knowledge of the proper method of marriage hygiene replaces fear with peace of mind. And with peace of mind the symptoms vanish.

"The best and simplest technique of marriage hygiene is the "Lysol" method.

"Lysol" antiseptic, in proper dilution, used as a hygienic measure regularly, is perfect for this purpose."

(*Signed*) DR. HELENE STOURZH

"Lysol" is indeed the perfect antiseptic for marriage hygiene. It destroys germs, even in the presence of organic matter, pursues them into hidden folds of the feminine membranes. Yet it is gentle, soothing—never irritating in effect. That it is used as an antiseptic in childbirth proves it safe and mild enough for even the most sensitive feminine membranes.

"Lysol" kills germs. No other antiseptic has such universal acceptance. Leading physicians all over the world have preferred it for forty years. Whenever they must be sure they turn to "Lysol."

To married women, the use of "Lysol" assures perfect cleanliness, a refreshing sense of well-being.

Lysol Disinfectant

Let "Lysol" guard the family health
Doctors order "Lysol" in cases of mumps, measles, diphtheria. Also as protection against influenza, tonsilitis, grippe, common colds. Disinfect clothing (especially handkerchiefs) and rooms with "Lysol" after every illness.



Facts every married woman should know
Mail coupon for a copy of our interesting brochure —"Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired.

☐ Preparation for Motherhood
☐ Keeping a Healthy Home

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., *Dept. L 7*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ *State* _____

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1934

"HALL OF FAME" on the air Sunday nights—10:30 E D S T . . WEAF and N. B. C. coast-to-coast hook-up

look at Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa or Jack Benny and Mary Livingston."

Toby had left Mose, and after talking to a few other agents, decided he'd figure out his own career in radio.

He made an amazingly shrewd analysis of the whys and wherefores of radio comedians. Unlike vaudeville, radio meant a new act every week. Fresh and untested material. Therefore, a performer needed a good writer. Without a writer, he didn't have a chance. Certain other well known comics made radio debuts and didn't last long. They'd overlooked the necessity of fresh material each week.



Toby Malone

Toby had a wife. He'd met her in Dallas when she was dancing in a miniature revue that was playing the same theatre where Toby was appearing. It rained in Dallas that week and somehow or another, when Toby left Dallas, Eunice was Mrs. Malone. It didn't last long as a working arrangement. Eunice had her 'career' and they separated. A divorce was expensive and didn't seem necessary so they hadn't bothered. Toby didn't even know where Eunice was. He had last heard of her as a minor principal in a musical comedy in Chicago. At any rate, Eunice wouldn't fit into the radio idea. Eunice thought she could sing and Toby knew she couldn't.

He had decided Mose was right. A wife was necessary and he planned his whole campaign for a radio contract on that "wife" and on a material writer. Today he had to find the wife.

Quite a few people were lunching in Le Pierrot. Toby caught snatches of conversation.

"We're booked from 8:30 to 9:00 on a twenty-three station network" came from one table.

"NBC couldn't see Morton Downey but Columbia took a chance and look what happened—" from another.

This, apparently, was a radio hangout. Just luck that he'd happened in there. Toby considered it a good sign. There were half a dozen pretty girls in the place. Toby wondered if they'd had radio experience. What would they say if he walked up to one and said:

"Will you be my wife?"

Of course, he could explain but it would probably be difficult and the girl would think he was crazy or something.

The onion soup arrived. Toby took another look at his waitress. She was a pretty thing with dark red hair and features that made one think of the pictures of the best-looking society girl in the rotogravures.

Perhaps she *was* a society girl who had lost her fortune, Toby thought.

"Listen" said Toby, "Haven't I seen your pictures in the papers?"

"Please" said the waitress, "Don't expect me to fall for that one. The answer is in a funny paper, isn't it?"

"Gosh" said Toby, "you do know the answers!"

"The only answer I know is 'no'," said the red head quietly—and left Toby with his onion soup.

Toby continued to glance at his neighbors. At a table just opposite him were two men. One was tall, slightly hawk-nosed and had a tiny, straggling blonde mustache. He was dressed in a rough tweed that had an unpressed but expensive look. His companion, short and dapper, might have been a bond salesman in the days when there were bond salesmen.

The two men had finished their meal and Toby had heard the man in tweeds order brandy twice. Finally the dapper man got up. The tweeded one protested and remained at the table but his companion left.

Toby had finished his onion soup and by now had almost finished the main course. He ordered coffee from the red-headed waitress and then glanced across the table to see the man in tweeds grinning at him. Toby grinned back. The man, picking up his brandy glass, arose and crossed to Toby's table.



Margy Wayne

"I say" he said, in an accent that was more Oxford than Harvard, "D'you mind if I sit down?"

"Go ahead, old timer" Toby invited. The man might be interesting.

"Join me in a brandy?" the visitor asked.

Toby started to accept then remembered he couldn't afford to make the same offer. He shook his head.

"That's terrible. Really, it's terrible" said the man in tweeds. "Drinking alone is a horrible habit but I do want to drink. Just one, old chap, just to keep me company." He beckoned to the waitress.

"Two more brandies" he ordered. He smiled at her and she smiled back.

Toby mentioned that it was a nice day.

"Silly remark, that," said the man in tweeds. "Just intended to break the jolly old conversational ice. But bother the conventions. My name is Augustus Octavius Blake. My father, a dear old chap, had a liking for those illustrious Romans and hung the name on me. Call me Gus."

"I'm Toby Malone. Perhaps you've seen my act?" Toby was sure he had—but hoped for a compliment.

"Uh . . . actor chap, eh? No . . . haven't seen it. With the Theatre Guild, perhaps?"

"No" said Toby, mentally deciding the man was dumb after all. "Not this season. I'm . . . I'm auditioning just at present."

"Auditioning . . . uh . . . that means being heard, doesn't it? Tweeds reached for his brandy and peered at Toby as he warmed the glass in his hands.

"Yes . . . for radio, you know. I'm a radio comedian. Expect to sign a big contract any day now." Toby hoped the guy wasn't too familiar with radio.

Augustus Octavius regarded Toby solemnly.

"Imagine" he said, "Meeting one of those radio persons. It's a limited hemisphere, isn't it?"

"Huh?" said Toby.

"Small world, after all, you know."

That sounded pretty good to Toby. He chuckled. Jack Benny would have used that line.

"Drink your brandy and we'll have another," commanded Gus. He waved at the waitress.

"I say," he continued, "do you want to hear a good joke. You can use it if you like!"

Toby did. Perhaps he could turn the story over to his material writer—if he ever found one.

It was a good story. Toby laughed and his companion told another.

"Do you know a lot like that?" Toby asked, scratching his nose and trying not to seem too interested.

"Dozens of them," said Augustus Octavius, who by now had absorbed three more brandies and had persuaded Toby to have another one. "Did you ever hear about—" and he started another yarn.

"That was swell. Listen—are you a material writer?" Toby asked.

"A what?"

"A gag man. A man who writes jokes and comedy lines for a comic" Toby explained. He looked at Augustus carefully. He wasn't sure whether he was being kidded or not.

"I'm afraid not. Matter of fact, I'm a professor of Greek philosophy but temporarily unengaged," Augustus Octavius explained.

"Oh," said Toby. "A professor! Gee, prof . . . you'd make a swell gag man!"

"Rather! Several chaps I'd enjoy gagging . . ."

"That's good . . . we can use that, too, maybe . . . Prof—you're just the man I need!"

"Employment?" queried Professor Gus.



Augustus Octavius Blake

And Toby explained. The professor listened intently and managed to absorb another brandy while he listened.

"Splendid," said the professor. "You're going to be one of those funny radio fellows and I'm to write funny things for

you to say. My word. What fun! Of course, I'll do it . . ."

Tony remembered how little change there would be from that dollar. . . .

"Uh . . . I could pay you a salary," he said, "but I imagine you'd rather work on a percentage."

"That's customary, I imagine," said the professor, nodding his head solemnly. "Very good."

"Ten per cent." said Toby quickly . . . "And when you stop to consider that radio comedians are paid up to five thousand a week, that's pretty good money."

"Five hundred a week. My word! And just for jotting down funny sayings. It's marvellous."

"Though I may not get quite that to start . . . perhaps just a thousand." Toby tried to make this sound like a remote possibility.

"Still jolly . . . a hundred a week sounds very interesting at the moment."

"Good" said Toby, sticking his hand across the table. "It's a deal. Now we've got to get busy and put together an audition script."

They shook hands solemnly and wandered out of Le Pierrot together—Professor Gus almost prancing and not too much the worse for six or seven brandies.

THREE days later they went again to Le Pierrot. During those three days they had been busy. Professor Gus had been writing and re-writing that audition script. Toby, incapable of creating a line of original material, knew comedy when he read it and edited and again edited the efforts of the professor. It was necessary to negotiate a few loans. In the meantime Toby scampered around Broadway looking for a 'wife' and also spent hours each day trying to see the program manager of the Consolidated Broadcasting Company.

That morning everything had happened at once. Toby had arrived at CBC at just the right time. The program board had decided that CBC must find and develop another radio comedian because all that advertisers seemed to want were comedians. Charles Lorton, the program manager, decided to talk to Toby and after hearing his earnest plea for a chance, set an audition date.

Things move fast in radio and when Toby declared he could go on the air at an hour's notice, Lorton set the audition for three o'clock that afternoon.

At eleven o'clock that morning, Toby had yet to find his 'wife'. And the script was written for a 'wife'. At ten minutes after eleven he met Feather Blane, a chorus girl Toby remembered Feather had danced in an Ed Wynn show and was funny at parties. If anybody knew comedy Feather ought to know it.

He didn't waste a moment in explaining the situation. Feather had immediate dreams of a glamorous career on the air and agreed to meet Toby and the professor at Le Pierrot at one o'clock.

"We'll get a table in the corner and run over the lines there. We get the

AND TO THINK THEY USED TO CALL ME SKINNY



SKINNY?
NEW EASY WAY ADDS POUNDS
so fast you're amazed

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times, iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid attractive flesh—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, handsome flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining good-looking pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs get husky, skin clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some inferior imitation. Insist on the genuine "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Posed by professional models

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 227 Atlanta, Ga.

studio for a half hour before the real audition so we can rehearse," Toby explained.

"I'll be there," Feather promised and left Toby to buy some new silk stockings. These radio executives were probably human like anyone else, she thought.

At ten minutes past one the professor had his first brandy and Toby decided he didn't want anything quite as filling as onion soup. At one thirty the professor was sipping his third brandy and had thought up two new gags for the audition script. He pencilled them in.

At ten minutes past two Toby realized he had his audition in fifty minutes and was due at CBC for a rehearsal in twenty minutes. Still no 'wife'. Then the telephone rang. The red-haired waitress answered it and came to Toby's table. He jumped to the 'phone before she had a chance to speak.

Toby was literally tearing his hair when he returned.

"We're sunk," he wailed. "Feather just 'phoned to say she can't get here. She's got a job as a fan dancer in Philadelphia and has to catch the three o'clock train."

"Two double brandies," the professor ordered.

"Listen prof", Toby pleaded . . . "Don't drink any more. We got to get to this audition. I'll go on without a wife. I'll do a single . . . a monologue. You've got to write the whole script in twenty minutes."

"Wait," said the professor, "I have an inspiration. Here it comes!"

The waitress arrived with the double brandies.

"Professor, please," Toby almost had tears in his eyes. His chance was gone for sure if the professor disturbed his delicate balance between the ability to write fluently and being just plain tight.

"My dear," said the professor, addressing the waitress, "What is your name?"

The waitress looked startled.

"Margy," she said. "Margy Wayne."

"And how soon are you through with your duties here?"

"I'm supposed to be through now," she said, "But—"

"Splendid," said the professor, "Get your hat and coat or whatever it is you wear. You really must help us out!"

"But," Margy began. . . .

"Chance for a great career, my dear," the professor said gently. "And you can trust us. Look at us carefully! Now, you know you can trust us! Hurry . . . now . . . we have only ten minutes."

"Professor!" Toby wailed. "She ain't in the business. She ain't an actress . . . why . . . why . . . she'll ruin everything. . . ."

"Shhhh," said the professor solemnly. "Just trust Gus . . . Gus never failed a friend yet . . . and titian-haired damsels have always been lucky in our family."

Will Toby get his air contract? Who'll get the red-head? Follow the thrilling adventures in radioland of this amazing trio. Romance! Drama! Heartbreaks! Success? In August RADIO MIRROR.

I Speak for Myself

(*Continued from page 25*)

enemies. Thousands of favors were asked me, most of them literally impossible to grant. Young composers would send me their songs to sing over the air, would-be singers wrote me asking to arrange auditions! Charity was always knocking at my door. In the beginning, I could not bear to turn anyone away, but Ted Collins told me that if I kept it up the Kate Smith bank account would be zero! He did some investigating, and proved to me that a great deal of the money I gladly gave was not used wisely—and that I was being something of a "sucker." He finally took complete charge of my finances—and none of the money I earn can be drawn by me without his added signature!

I found a number of rumors cropping up about me everywhere, another disadvantage of whatever fame I can claim! Lots of people asserted that they "knew me when". Squelching all those stories would have been a full-time job! One of the favorite yarns was that I used to sing in low-down night clubs. Well, the only experience I had as a night club singer were College Inn, Chicago, for two weeks during the engagement of "Flying High" in that city, also appearances at the Central Park Casino in New York, during my second year of broadcasting!

My two and a half years on the air—crammed with every conceivable kind of activity—were attendance-perfect with the exception of missing one broadcast. I slipped up on one unavoidably during a trip to Virginia to attend Admiral Byrd's farewell party. My health stood under the strain remarkably, but I have a tendency toward sinus trouble! In 1932 I caught a cold which hung on persistently, but Ted solved the problem by setting up a temporary broadcasting studio at Lake Placid! Nat Brusiloff, Ted, Mrs. Collins and myself dashed up there for a vacation combined with work. The only thing Ted forgot was to supply an announcer—but as usual he conquered the emergency—conquered it by announcing my programs himself! He was so successful in this capacity, that he remained my announcer throughout our La Palina contract.

We made a long jump across the continent to Hollywood for "Hello Everybody," my first picture. I was thrilled, and although I worked hard I had a marvelous time. Ted, Mrs. Collins and I rented Monte Blue's beautiful house in Beverly Hills. There was a swimming pool and tennis court on the estate, and we all spent as much time in the sunshine as possible.

Without a doubt the biggest social event of my life was the party the film folks gave for me at "Cocoanut Grove." I am quite a movie fan myself, so it was a thrill and a joy to meet so many of the stars. I am sure I was as curious as a high school kid to find out whether they resembled the characters they played on the screen.

While I was on the coast, I invested in some specially designed clothes. Oh, I adored them! They included evening clothes, street dresses, and a baby-lamb coat with a turban hat of the same fur! Simply made, but the lines were excellent. I lost all these treasures in a recent fire at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where I was vacationing for two weeks during my tour of the West with my show, "The Swanee Review". It has just broken my heart, because I have so little time to shop, and acquiring a complete wardrobe of clothes I liked was a real relief. Well, I'll just have to start all over again!

This fall my appointment by President Roosevelt as Chairman of the NRA for Radio, Stage and Screen was without a doubt the greatest honor ever conferred on me. I am proud of my job, and take it very seriously. I added forty people to my payroll to work on NRA projects!

When I left the radio late in 1933, I know there were many conjectures about why I abandoned the airwaves. I did it, truthfully, to have a change! Ted had received marvelous offers from vaudeville theaters all over the country, and I thought it would be a lot of fun to troupe around through the West and get acquainted with some of my friends first-hand.

Well, it *was* fun, after several years of a steady diet of Manhattan life. We had some "Swanee Review" scenery made, with a specially constructed moon which was to rise over a "prop" mountain at the end of the show. Ted and Jack Miller organized a seventeen-piece orchestra, tap dancers, an impersonator and a rope twirler were added to our 52-minute show—and we started off for the West in three special cars! Four and five shows a day has kept me jumping, but I am homesick for radio, and may be back on the air by the time these words of mine are in print!

After hearing about the wild and woolly west, it was a great thrill for me to meet Chief Conoco and the Winnebago Indians—who inducted Ted and me into the tribe as Hom'b-o-goo-winga, and Ma-xi-jus-ka (Glory of the Morn and Red Cloud). One of my favorite souvenirs is the pair of baby beaded moccasins which Mrs. Black Wolf gave me!

Every once in a while a story crops up about how much I want to retire and "get away from it all". That, if I may say so plainly, is just "cock-eyed". I love the excitement of this life, and would be lost if I had to be a home-girl! Of course there are times when I feel that I would like nothing better than to be stranded on a desert island

with no songs to sing, and chocolate sundaes growing on trees—but most of the time I get a great kick out of being Kate Smith.

Of course, some day I expect to be married, and to have a home of my own—(a nice big stone house in mountainous country)—but that day is still far in the future. In the meantime I want to go on singing as long as folks like to hear me sing! And rain or shine, you can depend on me to bring my moon over the mountain!

The End

The Famous Are Fans, Too

(*Continued from page* 21)

and Budd, for instance, because of their unprofessional, pleasantly awkward manner like that of one's own good-natured friends who do parlor entertaining. I enjoy Lowell Thomas and Harlan Eugene Read among commentators. The reports of the Byrd Expedition are exciting but I wonder if they are worth risking so many lives to have.

"I often find interesting broadcasts late at night after the time devoted to advertising is ended. Among these are One Man's Family which comes from California and John Erskine on the Lively Arts program.

"Only one act so far has made me really blush. It's called 'Your Lover' and is done by one of those he-man singers, who chants love songs to the women in the afternoon when their menfolks are away. He commands the 'girls' to come close so that he can put his arms around them, makes kissing sounds and breathes hard as if overcome by emotion!"

WHILE you're recovering from that last picture, let me introduce Mrs. Henry Breckinridge, well-known both in welfare work and society. Mrs. Breckinridge, mother of two attractive children, was one of the famous De Acosta women, all of them great beauties. Mr. Breckinridge is Charles Lindbergh's attorney. Ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Breckinridge speaking to you from a table in the restaurant of the Colony Club.

"Has anybody made a study of what constitutes radio personality? (she asks) I should think such a study would be important since so much depends upon personality. To me, for instance, opera on the radio fails because it needs the visible personality of the singer to put it over. In the same way, certain comedians need to be seen to be appreciated. Will Rogers made me roar with laughter on the stage but leaves me cold when I hear him on the radio.

"Most announcers, though, work hard, too hard at being personalities. They sound as if they had spent hours declaiming their pieces in the rehearsal room. At that, though, I'd rather have men than women announcers. Women's speaking voices over the air are usually terrible.

"Because of that intangible aerial 'it'

Very Smart!

This complete eye make up by

Maybelline



STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect *safety* if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids have been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. They are accepted by the highest authorities and contain no dyes. For beauty's sake, and for *safety's* sake, obtain genuine, pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. 10c sizes at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow
delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener
instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown, Blue.



The Approved Mascara

or lack of it, some politicians will be wrecked by radio while others are made. President Roosevelt has been made. But if a certain prominent public man whose name I won't mention, is wise, he will take to the air as seldom as possible. His voice, which in ordinary speech is quite normal, comes over my receiving set as an unpleasant whiny falsetto.

"Dr. Raymond Fosdick on Sunday afternoon supplies my favorite program of the week. There's personality for you! And inspiration and power! The other day, I took an earlier train home from Washington than I intended so that I might not miss the Fosdick hour. I have known my eighteen-year-old daughter to stay in Sunday afternoons for the same reason.

"Incidentally, I'd love to know how much of the average sponsor's product is actually sold by radio advertising. My children used to call an orchestra that they liked very much by the name of the cigarette that paid for it on the air but I never saw either of them buy or smoke the cigarette. Apparently, they didn't make the connection. Do most listeners?"

Well, I'm not sure, and I suppose the sponsors wonder, too. Or maybe they know by now. Meantime, we have with us Will Irwin, president of the Author's Guild, famous war correspondent when there is a war, and just as famous for his peace-time articles on personality, politics and economics when there isn't. Mr. Irwin is also the husband of Inez Haynes Irwin, illustrious novelist and short-story writer who during the course of Mr. Irwin's remarks will, after the way of wives, interpolate a few sentiments of her own.

The Irwins are speaking to you from the charming drawing room of their house in Greenwich Village, furnished in priceless early American antiques. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin!

"Sightless drama is still in search of a form—(says Mr. Irwin). The radio industry is now doing what the motion picture industry did for a long time—paying out enormous sums for acting and little or nothing for script. The result is that its drama is almost entirely melodrama, and therefore on an unreasonably low plane. But that will end and in time to come we'll laugh heartily at our present attempts just as we now whoop unrestrainedly when for a stunt some theatre runs off an early one-reeler. The silent films were years finding the way to make our imaginations supply sound. The radio has an equally difficult ask in stimulating the imagination to supply sight.

"ALTHOUGH I'm sure the time is near when the President of the United States will speak to the country on national affairs at least once a week, I don't believe that statesmen and orators have yet learned to use the radio to full advantage. Most of them still talk as they did when the audience could see their gestures and facial expression.

"Music is done better. Broadcasting has had longer practice at that."

Voice of Mrs. Irwin: "If I were not a writing woman, I'd keep my radio on all day so that I wouldn't miss any treasures in the way of either music *or* speech. What you get is so marvelous that it makes staying at home fascinating. As an artist, it appeals to me, too, that any number of people who haven't the figure or face for public appearances can make good on the air. Also that we can have our retired actors and actresses with us again. I sat and cried with joy when Julia Marlowe was put on not long ago. Her voice was so beautiful."

Mr. Irwin resuming: "While radio on the whole has grown steadily in taste, in some cases and on some stations there seems to be still a premium on bad taste and especially on sloppy English. Apparently that is a concession to the fact that as a people we are deliberately careless about our speech. Anybody who sounds as if he were college-bred is instantly under a handicap. In this case, however, I think the radio should defy public taste and build up a national ear that would demand better phonetics. That would be to everybody's advantage in the end."

Voice of Mrs. Irwin: "Radio will change our language anyway. I predict that it will produce a new kind of English, more direct, briefer and always to the point. Ramblers aren't allowed even now on the air."

That's true enough—just see how radio has revolutionized after-dinner speaking!

And now I have the pleasure of introducing Miss Lena Madesin Phillips, lawyer and head of the National Council of Women, a clearing house for American women's organizations with their thousands of members. Miss Phillips, who is one of the staunchest warriors I know in any cause for right or justice, speaks to you from her office desk, piled high with reports and letters from women all over the world. Miss Phillips:

"MUCH as I like radio, I must admit that there are some programs whose appeal I cannot understand, (she begins). Mind you, I don't object in the least to simplicity. It's false sentimentality and cheapness that I deplore. I find these defects not so much in what is said or sung as in the manner of its doing. So many voices on the air today are hard-boiled and common. So many women who talk to women adopt a sentimental, patronizing air. So many jokes are old and stupid when they ought to be fresh and new.

"This all seems to me the essence of vulgarity. I don't mind at all if women want to hear a good crooner, or recipes for making catsup, or directions for manicuring their finger-nails. These things can all be done with taste. But too often they are done with none.

"It is not a question of morals that I am bringing up, but of an underlying lack of culture. The broadcasters underrate, I think, the sensibilities of their audience. If there is a station censorship for obscenity and radicalism, why can't there be one for cheapness as well? The situation could be remedied at the top and radio would gain just as the motion picture people have gained by doing away with crude slapstick.

"In some ways, of course, the radio has already had a tremendous cultural effect, especially in increasing musical knowledge. Thousands of adults who never heard of Wagner two years ago now know all about him. Radio art does not wait for you to find it; it comes into the home to get you—is actually art in pursuit of the individual.

"Broadcasting has had, too, an enormous effect on the general knowledge of public affairs and international relationships. To hear the voice of a statesman from across the ocean does something to you that merely reading the speech never could.

"I like music best of all radio features—that is, good music and by that I don't necessarily mean the classics. Only we do seem to have too many barber shop minors that don't mesh, too many crooners off key, too many unresolved sevenths!

"One of the things that I particularly resent when I am enjoying a really good program of music, is to have, every fifteen minutes, something completely distracting and spell-destroying thrown in about the sponsor's product. I don't object to advertising. I realize we must have it, just as we must have it in magazines and newspapers, to pay for the rest—but I do wish there were some way to have it without disturbing the program!"

Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 9)

Ruth Russell, "Nancy" in "Just Plain Bill," is one of radio's smallest actresses, weighing 103 pounds . . . A shoemaker in uptown New York advertises on his shop window: "Uncle to Russ Columbo" . . . Eddie Cantor, in California to make his annual picture for Samuel Goldwyn, will return to the Chase & Sanborn Hour late in September or early October . . . Will Rogers hasn't been in a night club since he worked in one for the late Flo Ziegfeld and that was the "Midnight Frolic" atop the New Amsterdam Theatre . . . Nick Lucas the troubadour, has been crooning on the air since 1921. He began with Ted Fiorito's orchestra at the Edgewater Beach hotel, Chicago.

George Burns and Gracie Allen should be sunning themselves on the Riviera when this appears in print . . . They will resume their broadcasts in the fall from Hollywood . . . which reminds Mercury of a gag Gracie pulled on Nat, as she calls her husband . . . "Oh, Nat," she cried, running up to him breathlessly, "I just heard something Ducky": . . . "What was it, Gracie"?, he asked eagerly . . . "Quack! Quack!", quacked Gracie . . . Poor Nat, it must be tough

living with such a nut, but come to think about it, he doesn't seem to be losing any weight aworrying.

May Singhi Breen, the Ukulele Lady, and Peter De Rose, the composer, this month are observing their eleventh anniversary on the air . . . Edith Murray is half-Spanish, her right tag being Fernandez . . . Jimmy Wallington is partner in a restaurant in the Radio City development . . . Don Voorhees was organist and choirmaster of an Allentown (Pa.) church when he was 12 . . . Nancy Garner, a niece of Vice-President Garner, is back on NBC after filling a radio engagement in her native state of Texas . . . The Four Eton Boys are all from Missouri, not the English college for boys. Charles and Jack Day, brothers, were originally vaudeville acrobats. Art Gentry and Earl Smith, the other members of the quartet, have always been singers.

* * *

Her fan mail having grown so, Irene Rich has been given a private office and a secretary in the RCA Building in Radio City. The first day in her new quarters a bootblack shuffled in. "Humph," he exclaimed, looking around disdainfully, "this used to be my stand." He disappeared before Miss Rich could interrogate him and she's still wondering if it was a gag.

* * *

SAYS THE MONITOR MAN

Those light operas presented on the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre program require on an average of thirty-five hours to rehearse. This is a record for preparation in radio . . . Howard Marsh has a pet monkey which he calls "Joe Marsh" . . . writers of fan mail have great difficulty getting Boake Carter's unusual first name right. They address him more frequently than any other way as "Bloke," "Beau," "Bo," "Vogt" and "Vogue" . . . Lennie Hayton, the youthful bandman, observes that in a restaurant one man's meat is another man's hash . . . Claire Majette, the vivacious French songstress, won't sign a contract unless it's raining . . .

Andre Kostelanetz was 20 when he left his native Petrograd to come to America. Although the city of his birth is now Leningrad, the conductor persists in referring to it by the name it bore under the Czarist regime . . . A blue silk handkerchief once the property of the late David Belasco is now the proud possession of Eddie Duchin. Morris Gest, Belasco's son-in-law gave it to the youthful maestro on his birthday . . . Gene Lester, young baritone heard with Major Bowes on the Capitol Family program, is a former newspaper photographer.

With all her experience Jeannie Lang still has to fight off the jitters every time she faces the mike . . . Harry McNaughton, Bottle, the bungling butler with Phil Baker, is squiring an Evanston, Ill., girl . . . Billy Artzt, conductor of the Ward Family Theatre program, has an old pair of shoes which he always wears when he gives an audition, believing them good luck. Bought in 1923 it is Billy's boast they have never since been shined . . . Muriel Pollock and Vee



NEXT DAY—AT THE MOVIE STUDIO



GET RADIO AT ITS BEST WITH MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBES



THERE'S a new thrill in store for you when you replace old tubes with these new Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes. For true-to-life reception a radio tube must be sensitive enough to pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. RCA Radio Tubes give you "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Have your dealer test your tubes today. Replace worn tubes with the only tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give these 5 big improvements:

1 Quicker Start **2** Quieter Operation
3 Uniform Volume **4** Uniform Performance
5 Every Tube is Matched

RCA Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

Who discovered EX-LAX?



WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! **You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.**

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Lawnhurst, "The Ladybug" pianists, have been partners eight years. Both are well known composers . . . Gus Arnheim, the bandmaster, was at one time piano accompanist for Sophie Tucker in vaudeville . . .

* * *

When two Greeks get together they open up a restaurant but when two radio comics meet they start boasting about their collections of old jokes. Chatting with Ed Wynn in Radio City, Jack Pearl mentioned off-hand that he had just bought a library of 850,000 gags. "I picked up another half million yesterday, too," quickly declared The Fire Chief. "Say," protested Pearl, "I thought *I* was the Baron."

* * *

DOMESTIC DISCORD DEPARTMENT

Well, Frances Harriet Burn is divorced. What? Never heard of her? Oh yes, you have. Mercury told you months ago she would apply to the courts for separation from her spouse—and she did. For Frances Harriet Burn is Alice Joy, "the Dream Girl," to you listeners. Her husband, or rather her former husband now that the ties have been severed, is Captain Eldon B. Burn, of the British Royal Flying Corps during the World War. The grounds were desertion and the custody of two children, Bruce, aged 6, and Lois, aged 5, was awarded to the mother.

About the same time Harriet Hilliard got an annulment of her marriage to Roy Smedley, the comedian, which puts, as the saying goes, two charming radio singers back into circulation. But Radio Row expects Ozzie Nelson, the singing maestro, to remove one of the Harriets (last name, Hilliard from this category.

But that isn't all the radio folks who have been telling their troubles to the judge. Eugene F. Carroll and Glen Rowell, whom you know as Gene and Glenn, were divorced the same day in Cleveland. Both had filed suits alleging desertion but withdrew them to permit their wives to obtain separation on other grounds. That involved alimony, property settlements, the assigning of children to the mothers and other complications but again puts "Jake and Lena" on the loose. So, fan letters now will be written under different inspiration.

And we mustn't forget that Hugo Mariani and his pretty Hungarian sculptress wife, Elena Barbu, are having difficulties, too. Hugo, you know, used to be general musical director of NBC before Frank Black, the incumbent and his predecessor, Erno Rapee. Mr. Mariani after a visit to his native South America is again directing a studio orchestra in Radio City but for a while it looked as though he would have to wield his baton from Alimony Jail. A deputy sheriff collared Hugo for back payments on a separation agreement just as he was about to go on the air. There was a great scurrying around but finally $1500 bail was posted and Hugo got his freedom after one bad night in the dungeon.

* * *

While on vacation have you ever been annoyed to find that you couldn't locate your hotel room on a picture post card because your quarters were on the side of the building away from the camera? Of course, you have; everybody has had that trouble when they wanted to write "X marks my room" on the card before saying "wish you were here" and mailing it to Aunt Emma. Well, those great benefactors of mankind, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, have removed that annoyance. They have invented a patented revolving postcard which shows all four sides of the hotel.

* * *

With five commercial broadcasts weekly Frank Parker has become just about radio's most frequently heard tenor. And in between broadcasts he manages to make personal appearances at theatres. All this, of course, is fine for the bank account but it does interfere with other things. Wonder, for instance, how Dorothy Martin, the ex-radio hostess, feels about Frank's time being so occupied with business? Until the demand for his services got so great, Frank and Dorothy were going places together and Radio Row was almost reconciled to losing one of its most eligible bachelors.

* * *

Ted Fiorito, the Coast conductor born in Newark, N. J., comes of a musical family. His mother was prima donna with an Italian opera company and his father played in a symphony orchestra. Ted, his brothers and sisters, were brought up on musical instruments. Fiorito has written over seventy songs of which "Laugh, Clown Laugh," "No, No, Nora," "King For a Day," "Now That You've Gone" and "Kalua Lullaby" are his biggest hits.

* * *

IN A LINE OR TWO

Jimmy Melton is responsible for Kathryn Newman's being on the air. He was so thrilled with the young coloratura soprano's singing in concert that he persuaded NBC officials to book her . . . After all these years it now develops, according to Mark Warnow, that the tune Nero fiddled while Rome burned was "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." It is also getting into the hair of listeners, like dandruff . . . Joan Olson decided upon a theatrical career after the late Raymond Hitchcock, a distant relative, urged her to take that course . . . Francis X. Bushman, the ex-movie star lately heard on the Rin-Tin-Tin Thriller program, is scheduled to head a summer stock company at Hurleyville, N. Y. . . . Radiorioles have embraced a new fad this summer. They are wearing small red ribbons in their hair. It is supposed to be a good luck charm of Talmudic origin . . . Rufe Davis, of NBC's Radio Rubes who hails from Mangum, Okla., was 16 years old before he wore his first pair of shoes. Then says Rufe: "I walked backwards four miles to look at my tracks" . . . Word from the Coast has it that Russ Columbo and Sally Blane will middle aisle it before this Radio Mirror comes from the presses . . . The same correspondent describes Mae West as "a dresser with the top drawer open!" . . .

Dialing the Short Waves

(*Continued from page 58*)

Copenhagen to Cincinnati, from Chicago to Caracas, and include Berlin, La Paz, Johannesberg as well as a half-dozen others.

But there is insufficient space to catalog these and some thirty additional stations in this one article.

Now let's find out if they're worth tuning-in.

First we come to the police, who broadcast what I consider the most thrilling bits of drama on the air. You can appreciate it fully only when it strikes home. That doesn't mean you have to wait for your house to be robbed—simply that once you have heard an alarm ordering police cars to your vicinity, and have seen how quickly they get there, you'll enjoy listening to the calls more than ever before.

The other night I had my set tuned to the police. It was around midnight when I heard the cars being ordered to my corner. I glanced at the clock and looked out of the window. It took exactly twenty-four *seconds* for the first car to reach the scene of the trouble, and at intervals of a few seconds five other cars, including a detective cruiser containing five plain-clothes men with shot guns and tear gas, had arrived.

Unfortunately the alarm had not been phoned in until after the criminals had left—but that wasn't the cops' fault. If a report is sent in promptly, they usually get their man.

Don't let the signals fool you. In New York, at least, there isn't one for hold-ups, another for murders and so forth. The reason why they say "Signal Thirty," "Signal Thirty-one" and "Signal Thirty-two" is simply to save time.

"Signal Thirty" means, "Go immediately to the address given, where it has been reported that a crime has been committed. Arrest the criminals if possible, preserve evidence question all witnesses and take any other necessary police action until the detectives arrive."

"Signal Thirty-one" simply signifies, "The persons (or the occupants of the car) described are wanted by the police. They are probably dangerous, so use all caution in making the arrest."

"Signal Thirty-two" means, "Find the persons described. They have been reported as suspicious characters. Make arrests only if the suspicions are justified; otherwise release them."

The signals, you see, just save words, and enable the cars to get into action more quickly.

Now for a moment with the amateurs. Up until midnight or a little later they're not very exciting, for you hear mostly "Hello CQ—Calling CQ—Hello CQ," which is the general call, inviting any other amateur who hears the words to call back and start a conversation, and some snatches of technical conversation as to signal strength or new equipment.

But along about 2:00 A. M. and

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling WITHOUT COOKING!



Eagle Brand

MAGIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book). Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill before serving.

● Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



NRA

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Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things, also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice creams, salad dressings!

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By Charles of Delmonico's

● How to mix 150 popular, rare, exquisite and delicate drinks for every purpose and every mood. Favorite drinks of celebrities! Drinks that will make you, yourself, a celebrity among your friends.

● Don't be a "one track" host or hostess! Surprise your guests each time with a new exciting cocktail! Arm yourself with the niceties of the cocktail hour that will establish you unmistakably as a connoisseur of subtle blends and combinations.

● If it's an interesting drink it's listed here together with complete instructions for its preparation. Formerly sold at $1.50. **Our Bargain Price (Postage 11c extra)—69c.**

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ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

Dept. RM-7 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

through until the wee, small hours you will hear some of the strangest stuff that ever came through a loud speaker. For example, I have heard a girl amateur in one end of the country recalling school days with a young fellow she hadn't seen since they attended the same classes ten years ago; I've heard a cop in Tennessee discussing police work with a London bobby—both short wave amateurs! I've dropped in at an amateur station and found a couple of other "hams" (as they are called) one of whom was a bank president, the other a bus driver. I've heard the hams broadcast everything from harmonica solos and technical discussions to cocktail parties and family fights. The latter was very, very funny.

A Chicago man had just put his transmitter on the air and requested the Texas station to which he was talking to stand by while he made some adjustments in voltages. His wife apparently came into the room while he was working on the set and, not knowing it was on the air, began demanding that the summer be spent in Europe. He told her he hadn't the money for it and she started to run through the various expenditures he had made on his transmitter. Every time she paused for breath, he'd come back with a suit, coat or hat she'd bought. His transmitter expenditures ran above $2000, and her clothes nearly matched it.

Suddenly he realized that they were on the air and gasped, "My God! I hope the income tax collector hasn't been listening!" And he promptly shut the station down for the evening.

There are dozens of stories like that—little snatches of human drama—people making their first broadcasts and stammering "Gee, I'm so excited! I don't know what to say. (Say, Ed, do you think anybody can hear me?)"—calls across the continent, asking brother amateurs to look up some travelling friend—even the exchange of "good" telephone numbers. But it's more fun to get them yourself.

So let's go to Europe.

The thrill you get when you look over the bow of the steamer and see the white cliffs of England looming on the horizon is as nothing when you first tune-in GSA or one of the other stations in Daventry, that old Roman camp which has become a world famous radio center, though it is still just a little British country town of less than 4000 inhabitants.

And walking through the Montmartre at midnight in carnival time can't compare to promenading the wave-length of FYA via radio any late afternoon, when it's on the air.

You've never really heard a rhumba unless you've listened to a native band broadcasting a dance program from CP5 in La Paz, Bolivia, YV1BC in Caracas, Venezuela, or one of the other South American stations. And for dance music that's a little different—not necessarily better, but different—from that which you get on the broadcast bands, you must try GSA, DJC in Berlin, or FYA. It's quite a disappointment if they happen to have a special feature—a program by an "imported" American jazz band!

If you're a football fan, the end of the United States football season need not mark the end of your activities Just the other day I heard a play-by-play description of a game between the Army and Navy coming over in an impeccable Oxford accent. And every afternoon at about 5:00 P. M. you can get the latest European news reports in English, over EAQ, Madrid, 30.43 meters or 9855 kilocycles.

Airplane communications from 3070 to 3485 Kc are another attraction, if you like to discuss the weather, or if you're interested in aviation. Additional plane calls will be found at other points on the dial—say around 49 meters.

Finally, private conversations and business messages are broadcast in the International Morse code—the dit-dit-dah stuff that you hear. Don't go learning the code with the idea of astonishing your friends with transcriptions of these messages, for it's a Federal offense to disclose them, carrying heavy fines and prison terms. If you *do* take a half hour a day for a couple of weeks, though, you'll be well repaid, for you'll pick up amateurs in Japan and other equally remote places, and the signals which are now just so much interference will magically become an interchange of ideas.

How, you may have wondered, do amateurs in America converse with those in France, Germany, China or Russia without being accomplished linguists?

It's very simple. They use what is known as the Q code, which enables men who cannot speak each other's languages to discuss radio and interference problems quite freely.

Lanny's Mother Raised Him to Sing

(*Continued from page* 35)

musical education and as soon as he could carry a tune she coached him in simple songs. She had him join a boy choir in Seattle where his pleasing voice encouraged her in the hope that some day he might be a real singer. As he grew older she brought him to New York where he was entered in the imposing and far-famed choir school at the big Manhattan cathedral and Lanny's first impressions of New York as a boy were concentrated on subways. Every time he had a nickel to spend he'd take a ride in the underground railway.

His parents' careers gave him considerable opportunity for travel and he made many trips to Europe before he finally found the NBC studios in New York. He entered Yale on a scholarship and divided his time between living up to his reputation as a good student and winning honors as an athlete. After college there was more of London where his father had decided to live permanently and where Lanny obtained his first job as a bank clerk.

While law was really his training he had never gotten round to working at his profession because by the time his first opportunity in that field came he was launched as a singer and after several seasons of comparatively unimportant air engagements he was given the coveted role he still holds as the singing hero of the Showboat hour. And every Thursday night he added to his ever-growing following of fans until now he is one of the most popular vocal artists on the big networks. It was only natural that his good looks and talents should attract the movie executives and his contract with Paramount, after his initial effort "Melody In Spring" has him commuting between Hollywood and New York.

While he enjoys his movie work and wouldn't sneeze at the munificent compensation attached to it, Lanny's first loyalty is to radio. Besides, as he says, broadcasting offers a much longer career than the cameras can promise and he would never completely desert microphones for any other medium.

Lanny's mother who lives in New York now is still his coach. Every day they rehearse together and he has taken his singing so seriously that he never allows any other interest or activity to interfere with it.

In his varied and interesting young life he hasn't had much time for romancing, as he says, and so he's still heartfree and one of the eligible bachelors of radio. Daringly he admits he doesn't like blondes, his preference is for brunettes. And even in his movie roles he'd rather have a dark-haired heroine, than any beautiful golden-haired flicker queen.

When he's in New York he lives in a small apartment and occupies most of his time in developing his voice and his repertoire. When he's working on the west coast he lives simply and apart from the movie colony because he doesn't go in much for big parties.

His ambition is to be a "swell person" and while he finds it difficult to put his qualifications for that category in words he knows what he means, having met a few "swell persons" in his lifetime with whom he'd like to be classed.

Meeting him and talking with him, you'd never by the wildest stretch of imagination call him a Lothario. And you'd find it difficult to imagine him in a competition with the Clark Gables, Fredric Marches or Gary Coopers of Hollywood. He's so reserved, even restrained in his manner toward people that he doesn't give the impression of a successful hero around whom a glamorous aura has been built. But you do have the feeling that he has set quite a straight road for himself and that if the goal is at all attainable Lanny Ross will make it.

What Did Radio Do To Jolson's Family Life?

(*Continued from page 7*)

She and Dick Powell make a great team in pictures—and I had a little talk with Jack Warner about doing one myself this Fall. But, even so, we won't be separated any more. I'll broadcast from the Coast and pay the extra wire charges myself. But no more separations.

"You know it gets damned lonesome. I was never a chaser, but I always went around with a bunch of the boys to Reuben's, or the Cotton Club, just to punch the bag and see the folks. Well, she's out on the Coast and she doesn't go anywhere—so why should I? Maybe it sounds a little silly—but it isn't. If either of us was seen going places, the first thing you know some chiseller would be sayin': "Unh-unh! Al and Ruby are goin' places—and not together!" So we told one another we'd go together or not at all.

"Naturally, we talk a lot over the 'phone—but you never get to say all that's in your heart. I get other messages to her, too. She always listens in on the broadcasts, but, they won't let me mention her name on the air. Boy, do I fool 'em! In every broadcast I slip in something meant just for her—and she gets it, too. But none of the studio guys are on!"

I ASKED if he'd slipped one over that night, and he grinned that he had. But, no, no, he wouldn't tell how. Figuring it all out later, though, I wouldn't be surprised if that fan he thanked so cordially, and sang for so well, were none other than Ruby Keeler! Anyway, you can bet on this—Al gets word to her every time he's on the air. Listen in, and see if you can spot the message. If so, you're smarter than the broadcasting people. Which may, or may not, be a blue feather in your cap.

"When you write about me," he kidded, "you make people think I'm nuts. That story a while back, for instance . . . well . . . I dunno, maybe you're right. This radio racket and those movies are enough to put anyone screwy. Did you see that crowd out there tonight? You know I'm against audiences. I think it's a mistake to let people in on the secrets. It destroys the illusion. All the crowd that saw that guy pounding his chest for hoof-beats will never believe the horse anymore when they hear one on the air. See what I mean?"

I saw. And I remembered the same howl from the movie studios. Some of the film stars, in person, can give a fine show—just as the theatrically trained Jolson can in a broadcasting studio, a theatre, a movie lot or a car-barn. But I remembered, too, the pathetic disillusionment of fans who had flocked to see film stars to whom the footlights were strange, and the disappointments they had suffered. I was inclined to agree that the illusion of screen and radio should be maintained. Al went on:

"Aside from that angle, the presence of an audience is a temptation to cheat on the air. Look at Whoosis when he broadcasts. He comes out ala Nudist or something, and the crowd in the studio goes hysterical. But that isn't a fair laugh to the people tuning-in. They must think we're screwy. A fellow cracks a bum joke over the mike, and then pokes the lady soprano with a cane. Well, the poke gets a laugh from the audience—but the joke doesn't. And the result is that the 100,000,000 turn off their radio resentfully. You can get laughs legitimately—but you can't force millions of radio fans to get hysterical over something that isn't funny—something that is a fake and that they're not in on. Some broadcasters lose track of the millions for the handful they can see.

"I'll pay any price for good radio material. Boy, how that mike eats up stuff. In the theatre, in vaudeville your material lasts a season anyway, maybe a dozen seasons. On the air it's dead after one time. The same with songs. They kill a swell number in a few weeks. No wonder a lot of stuff isn't up to the mark—it's impossible to turn it out fast enough. Eventually, radio will have to fall back on the theatre, just as the movies have done."

As agile mentally as he is physically, the dynamic Al, leaps from conversational hill to crag in amazing fashion. His mind, like his nervous, restless, ever active body, won't stay put. From such highspots as we've touched he bounded to the Halls of Congress and an imitation of a Southern Senator delivering an impassioned speech to a perfectly empty house—and giving it with gestures, besides; he explained the status of television; quoted expert opinions about the stock market; gave the name of a sure winner in the fifth race next day; offered an opinion of certain Hollywood gentry appearing with him in "Wonder Bar"; gave his interpretation of Pancho Villa, accent and all, and told his yarn about the fellow who, when "Viva Villa!" was mentioned declared he had known "Viva" personally!

HE displayed some funny fan letters, one of which described "a ham on a cheese program"; he gave an imitation of Joe E. Brown; discussed the nursery he's building as an annex to that Westchester estate where he and Ruby will be happy; listened to Sol Wurtzel's low estimate of current Broadway entertainment; offered a plausible solution to box-office problems, scored audiences who mistake the assumption of a dialect for high histrionics, and related his tale of the Hollywood producer who signed his name with an X, until he got up in the world, when he changed his signiture to XXX—so he could have a middle initial! Never a dull minute with Jolson. He's a mile-a-minute from cover to cover! But no matter how far the conversation wandered—from Capitol Hill to the Capital theatre—eventually it got back to the subject nearest Al's heart—Ruby Keeler.



● When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to *surface* dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt *under* the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

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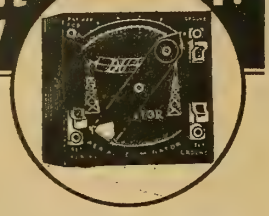
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"After all, I'm a home-loving guy and she's a home-loving girl. I know she'd like to get in that bungalow apron up in Westchester and fool around the house much better than she likes to make movies out in California. And why not? That's what I want her to do. Of course, I got nicked by the depression — who didn't — but there's enough left for us. Our demands are pretty modest, and why go out and sweat for a few dollars more to hand the best part of it over for taxes. The percentage is against you. The happiness lies in the home, with a wife you love and . . . well . . . you know.

"I don't say a feller doesn't miss the theatre or the screen sometimes. It gets in your heart—those crowds, the lights, the applause. But I've had all that. What more can I get? Another hit? More crowds? More cheers? The name up in lights again? What for? No, sir, as soon as this contract is completed I'm scramming West to Ruby, and when she's through with this picture, we'll both come marching home again—to stay!"

So there you are, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, that's what marriage has done to—and for—Al Jolson. There's talk around that he's signed with Warner Brothers for a talkie next Fall—or Spring at latest. There's more that he'll do a Broadway play again a little later on. But you have his word for it that from now on the person who'll be seeing him most is Ruby Keeler—and those that will hear him most frequently are those who turn their dials to his broadcasts. Of course, those plans may be altered. They may have been changed before the midnight stars found me on Fifth Avenue again on that warm Thursday evening when all this happened.

But one thing's sure as—sure as that winner he gave me in the fifth—no matter whether the future takes Al to Westchester as a country squire, to the stage of a Follies show, to the Warner studios, or to a national network, Ruby'll be right there. And when the boys begin to bid for her services, it will be well to remember that to Jolson Ruby's more precious than gold.

Chicago Breezes

(*Continued from page 47*)

dancing classes in the parish house and used to sing in the church choir. At one time the dear ladies of the congregation were horrified at the idea of their minister being married to a Follies gal. But what actually happened was that many men gave up sleeping and playing golf Sunday mornings to attend . . . in that way they gave at least moral support to the minister they considered "must be a good guy to have won a Follies girl on a minister's salary." The Rev. Mr. Rubel's musical ability was so well received that once Bishop George Craig Stewart gave him a one year leave of absence in which to study and write. He came to Chicago from Milwaukee's St. Paul's Church.

* * *

Hal Totten, WMAQ's sports announcer, is also assistant to Sidney Strotz, NBC's program and talent boss in Chicago. Hal is in charge of all announcers and the remote control broadcasts from night clubs and hotel dining rooms where orchestras play.

* * *

George Biggar, WLS Program Director, thought he had heard every possible type of aspirant for radio fame in his ten years . . . until a stilt walker walked in the other day for an audition!

* * *

Everywhere you go you hear people saying, "You nasty man!" Even the chef asked us the other night: "Wanna buy a duck?" Soooo . . . Joe Penner becomes a household word and a star.

* * *

Although Wayne King has a swell "farm" in Wisconsin, an airplane and a great big car to enjoy in the midwest he vacationed in California!

Don't ever ask the elevator starter of the Palmolive Building which floor Amos 'n' Andy occupy. He'll act dumb . . . knows from nothing . . . purposely.

* * *

Louise Rolfe, blond "alibi" and wife of Machine Gun Jack McGurn was auditioned at NBC. McGurn sat in the control room of the studio listening. As she finished singing he walked out with: "Well, she's o. k. in a café but on the air she's terrible!"

* * *

THE "IT" GIRL

NBC received a letter at the New York office addressed:

To the Girl with the Nora Bayes Voice
Specially when she sings "Shine on Harvest Moon"
New York, U. S. A.

NBC sent it on to Chicago for Alice Joy. Alice opened it and the first line read: "Dear Miss Etting . . ." So Alice readdressed it to Ruth Etting with a note: "Dear Ruth: Is my face red!"

* * *

HOLIDAZE

Myrt and Marge announced one night that they had a calendar with their pictures on it for all the fans who would write in. The next day they were horrified when, asking for the mail, they discovered NOT A SINGLE LETTER had come in! Then they realized what had happened. It was a holiday and the mails weren't being delivered! They actually received more than 200,000 requests the next few days.

* * *

LITTLE SOLDIER

You don't often get far enough behind the scenes to know of the pain behind the laugh, the laugh, clown, laugh sort of thing. While Gale Page was be-

ing her charming self, laughing, enthusing and singing for NBC she was working very hard to keep up that front . . . friend husband was under an oxygen tent with pneumonia!

* * *

Reo Fletcher, accompanist and arranger for the Cadets quartet of WBBM and Columbia got that first name because his father was so proud of his first auto, one of the first in the State of Illinois . . . a Reo.

* * *

When Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink auditioned at Chicago NBC studios for that mother program she apologized to judges listening in for her lack of makeup!

* * *

It was with a sigh of relief local radio station and advertising agency bosses greeted the news that the Schlitz beer people had finally decided to buy a radio show. Even those that failed to land the account were glad. Schlitz had been auditioning since early spring and had heard practically every show possible during the many months of indecision.

* * *

KENNEDY'S FAVORITES

Result of Pat Kennedy asking fans which songs they liked to have him do the best was:

"Wagon Wheels"

"The Old Spinning Wheel."

"I'll Save the Last Waltz for Mother."

* * *

Summer is here and baseball occupies most of the afternoon on most of the leading Chicago radio stations most of the days . . . and those who want to hear things other than baseball continue to complain . . . and baseball goes merrily along despite them!

* * *

HALF PINT HE MAN

It was amusing the day the irate lady came to Jackie Heller and threatened his bosses. Jackie is a cherubic half pint despite his age. The irate lady threatened Jackie's bosses with the child labor law and simply refused to believe Heller was of adult age. Jackie explained that he has already been married, that he is a man . . . and finally in desperation tore his shirt open to show her the manly hair on his chest!

* * *

Jerry (ChiCAWgo) Sullivan's most ardent fan is Phil Schneider who has never voluntarily missed one of Jerry's programs since he was fifteen years old. He's now twenty-five!

* * *

Jim of Jim and Bob, the Hawaiian serenaders on WBBM, still remembers with a shiver how he was introduced to our zipping winter weather in the silk hose, oxfords and no overcoat he wore in his balmy Hawaii.

* * *

Truman Bradley, Chicago Columbia announcer, received a letter from his old friend, Goodman Ace. Brad used to announce Easy Aces and before the Aces moved to New York. In the letter Goody said he had just finished fill-

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So positive are we that you will approve this new way to treat stomach distress, caused by acid indigestion, that we offer this "Guarantee Test." Just ask your druggist for the special new 3-roll Carrier Package of Tums; only costs 30c. Attached you will find a generous test packet of Tums. Use this test supply the next time you feel distressed. See how quickly Tums counteract acid and dispel gas. Then, if you don't agree that Tums give the quickest, most positive relief possible, just return the Carrier Package unopened. Your druggist will refund every penny you have paid. Carrier Package includes handsome gift Tums users have always wanted—a metal pocket carrier, that keeps a Tums roll fresh and sanitary in pocket or purse.

Try Tums today. Millions already use these refreshing candy-like mints, which act to neutralize excess acid without over-alkalizing the stomach. Tums contain no soda—or any water soluble alkali—that's why!

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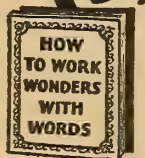
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ing out his income tax and thought Uncle Sam might as well have the last three cents, too . . . hence the letter.

* * *

Wayne King isn't the only pipe collector in Chicago radioland. Howard Neumiller, musical director of Columbia in Chicago, has pipes ranging from expensive German and English ones to plain American briars. And Pianist Norm Sherr boasts thirty-eight pipes which he has collected from all corners of the globe. He has a very old calabash and a Russian meerschaum blackened with age. It was handed down from his great grandfather.

James H. Murray, Herman of Mike and Herman, is growing a beard.

* * *

LUCK!

The Cadets Quartet sang "Viva La France" from "The Wonder Bar" over WBBM one afternoon. Suddenly they remembered the number was restricted and the penalty for doing it without permission was a $200 fine! They worried all night and went to work the next day expecting to catch plenty. They opened a telegram: "Music from Wonder Bar now unrestricted may use at will"!

We Have with Us

(*Continued from page 55*)

Monday (Continued)

Who doesn't love a clown?

7:00 P. M. AMOS 'N' ANDY—blackface comedians—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Sun's still shining on their Harlem.

7:15 P. M. GENE AND GLENN—comedy sketch (daily except Saturday and Sunday). WEAF and associated stations.

Back again, and we're glad of it.

7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL—Daily except Saturday and Sunday (Kolynos Toothpaste). WABC and associated stations.

Exactly what it says.

7:30 P. M. THE MOLLE SHOW—Shirley Howard and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, piano; Tony Callucci, guitar. Also Wednesday and Thursday. (Molle Shaving Cream). WEAF and associated stations.

Vaudeville in ether doses.

7:30 P. M. MUSIC ON THE AIR—with Jimmy Kemper; Robert Armbruster's orchestra. (Tide Water Oil Sales Corp.). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Some nice regular visitors.

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Company). WABC and associated stations.

As Mr. Carter reads the headlines.

7:45 P. M. THE GOLDBERGS—Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others—comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday (Pepsodent Company). WEAF and associated stations.

The family everybody knows.

8:00 P. M. YEAST FOAMERS—Jan Garber and his orchestra (Northwestern Yeast Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

One of the best of the baton yielders.

8:00 P. M. SOCONYLAND SKETCHES — story with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. WEAF and associated stations.

Taking you out to the sticks for a change.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL "The Human Side of the News" (Barbasol). WABC and associated stations.

An ace newswriter gives you his own ideas of what's going on in the world.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks alternating with William Daly's Orchestra. (Firestone Tire and Rubber Company). WEAF and associated stations.

Glorious voices in perfect alternation.

8:30 P. M. THE MAPLE CITY FOUR—male quartet (Crazy Crystal Water). WJZ and associated stations.

A quartet nicely teamed.

8:45 P. M. BABE RUTH—Also Wednesday and Friday (Quaker Oats). WJZ and associated stations.

This is the time and Babe's certainly the man.

9:00 P. M. A & P GYPSIES—direction Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. WEAF and associated stations.

A weekly order of swell groceries.

9:00 P. M. ROSA PONSELLE, with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and Chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

There's nothing can touch this vocalizing.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band direction, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.

Old-time entertainment and they like it.

9:30 P. M. DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY with Hugh Barrett Dobbs; Tommy Harris, tenor; Smoky Joe, cowboy harmonica player; guest artists; Doric and Knickerbocker quartets; orchestra direction Meredith Willson (California Packing Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

A trip for the listing.

9:30 P. M. JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS—Theodore Webb, baritone, guest artist; orchestra direction Josef Pasternack. WJZ and associated stations.

Sweet music, that's not too sugary.

9:30 P. M. "THE BIG SHOW" with Gertrude Niesen, Mady Christians, Erno Rapee and his orchestra. Dramatic cast and guest artists (Ex-Lax).

WABC and associated stations.
That Miss Christians is a delightful new air find and of course the way Gertrude sings is enough to keep you tuned-in.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM — Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer (Carnation Milk Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Well, most of the time we are.

10:00 P. M. PACKARD presents Dr. Walter Damrosch and symphony orchestra with John B. Kennedy (Packard Motor Car). WJZ and associated stations.
Our old mike friend Dr. Damrosch in good company.

11:35 P. M. JACK DENNY and his Hotel Pierre Orchestra from New York. WJZ and associated stations.
If it's Denny, it's good enough for us.

Tuesday

4:15 P. M. THE SINGING STRANGER—Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. (Bauer & Black). Also Friday. WJZ and associated stations.
He won't be a stranger for very long.

7:30 P. M. TASTYEAST SEERS — Eddie East and Ralph Dumke—comedy skit. WEAF and associated stations.
Just a little bit crazy.

7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS. Paul Keast, baritone; Thelma Goodwyn, soprano; Rollo Hudson's orchestra (Gold Dust Corporation). WABC and association stations.
How'd you like this aggregation under your own window?

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEAF and associated stations.
A maestro whose music we'll always enjoy.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES — an original Spencer Dean mystery drama with Edward Reese and John MacBryde (Harold Ritchie & Co.). WJZ and associated stations. Also Wednesday.
Shivers and thrills.

8:00 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra (Lady Esther Cosmetics). Also Wednesday. WEAF and associated stations.
More of Mr. King, that smoothie.

8:30 P. M. HUDSON VOCALIANS — Conrad Thibault, baritone; Lois Bennett, soprano; Honey Dean, blues singer; Harry Salter's orchestra and choir. (Hudson Motor Car). WJZ and associated stations.
If your speaking of voices, there's always Mr. Thibault and that's something.

8:30 P. M. "ACCORDIANA" with Abe Lyman's Orchestra, Maria Silveira, Soprano; and Pierre le Kruen, Baritone (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
No hesitation about this pacing.

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA (Premier-Pabst Sales Co.) WEAF and associated stations.
You can have anything else you hear but leave us this one.

9:00 P. M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Joseph Koestner's Orchestra (Household Finance Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.
Poems and high C's.

9:00 P. M. MAURY H. B. PAUL, Society Commentator, and Freddie Martin's Orchestra (Elizabeth Arden—Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.
All in the cause of a good complexion.

9:30 P. M. THE TEXACO FIRE CHIEF ORCHESTRA—Ed Wynn, The Fire Chief, with Graham McNamee; male quartet. (Texas Company). WEAF and associated stations.
Sometimes you think you've had enough but you always come back for more.

9:30 P. M. EDDIE DUCHIN and his Central Park Casino Orchestra. (Junis Facial Cream). Also Thursday and Saturday. WJZ and associated stations.
He doesn't like our calling him the Debbies' Delight but it's not our fault if they all do like him and his music.

10:00 P. M. THE CAMEL CARAVAN with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Stoopnagle and Budd, and Connie Boswell. (Camel Cigarettes). Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.
Connie's in top form, this contract and Stoopnagle and Budd are just too funny for words.

10:00 P. M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, Charlotte Walker, Florence Malone, Joseph Granby, John Barclay, Rosaline Greene, Adele Ronson, Alan Devitt, Alfred Shirley and the Russian Choir of 20 voices. (Palmolive Soap). WEAF and associated stations.
Why didn't somebody think of this grand idea before?

10:00 P. M. PALMER HOUSE PROMENADE—guest artist; Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies; orchestra direction Harold Stokes. WJZ and associated stations.
Mr. Perkins sets the pace for a real good show.

11:00 P. M. VINCENT LOPEZ and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra from New York. WJZ and network.
Vincent never fails us with those wonderful arrangements.

Wednesday

7:45 P. M. IRENE RICH FOR WELCH—dramatic sketch (Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations.
A movie star doing well in a new medium.

8:00 P. M. TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM —Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's

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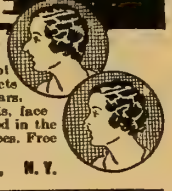
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Orchestra (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WEAF and associated stations.

The Baron's such a grand liar.

8:15 P. M. EASY ACES—comedy team (Jad Salts). Also Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

It's about time they came calling after dinner again.

8:30 P. M. "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES"—Everett Marshall, Baritone and Master of Ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, contralto; Victor Alden's Orchestra, Ohman and Arden; "Romeo and Juliet"; and Irving Kaufman (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.

We'll take a dose of Mr. Marshall's music, you can have the Bi-so-dol.

9:00 P. M. THE HOUR OF SMILES—Fred Allen, comedian; Theodore Webb, the Ipana Troubadours; the Sal Hepatica Glee Club; the Ipana Male Quartet and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

A couple of ace programs join forces and now they're just twice as good.

9:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS—Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy, Jack Arthur, The Sparklers and Robert Armbruster's Orchestra. (A. C. Spark Plug Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Crazy people—and they get paid for it.

9:00 P. M. NINO MARTINI, with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and chorus (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

A delightful voice you never tire of.

9:30 P. M. WHITE OWL PROGRAM—Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians with Burns and Allen, Comedy Team (General Cigar Co.). WABC and associated stations.

If you think the others are a little nutty just tune in on this pair any Wednesday night.

9:30 P. M. LOVE STORY PROGRAM—movie stars in dramatic shorts (Non-Spi). WJZ and associated stations.

Cinema celebrities getting emotional with a microphone.

10:00 P. M. CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA—barnyard music; male quartet. (Larus & Brothers Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

Down among the cows and chickens.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER—guest artist; Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Three Scamps, vocal trio; Charles Lyons; Frances Langford, contralto. (Plough, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Lopez with us once more and the Three Scamps are refreshing.

10:30 P. M. ALBERT SPALDING, Violinist, with Conrad Thibault, Baritone and Don Voorhees' Orchestra. (Fletcher's Castoria). WABC and associated stations.

Radio's prize violinist and a familiar baritone in a different spot.

10:30 P. M. CONOCO Presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his Orchestra and John B. Kennedy, narrator (Continental Oil Company). WJZ and associated stations.

No matter what you say, Richman surely can put a song over.

11:15 P. M. ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S ORCHESTRA from the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York. WEAF and network.

It might be old Madrid but it happens to be the Waldorf and it's worth hearing.

Thursday

12:15 P. M. CONNIE GATES — Songs. WABC and associated stations.

Pretty Connie warbling by herself.

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees—guest artists (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEAF and associated stations.

Still the blue-ribbon program which means there's nothing yet can beat it.

8:30 P. M. PRESENTING MARK WARNOW and Evelyn MacGregor, Claude Reis and Evan Evans. WABC and associated stations.

Nicely arranged and pleasantly presented.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger; Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.

What would we do without this weekly boat ride and that old Cap'n Henry?

9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime (Pacific Coast Borax Company). WJZ and associated stations.

In heavier tempo with lots happening.

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL—Nikita Balieff, sketches from "Chauve-Souris"; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Deems Taylor, Master of Ceremonies. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.

Balieff is different and Whiteman's the same, what more can you ask?

11:20 P. M. ISHAM JONES and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Jones still rates his place in the sun.

Friday

12:30 P. M. "SMILING ED McCONNELL" (Acme White Lead and Color Works). WABC and associated stations.

He gives you a laugh.

3:00 P. M. MARIA'S CERTO MATINEE—Lanny Ross, tenor; Mary Lou; Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Gus Haenschen's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Evening favorites getting up early to entertain you.

5:00 P. M. MADAME SYLVIA of Hollywood (Ralston Purina Company).

WEAF and associated stations.
After all, what chance has a fat girl?

8:00 P. M. Cities Service Concert—Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
Five good reasons why you should lend your ears.

8:00 P. M. Nestle's Chocolateers with Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe; Bobby Dolan and his orchestra. (Nestle's Chocolate). WJZ and associated stations.
O'Keefe and Miss Shutta are a happy combination and this is a good spot.

8:30 P. M. True Story Court of Human Relations (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.
Real life dramas presented with realism and you're the jury.

9:00 P. M. Waltz Time — Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEAF and associated stations.
When Mr. Lyman takes his time.

9:00 P. M. Let's Listen to Harris—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.
Radio's Bert Williams in more modern style.

9:15 P. M. Little Jack Little and his orchestra (Hostess Cake). WABC and associated stations.
Our old friend wrapped up in brass now.

9:30 P. M. One Night Stands—Pick and Pat, Blackface comedians; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
They go places and do things.

9:30 P. M. The Armour Program featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Mabel Albertson, Irene Beasley, blues singer, and Ted Weems' Orchestra. (Armour Products). WJZ and associated stations.
If we could only have three programs a week, this would be among our choice.

10:00 P. M. Stories That Should Be Told—Fulton Oursler (Liberty Magazine). WJZ and associated stations.
You know the people he talks about but you've never heard the thrilling tales he tells you about them.

10:00 P. M. First Nighter—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Compana Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.
They deserve a few curtain calls.

10:30 P. M. The General Tire Program with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone and Don Bestor's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
Benny's moved from his old spot and we're glad to welcome him.

12:30 A. M. Ted Black and his Cafe Loyale Orchestra. WJZ and network.
More incentive to roll up the carpets.

Saturday

7:30 P. M. The Pure Oil Program—Eddie Peabody, wizard of the banjo; the De Marco Sisters trio; Richard Himber's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
There's no one can touch this Mr. Peabody.

7:30 P. M. Don Bestor and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. WJZ and network.
Mr. Bestor on his own.

8:00 P. M. Morton Downey's Studio Party—Freddy Rich's orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
We'll take the moments when Morton sings.

8:30 P. M. Johns-Manville Program—Floyd Gibbons. WEAF and associated stations.
Rapid fire commentaries.

9:00 P. M. Colgate House Party—Donald Novis, tenor; Francis Langford, blues singer; Arthur Boran, radio mimic; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio orchestra direction Don Voorhees; Brad Browne, master-of-ceremonies. WEAF and associated stations.
A lot of people who deserve their places at the mikes.

9:00 P. M. Grete Stueckgold with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and chorus (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.
And smoke as you listen.

9:30 P. M. Beatrice Fairfax—dramatization. (General Foods Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.
Having any heart problems?

10:00 P. M. Terraplane Travelcade—The Saxon Sisters, vocal duo the Terraplaniacs, male quartet; Graham McNamee, master-of-ceremonies, and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra. (Hudson Motor Car). WEAF and associated stations.
Those Saxon Sisters ARE good.

10:30 P. M. Elder Michaux and congregation. WABC and associated stations.
Brethren and sistern, are you listenin'?

11:30 P. M. One Man's Family — dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEAF and associated stations.
It could happen in your home.

12:00 Mid. Jack Denny and his Hotel Pierre Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.
It's getting late but this won't tire you.

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Ten Million Jurors for True Story Court

(*Continued from page 37*)

and clanging bells, the script writer, Bill Sweet, and the cast, charged every moment of the story with dramatic intensity.

And then the answers started to come in. Important people all over the country had been asked to listen and many of them did. One group of distinguished Washington people, travelling between the capitol and Baltimore by car, listened to the broadcast as they travelled. Clergymen, lawyers, judges, the district attorney of Los Angeles, the girl's mother, Tom White's victim and many others listened.

Three out of every five of the letters received declared Burmah White was not guilty in their eyes and three out of five asked that she be given a new trial. Another fifth of the verdicts felt that she was guilty but the sentence was excessive. There were a scattering of opinions among the remaining fifth, ranging all the way from three who found her guilty as charged and deserving of the sentence, to those who would place the entire blame upon society, which permitted Tom White a dangerous criminal to be at liberty.

One is inclined to look upon the verdicts in the two cases cited as contradictory. In one the audience jury departed altogether from what might have been expected, leaning heavily against the sympathy created by the dramatization. In the other, they took the girl's story and, apparently, "swallowed it whole." What is the answer?

It is hard to answer the question but when more than a superficial examination of the facts is made one thing becomes very clear. The radio juries are not influenced by the surface appearance. They apparently do a great deal of thinking about the problems submitted to them and they penetrate the superficial considerations.

True Story Magazine gives prizes each week for the best answers, of course, and the awards attract a great many answers. There are a surprising number of letters received, however, from those to whom a prize is the least consideration, people who are interested and aroused over the issue presented and who express themselves for the sake of doing only that.

As a matter of fact True Story Magazine's success has been based entirely upon the desire of a large, ordinarily silent section of the community wanting to express itself and seeking a medium in which the vastly moving matters of their life could be spread upon the record. This is a primary, fundamental urge in every human creature. It has been so since the Biblical shepherds told their stories around the camp fires and it will be so as long as men have tongues and can read and write.

You Ask Her Another

(*Continued from page 26*)

started on Friday, the Thirteenth of January, 1933.

Q. What was your first broadcast?

A. With George Hall and his Hotel Taft orchestra.

Q. Who do you think is the handsomest man in radio?

A. I'll say Mr. Hall, of course.

Q. Who do you think is the most interesting?

A. I really know very few radio stars—I don't get much time to get acquainted.

Q. If you could be somebody else beside Loretta Lee who would you want to be most?

A. I have always wanted to be a Ruth Etting. She's my favorite radio singer.

Q. What do you think makes a woman most interesting—looks, brains or talent?

A. I suppose talent, but I've found that looks help a great deal when you've not got much talent, although I am sure it wasn't my looks that landed my first job for me.

Q. What program brought you the most response from your public?

A. I got more letters commenting upon my old theme song, "Cabin In The Pines."

Q. What do you enjoy doing most when you are not on the radio?

A. I like to go to the theatre and I do love to go shopping whenever I can.

Q. What's your favorite sport?

A. Swimming.

Q. Who is your favorite movie actress?

A. Kay Francis.

Q. Who is your favorite movie actor?

A. I do like Leslie Howard plenty.

Q. Have you reached the height of your ambition?

A. No.

Q. What is that height?

A. I'd like to be right on top. I want to be a big star and I'm not that yet.

Q. What would you do if you lost your voice?

A. I guess I'd go home to Louisiana and get married. There would be no sense in hanging around New York without a voice.

Q. What song do you like to sing most.

A. Just at present I like my new theme song, "Stay A Little Closer to Me."

Q. If you had three months of complete leisure what would you do with your time.

A. I'd go home for a nice visit.

Q. Before signing off, is there any message you would like to give your public?

A. I want to thank my fans for liking me

Do You Know the Real Rubinoff?

(*Continued from page 23*)

Rubinoff came to the surface. It expressed itself first on the balalaika, a stringed instrument like our ukelele, which the oldest brother, Herman, had received as a gift. As a youngster of five, Dave was able to pluck such weird and moving harmonies from its strings that Herman gave him the instrument—and the child immediately turned the instrument into a holy of holies, and permitted no one to touch it.

The exceptional skill of the child impressed Herr Gottfried, music teacher of Grodno, who volunteered to give the boy free violin lessons if the mother would provide an instrument. The cheapest meant an expenditure of three roubles, as much as father Rubinoff earned in a week.

With the faith of a mother, Mrs. Rubinoff raised the money. What sacrifice it entailed, you had best imagine, because it is difficult to tell. Pennies saved from the never too plentiful food supply, economies in candles and oil for the house lamp, skimping, saving, robbing herself of food and clothing, Rubinoff's mother raised the three roubles.

THEN lessons. They were not entirely free because Dave's sister, Rose, who was a seamstress, made dresses for Gottfried's children and wife. There was joy in those lessons, for all that, the joy of complete harmony between pupil and instructor, between master and acolyte. Rubinoff mastered the instrument well enough to win a scholarship at the Conservatory of Warsaw, and left Grodno at the age of 13 with Gottfried's blessing and his most valued violin, a Klotz.

Rubinoff did not see his instructor again after that last farewell because the entire family left for America the following year. Two years ago, Phil Rubinoff, brother and manager of the soloist, ran across Gottfried during a tour of the continent. Since then, the old instructor, to whom Rubinoff owes all that he is today, receives a monthly check which is more than ample to keep Gottfried and his family. Rubinoff is at last paying for his violin lessons in Grodno.

In this country, the Rubinoffs found reign of hardship. Dave pulled through selling papers on the streets of Pittsburgh, playing in small cafes and neighborhood motion picture theatres. There followed several years in vaudeville. Then work as a conductor in theatres of St. Paul and Minneapolis, more tours on the Loew and Publix circuits, and finally conductor of the Paramount Theatre orchestra at Times Square, the cross-roads of the world!

It was here that Rudy Vallee first met Rubinoff and marvelled at his talent. Himself a musician, Rudy recognized the flair for orchestral tone colors, for dynamic rhythms, for warmth and emotionalism in the conducting skill of the youthful conductor, and introduced him to radio. After one audition, Rubinoff was signed by the Chase and Sanborn company, and has been on their program since January 11th, 1931.

What manner of man is Rubinoff? Audiences have heard him reviled by Eddie Cantor and think of him, if at all, in the terms of Eddie's description. Yet Rubinoff's hair is not too long, his accent is not bad, he is not a freak. Neither is he commonplace. His personality is dynamic. No one can be near him for any length of time without feeling the searing force of it.

Only recently, he put in a schedule of work that would have daunted two lesser men. Five shows a day conducting and rehearsing the orchestra of the New York Paramount—from eleven in the morning until eleven at night. From seven in the morning until theatre time rehearsing two orchestras—the Chase and Sanborn and the theatre orchestra. From eleven at night until two in the morning conducting the dance orchestra of the Hotel Roosevelt. And several times a week, rehearsing the dance orchestra from two a. m. to four or five a. m.—and between times practicing his solos.

Sleep? About five hours a day and what little he could snatch in his dressing room between shows. And very little of that because it was then that he saw his arrangers, song publishers, show producers, producers of the radio show, newspaper and magazine reporters. It was between shows that he snatched precious time to answer mail, and autograph hundreds of fan photos.

He has few friends. His busy life makes it impossible for him to develop the friendships that he would like. Essentially, he is a lonely person.

His vital personality demands surroundings that are spacious and free. His apartment overlooks the 840 acres of Central Park . . . his offices, as stated before, overlook the East and Hudson Rivers from the 29th floor of a Times Square skyscraper.

HIS habits are simple. Has orange juice and coffee for breakfast. Drinks coffee au lait from a glass, Russian style.

Up at 6 a. m. regardless of the hour he goes to bed. Then takes bath or shower depending on the whim of his colored valet. Rarely smokes . . . is too nervous. Sleeps with his precious Strad near his bed.

He is at ease anywhere and with everybody. Will eat in one of New York's ritziest luncheries one day . . . and grab a tray in a cafeteria the next. Eats simple food only . . . likes rye bread and can really wrestle a herring. Frequents Lindy's in New York and goes in strong for caviar, smoked salmon, and other Russian delicacies. Great tea drinker.

He demands music at all times, and has radios in his dressing rooms, at his office, at home, and in his car. Cannot fall asleep unless radio is turned on.

His car is an expensive Isotta Fras-

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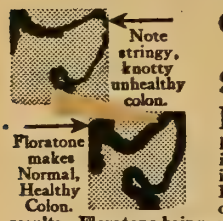


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chini, pale-blue in color, gorgeous in trappings. It is a familiar sight at the stage door of the Paramount, the NBC studios, and before the entrance to the Hotel Roosevelt.

He never exercises. His terrific routine keeps him trimmed to fighting weight at all times.

Thanks to his valet he is an immaculate dresser. His loudest garment is a yellow dressing gown given to him by Belle Baker. At present his favorite gown is a maroon one, a gift from Eddie Cantor. He is also proud of a wrist watch given him by Eddie as a gesture of thanks for his constant cooperation with the comedian. Another indication of how little animosity there is between the two.

According to his valet, he has over 40 suits and corresponding number of pairs of shoes. He changes shirts every three or four hours, and changes his shoes after each show. He does this not because of his own desire (he is too busy to think about clothes) but because his valet insists that he look his best at each stage appearance.

He has two grand passions. One is for his violin, the other for his family.

He lavishes on his Strad, the attention of a lover. He rarely lets it out of his sight, permits no one but his chauffeur to carry it, caresses its brilliantly varnished surface every few minutes, and never gets tired of showing it to people. Unlike most professional violinists, who rarely play for friends and acquaintances, he will put the Strad to his chin at any private gathering.

His strong attachment to his family is one of the biggest things in his life. He has always contributed generously to the support of his parents in Pittsburgh, and bought them a fine home in the exclusive Squirrel Hill section of that city. He finds frequent opportunity to run home for an overnight visit, despite his heavy schedule, and brings his parents to New York from time to time.

That is Rubinoff as his closest friends know him. Always busy, always dynamic and vital. He believes that music should be emotional and warm—and chooses his orchestral numbers and his solos only by the criterion—how will this tune make people feel? He is the mob-artist of America, the artist of the masses.

Now you know the real Rubinoff!

When They Cross Their Fingers

(*Continued from page* 17)

orchestra leader lies awake half an hour in bed every morning, to make sure that he won't leap out on the left side. On those occasions when he has done so, he has been forced to make long jumps with his band. And although he attaches no significance at all to possession or discovery of a four-leaf clover, he won't consciously get out of bed unless it's on the right side.

Phil Baker is a worldly-wise Broadwayite. Superstition has no part in his life. Who cares if you toss a hat on the bed. It's just a hat, and just a bed, and there are no such things as jinxes, so what if you don't knock wood to ward off evil or disappointment. All those things are silly—except a crawling beetle. Such an insect just shouldn't be. It was put on earth by a Divine Providence to warn perceiving people of oncoming trouble. When Phil decided to have a haunt on his program—a stooge who would annoy him, he could think of no better name for him than "Beetle." He named his other stooge, Harry HcNaughton, his regular foil, "Bottle," to be alliterative with the hated "Beetle."

Don't cry in the presence of Gracie Allen, even if you are a relative. Crying in the home of the Birnbaums (Mr. George Burns and Mrs. Gracie Allen) is indicative of a tragedy. A tragedy of a catastrophic nature. It's all right for George or Gracie to cry. But nobody else—unless you happen to be living with them. And don't place shoes on the table unless you're aching for a tremendous fight.

Eddie Cantor has no real superstitions. But, if by accident he should put his shirt on inside out, or his vest, well, he won't take either off all day. Otherwise every investment would go flooey, his program would flop and things generally would go wrong.

Of all the ridiculous things in a superstitious world, says Ed Wynn, are charms and amulets. But he never goes on the stage or before a microphone without the statue of a Catholic saint in his pocket, and in his purse, you will find several tiny crosses, given him by a devout former valet. And Ed Wynn is not of the Christian faith.

If Peggy Healy, the Paul Whiteman hot-cha girl is en route on a trip, and drops a valise, she will go back to the point where she started, or maybe give up traveling that particular day, because the trip is sure to result in dismal failure, otherwise. If Frank Luther spills sugar it is the portent of a cataclysmic misfortune, and to overcome it, he carries always a lump of sugar in his pocket. Yet, tell Frank the story of savages who put sweets on an altar to appease angry, but invisible demons, and he guffaws at you, because he once studied to be a minister, and knows those silly beliefs for so much bunk.

Ferde Grofe, the composer believes in good luck signs, even though the signs be marked with blood. If he cuts himself while shaving in the morning, he will (he hopes) receive a check before the sun sets on that particular day.

Raymond Knight, of the KUKU program is absolutely certain that if he sits on a park bench, while out for an airing, or at any other time, it will result in his sitting on them professionally—as an individual of the army of the unemployed. Milton J. Cross will never occupy a chair while broadcasting. He

is not at all superstitious, but if he should sit down, well, before noon the next day, as sure as shooting, he will receive a letter containing the very worst of news. Frank Black, NBC musical director will cross a street rather than pass a ladder, under, or outside. If he doesn't take this precaution, everything will go wrong for several hours thereafter. Practically everybody in the show business will generate murder in their hearts against the fool who whistles in the studio, or dressing room. That is why Morton Downey and Bing Crosby have a swell time violating this taboo, whenever they go to see their friends back stage.

Coffee before ten in the morning is the poison of bad luck to Phil Duey. But Mary McCoy will have a happy day indeed, if she happens to drop her purse to the street (and doesn't leave it there) when she starts out for the day. Leo Reisman has been known to renew a year's lease on an apartment because there was a cricket on the hearth. If he had moved, he would have broken his luck. Once he did move from a country place, where crickets were in profusion. He broke not only his luck, but his leg, an hour after departing from the domicile. If Martha Mears happens to start a run in her stocking, it means, absolutely that before sundown, somebody will send her flowers. She wishes she could change this charm, and have somebody send her a new pair of stockings instead of the flowers.

The only man I know, in the radio business without a superstition to his name, is a sponsor. But even this gentleman won't have a blonde on his program. A blonde once spelled plenty of trouble for him.

Ponselle Broadcasts to Plain Folks

(*Continued from page* 15)

stars of the Metropolitan? She knew nothing! When conductors and coaches spoke to her in the technical jargon of the operatic stage, she hadn't the first idea of what they were talking about. During that whole hot summer, she worked, ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day, studying, learning, memorizing, coaching. And she tells you that she prayed a lot, too. And then, in the autumn of 1921, came that sensational debut, in the leading rôle of Verdi's *La Forza del Destino,* with Caruso. The audience went wild. Rosa Ponselle, of the vaudeville circuits, had emerged as America's great prima donna.

And now, for the first time, Rosa Ponselle is broadcasting a regular series, over the Columbia network. Because she wants the plain people, who can't or don't go to the opera, to hear the music she hungered so for, back in the Meriden days. She might have used these spring months to sing in London, Rome, Florence, Paris . . . music centers which have acclaimed her as the greatest of living sopranos. But she'd rather stay here, to reach out personally to those nameless millions, who are so much a part of her own simple background.

Rosa Ponselle is an interesting combination of typically Italian and typically American characteristics. She has the warm-hearted impulsiveness of the Latin and the democratic broad-mindedness of the Yankee. No one, perhaps, will ever know how many treats she provides for orphanages and old people's homes, because she sends them anonymously. She isn't at all pretty, in the magazine-cover-girl style, but she is strikingly beautiful after the fashion of a Renaissance Madonna. She has rich olive coloring, warm dark eyes, and masses of lustrous black hair, which she wears looped back from her forehead, and covering her ears. Her voice is vibrant and pitched deep, as though she ought to sing contralto. She is utterly natural and wholesome and a "regular girl." She is an expert cook. When she entertains, she is busy in the kitchen beforehand, touching up the dishes herself. She hasn't forgotten the days when she helped her mother prepare the family meals, because there was no one else to do it!

She can't bear warm rooms. Even in winter, the windows go up directly she enters. She is extremely fond of sports and out-of-door life. She goes for long tramps in the woods, and plays ball, and golf, and adores bicycle riding. At a recent Metropolitan Opera frolic, she rode around the stage on her bicycle, singing her high C's while in motion! She lives in New York, in a pent-house overlooking the river. The pent-house isn't for swank, she assures you . . . it's the nearest she can get to the country. As a matter of fact, she'd rather live in the country. She loves her own home, and expresses herself in it, as any woman will. She planned the entire decorative scheme herself, and can frequently be seen coming in from market, her arms full of bundles. She loves animals, and takes her pet dog to all her operatic performances. He is a well trained dog. At a given signal, he will bark in unison with his mistress's singing. Otherwise he listens.

Ponselle isn't the least ashamed of having entered the musical world by way of the movie theatres and the vaudeville circuits. On the contrary, she's proud of it! That's the sort of person she is. She tells you that God gave her her voice and the will to use it, and that her good parents supplied her with abundant health and the inspiration to do things. All she had to furnish herself was the work. It sounds simple . . .

She has never married. People never fail to ask her WHY, and she explains it logically enough. The only kind of home-life she cares for is the kind she used to know . . . a simple, warm family life, with meals to cook, and children about to care for, and plain, unified interests, not too much in the public eye. She could not give herself up completely to such a life just now,



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and she wouldn't be satisfied with anything less. Rosa isn't the sort of person to do anything half way. Some day, perhaps . . . just now, though, she has her work to think of. She has a deep sympathetic understanding for children. Possibly because she has never gotten very far away from that round-eyed little girl who used to listen to the old phonograph. That plain little girl from a poor home has had this influence, at least, on America's music:—she has made America's foremost prima donna double eager to reach out to people's hearts.

I'm Married to Fred Allen

(*Continued from page* 11)

I have been asked by the editor of this magazine to tell about the little peculiar characteristics that my husband may have about things which affect our lives aside from our public activities. I do not feel that I should go too far in discussing these things, because I must reiterate the fact that my husband is of a very cloistered disposition, and I would not like to expose him to the glare of the sort of publicity that he does not enjoy.

However, I believe I can go so far as to say that some of the things Fred is very particular about are the creases in his trousers, the comfortableness of his shoes, the state of moisture or lack of moisture in his cigars, his utter passion for derbys and his refusal to wear anything but suits which have very tiny checks in them. This last is a very interesting thing. It arises from Fred's fondness of looking well in a photograph and his learning years ago that the most effective kind of a suit, photographically, is a suit which has a very small, square pattern in the weave.

I suppose the things Fred detests more than anything else are people who suggest bad jokes for the programs and wonder why he doesn't laugh at them and use them at the next broadcast, and people who say that radio is still in its infancy and then want to tell you how the programs should be written. But he never is really upset and he always has a minute to spare for reporters, fans, photographers and if you stop him for an autograph he's willing to meet you half-way. He'll give you his name if you have the pen and ink. Or, maybe even if you haven't the pen.

On the Pacific Air Waves

(*Continued from page* 43)

manufacturer, but then owner of KMIC, Inglewood, and KFWC, Pomona, Cal., induced him to become station announcer. Later he moved to KDB, San Diego, and then to KMTR, Hollywood as staff mike spieler. Along came Paul Whiteman and selected Von Zell as his mikeman for a coast tour. Columbia heard and offered him a permanent announcing berth in New York.

* * *

YOU'D think that a boy born and brought up in Pendleton, Oregon, would wear a wide brimmed sombrero and swing a mean lariat.

But nothing like this for James Burroughs, KFI-KECA tenor, who looks more like a "city slicker" than a lad from the cow-punching country.

Yes, sir, and ladies, Jimmie sports one of those toothbrush mustachios, has been seen carrying a cane, looks well in spats and is generally an all-'round nifty dresser.

James Burroughs has been catalogued as one of the west's most versatile linguistic songsters . . . German, French and Spanish, to say nothing of American (English as she is spoken).

He was once on the Orpheum circuit, was on the New York stage a year, did some picture work, appeared in many Grauman prologues at the Chinese theatre in Hollywood and has been heard on KFI for many years.

His chief hobby is high powered motor cars, probably an outgrowth of the urge to ride a pinto pony out on the range. Out in Hollywood it just isn't being done these days, so the motor chariot fills the bill instead.

In the Stars' Kitchens

(*Continued from page* 49)

garnish with parsley. Serve.

We know by his fan mail that Fred Allen is popular with you listeners, and we also know that you will like Fred's favorite cake, Mrs. Allen's Gingerbread Cake.

GINGERBREAD CAKE

- ⅞ cup butter
- 1½ cups flour
- Salt
- 5 eggs
- 1½ cups powdered sugar
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 2 tablespoons yellow ginger

Cream the butter, and add flour gradually. Beat egg whites stiff, and beat in half the sugar, salt and ginger. Beat yolks until lemon colored, add sugar slowly, and add this mixture to butter and flour. Beat well, fold in egg whites, sift in the baking powder, beat well. . . . Bake in buttered deep pan for one hour in a moderate oven. Serve plain or with a chocolate, or white frosting.

George Burns has his troubles with Gracie Allen on the air, but she certainly knows how to make this Fruit Cocktail for him.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

- 1 pint pineapple juice
- ½ cup apricots, stewed
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- crushed ice

Put the pineapple juice in a shaker, add to this the apricots that have been pressed through a sieve, the lemon juice, and plenty of crushed ice. Shake well. This is very inexpensive, and tasty: It makes about nine portions.

Meet the Wife

(*Continued from page* 19)

the first year of free-lancing was a lean one. He worked night and day to break into radio script writing, without much success.

One night the Lords tuned in on an unconvincing sketch of small-town life. Phil felt blue and discouraged. "I could do better than that myself," he said. "Why don't you?" his wife suggested. He sat down and wrote a few sample sketches; radio officials snatched them up. Seth Parker was on the air. His financial worries were over.

Recently Sophia Lord again showed her mettle. She knew how much his proposed trip meant to her husband; how he had planned it for years. It was impossible for her to go, because of their two daughters, Jean, six, and Patricia, three. Traveling into the far corners of the world isn't the best thing for youngsters. Cheerfully, she sent her man away for eighteen months. She remains at home with the children.

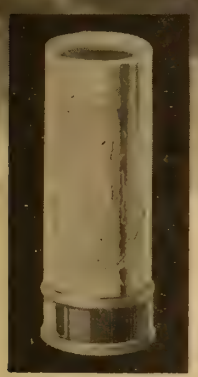
Most of us believe that once a star has put his foot up a few rungs of the ladder of success, he leads a charmed life. Nothing could be further from the truth, Lawrence Tibbett discovered.

Born in poverty, his had been a desperate struggle to arrive. When he did succeed, he didn't have the self assurance his position required. His life seemed empty, futile. His first marriage had failed.

Then he met Mrs. Jennie Marston Burgard, Social Registerite. She was charming, cultured, cosmopolitan to her finger tips. To her he went for advice about his career. Their friendship ripened into love, and they were married. Her wide knowledge of the world was an inspiration to him; her assurance communicated itself to him. He was now able to meet the Four Hundred. Their home became a mecca for everyone of importance in the music and social world.

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SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR

In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of Savage Lipstick Stain Remover and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided. SAVAGE . . CHICAGO

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IT will be a week this noon since I began using Kelp-a-Malt and I have gained 5 pounds and feel much better"—T. W. H. . . . "Gained 5 pounds the first package. Am very much pleased."—D. E. G. . . . "Gained 8 pounds with one package of Kelp-a-Malt and feel 100% better." —Mrs. W. J. S.

Just a few of the thousands of actual reports that are flooding in from all over the country telling of this new way to add 5 to 8 pounds in 12 days or it doesn't cost you a penny. Thousands of skinny, scrawny, rundown people have tried it and are amazed at this astounding new natural way to win back health and weight. Yet these results are not unusual. Doctors know how vitally necessary are natural food minerals, often so woefully lacking in even the most carefully devised fresh vegetable diets. Unless your system gets the proper amount of these minerals, many of them needed in only the tiniest quantities, even the best food fails to nourish you, fails to build rich red blood, firm flesh and sturdy muscles. This lack of mineralization results in the failure to digest starches and fats in the normal diet. It makes no difference whether your appetite is good or bad, your food is converted into poisonous wastes instead of firm flesh and tireless energy. Food specialists, however, have only recently discovered a marvelous source of practically every single mineral essential to body needs. It is known as Kelp-a-Malt, a pleasant, easy to take vegetable concentrate made from a luxuriant sea plant from the Pacific Ocean combined with diastatic malt extract in delicious, pleasant tasting tablets. It provides in easily assimilable form virtually every food mineral needed for health and strength.

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But most important of all, Kelp-a-Malt is the richest known source of the newer form of FOOD IODINE—natural iodine not made from iodides or other chemicals which oftentime prove toxic, but the same iodine that is present in small quantities in spinach and lettuce. It is the lack of this iodine which experts in nutrition says is our foremostnational health problem.

Six Kelp-a-Malt tablets provide more Food Iodine than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1387 lbs. of lettuce. 3 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper for rich blood, vitality and strength than a pound of spinach, 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes—more calcium than six eggs, more phosphorus than a pound and a half of carrots—sulphur, sodium, potassium and other essential minerals. Only when you get an adequate amount of these minerals can your food do you any good, can you nourish glands, add weight, strengthen your nerves, increase your vigor, vitality and endurance.

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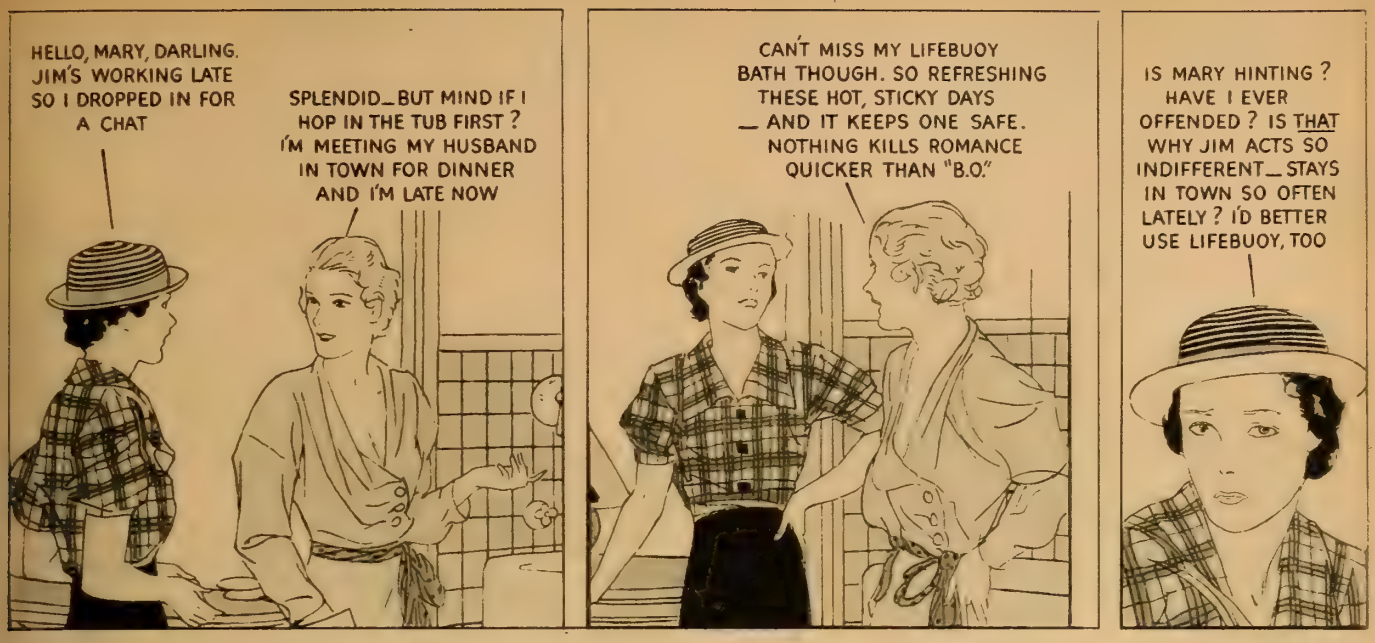
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Radio MIRROR

VOL • 2 NO • 4 AUGUST • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

specials



NEXT MONTH—The perennial troubadour, Harry Richman, man of a dozen careers and a hundred romances comes to you next month through the inimitable pen of Herb Cruikshank. Radio made the curly-haired singer, stage and movies took him up and now he's back at the microphone. Where he came from, what he thinks, where he goes will be told in a revealing, thrilling personality story in next month's RADIO MIRROR.

Born in India, Jessica Dragonette traveled all over the world before she was old enough to pick a career. But she sang since she first learned to talk. Pretty, talented, a good business woman, Miss Dragonette's history is the material from which novels are built. Read her real story first in the SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR.



There are so many musical Lombardo brothers they get in your hair when they're all assembled. But the prize offspring around whom the others congregate is Guy, handsome and successful. New notes dangle from his fingers, rhythm sways his body and ambition fills his mind. He'll tell you all about it next month.

You haven't heard anything until you tune in on Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland, the irrepressible hilarity team of cinema fame who come to you for the month of August on the NBC chain from Hollywood. You'll laugh when you hear them but you'll be amazed when you read about them next month in your favorite RADIO MIRROR.



"What Made the Blue Singers Blue" may surprise you when you read some of the love stories and job-struggles of the girls who sing torch songs into the microphone.

Are you all excited about the adventures of Toby Malone, his red-headed stooge and his inspired, inebriated professor through their thrilling experiences in a new radio world? Next month, Peter Dixon takes you through more interesting romantic adventures of the trio as they find fame, love and trouble in the broadcast studios. Don't miss this thrilling serial story continuing in the September Radio Mirror.



That's only the beginning of what the next issue of RADIO MIRROR offers you, dozens of gorgeous new pictures, a score of entertaining features, new guides to culinary success n the Homemaking Department, a picturesque gallery of beautiful portraits, Gard's caricatures and more that you can read in your SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR.

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The BLUE-PENCILLING WISE MEN

So much has been written and said in derisive vein about the prudishness of those who censor the air shows that these appear to be persons who have not only lost their sense of proportion but their humor as well. That isn't fair. There have been occasions when the blue-pencilling seemed more a matter of prejudice and wisdom. But it is far better to err on the side of conservatism than to loosen the reins and have a situation which exists for the movie producers today. I mean the widespread condemnation, fostered by groups and important individuals in protest against the so-called immoral pictures.

The lid has been clamped down tightly against all suggestiveness on the air. The officials of all the stations aren't entirely altruistic about this. They have been forced into their extremely careful attitude by the Radio Commission which maintains a strictness in regulation which might cost the broadcasters their license if the rules were disobeyed.

Entertainers coming from other fields of amusement have been surprised at the limitations put upon their material. Jokes which have been getting them laughter from vaudeville audiences have been tabooed. Skits which have been humorous highlights in stage productions have been ruled out. Songs that were sensationally successful in movie vehicles have had their lyrics considerably altered before they were given an airing. So the radio censors have been labelled as prudes who neither know what's entertaining nor appreciate what's funny.

Broadcast programs are for home folks and the ditties which might amuse a night club patronage in Manhattan would insult a listening family in Iowa. The introduction of questionable dialogue or suggestive situations into movie entertainment has been a slow, insidious, laxity out in Hollywood. Each year the producers have been allowed to put something into a story or a characterization which wouldn't have gotten by in the previous season. And the same condition could develop in radio if there weren't the keen ears of the radio regulators in Washington to please.

One very popular actress negotiating for a big radio contract lost out in the negotiations when broadcast officials learned that certain important people in Washington frowned on her type of entertaining. They were taking no chances.

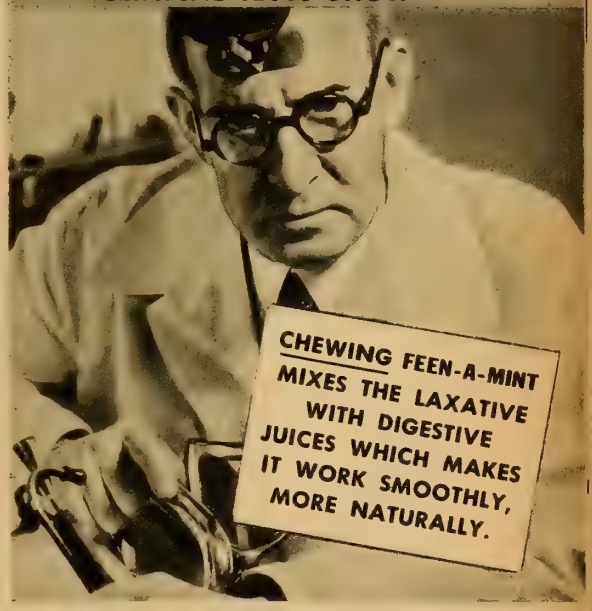
To keep a program clean doesn't necessarily mean it must be kept dull. There is no quarrel with the high moral standard of radio entertainment from any listening quarters but rather with the occasional low standard of well-laundered material. A lily-white gag can be amusing and a suggestive story can be boring.

The censors are doing all right by their public in keeping the air clean of smuttiness and of ruling out license. What radio really needs is more showmanship. The big stations and the big commercial accounts have corralled enough big names to attract interest to their programs. What they lack, in many cases, however, are the seasoned, experienced producers who will give the big names the kind of material their talents rate. And they seem awfully slow about getting round to that all-important feature of broadcasting good programs.

Julia Shawell

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

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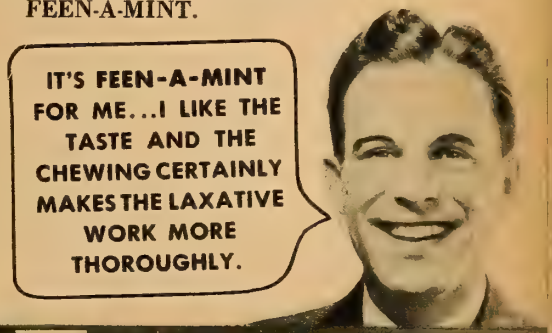


The chewing-gum laxative has distinct advantages; it is delicious in flavor, easy to take and, *because you chew it,* the laxative mixes with the gastric juices and works more thoroughly.

Because FEEN-A-MINT has this natural action it does a thorough job without griping or nausea, That is why more than 15 million people have chosen FEEN-A-MINT as their laxative.

You, *too,* will find FEEN-A-MINT palatable, thoroughly enjoyable—and you can be sure that it is non-habit-forming.

If you are one of the millions of constipation sufferers take the doctor's advice, chew FEEN-A-MINT.



Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

The Baron's

BY JACK



● Ready for a whopper the Baron opens his mouth and now listen for the lies he'll tell

Munchausen's lies are Jack Pearl's cake and caviar, and for the first time the famous comedian sets down the truth of a mirror meeting between himself and the imaginary character of hilarious gross exaggerations who brings home the bacon

THE Baron is such a liar!

I don't like to say it. After all, he's a pretty good friend of mine. But there's no denying that he is a dissembler, a fabricator, a sophist and a prevaricator. And that he's given to bombastic extravagances, hyperbolical exaggerations, magniloquent misrepresentations, fabulous falsehoods and whoppers.

He just doesn't tell the truth.

Now if Munchie were just a young feller trying to get along, there might be some excuse. And besides he has a background of good birth and breeding. Perhaps you thought he was just some low-lifer that roustabout-town, Charlie Hall, and his dissolute companion, Billy Wells, picked up in one of their disreputable haunts. But don't be deceived by the accent. In the Baron's veins flows noble blood. I never suspected it until one night I punched him in the nose, and, sure enough, the blood was blue.

Perhaps the only truth he ever told is that his family is famous back in Bodenwerder. No cracks—it's the name of a town in Hanover, Germany. They've lived there ever since Noah's Ark was a row-boat, and back in the 1700s his two-or-three-times-great-grandpa, Baron Karl Friedrich Hieronymus von Munchausen fought with the Russian cavalry against the Turks. To this day the favorite dish of all his descendants is turkey, although they can enjoy a goose, too.

If this were the only heritage left by Hieronymus, who was a great guy when he had it, the present Baron might have been the Burgomeister of Bodenwerder, with nothing to do but yodel with the merry villagers and lap up steins of Lowenbrau. But it seems that after the Armistice between the Tsar and the Tsultan, Hiery wrote a book about his adventures, and knowing that his mighty deeds would not be believed anyhow, he told the tallest tales he could think up. And the book became a best-seller. However, he paid the price of fame, and so have his descendants, for his falsehoods worried him to such an extent that all his progeny were marked by an inability to tell the truth. And that's what's wrong with the Baron.

A while back I sort o' lost track of the Baron. Between programs I like to get away from him. His conversation gets to be a little bit of a strain. But one morning, while I was shaving, and thinking about getting back to broadcasting, I looked into the mirror, and there, large as life, stood the Baron.

"Well, where have you been?" I greeted

such a Liar

PEARL

him, and he gave that giggle of his and spluttered:

"I vas avay to see mein cousin Hugo."

I remembered the Baron telling me that he was working Hugo's way through college, so I asked:

"Is he still attending Penn-State?"

"No," said the Baron, "now he iss in der State Pen, and he's going to die."

"That's too bad, sick is he?"

"Oh, no, he's not sick, but der chudge told him he iss going to die. Allready they try to electocroot him, but he blows der fuse oudt. So now they hang him."

"That's shocking!" I exclaimed.

"Dot's chust vhat Hugo said about der electo-crootion chair!" was the reply.

"But how did it happen," I inquired.

"Vell, one night Hugo vass on his vay to vork, but he said his wooden leg hurt him . . .

"His wooden leg hurt him? Now, Baron, how could that be?"

"His vife hit him on der head mitt it. But anyvay he vent to vork, and there he vass attending to his business, vhen der cop arrested him."

"That's an outrage!" I said indignantly, "the poor chap attending to his business, and the police take him! What is his business?"

"Oh," said the Baron, "He's a burglar!"

"Well, even if he's guilty, don't you know they can't hang a man with a wooden leg in this state?" I told him.

"Yes, I know dot," giggled the Baron, "they ain't going to hang him with a wooden leg, they use rope."

"Come to think of it, Hugo used to pack a gun. I guess he's the only member of your family who knows how to shoot one, isn't he?"

"I should say so not," bristled the Baron, "I am der greatest shooter mitt a gun in all der family. Vhy my favorite passtime as a boy vass to shoot tigers in Africa."

"Baron," I remonstrated, "I know, and you should know, that there are no tigers in Africa."

"Sure there ain't," he said, "I killed them all! Und, anyway, vass you dere, Sharlie, I mean Jack?"

"Where did you learn to shoot?" I asked.

"In der Army," he replied, and then I knew I had him.

"So you shot tigers in Africa when you were a boy, but you learned to shoot in the Army. I suppose you enlisted as a baby?"

"How did you know?" was the response, "I vass in der Infantry!"

I gave up. Anything to change the subject. So I ventured:

(Continued on page 77)



● Munchausen fancies blondes, or so it would seem from this little photograph

IT must be the influence of May Singhi Breen that is causing so many practical jokes to be played on Radio Row. NBC's Ukulele Lady is an incorrigible joker and spends half her time thinking up hoaxes to perpetrate on friends. Any way, there has been an epidemic of such things lately. Among recent victims are the De Marco Sisters, George Olsen, the band master, and Arthur Boran, the impersonator.

The De Marcos opened up a letter and found a $10 bill. The sender represented himself as an admirer and told them to buy a dinner on him. They did and when they tried to pay the bill with the ten spot learned it was a counterfeit. Two days later they got another letter from the same man. "Ha, ha", he laughed, "I hear you found that money as phoney as your voices". Which seems like carrying a joke to disagreeable and disgusting extremes.

A man, very effusive, rushed up to George Olsen in the studio and grabbed him by the hand. "How are you, George, old pal?" he exclaimed, slipping, of all things, an oyster into the palm of the maestro. Olsen can't prove it but suspects the master mind behind that dastardly deed was Walter O'Keefe.

And Arthur Boran was made miserable at a broadcast by a man in the studio audience who sat staring at him, cross-eyed, through the entire program!

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Kidding is all right in it's time and place but it's a dangerous thing to do in a broadcasting studio. As Ben Grauer, one of NBC's ablest mikemen, learned to his sorrow the other night. In a sportive mood he stepped up to what he thought was a "dead" mike. "Station W-J-Zilch, Hoboken", he announced. Eddie Duchin was so startled he nearly fell off his piano stool. The control engineer leaped up from his instrument board and by frantic signals

● Doesn't he look cute, this Ed Wynn trying his famous good-luck shoe on Frances Langford?



BY MERCURY

Warm-weather tidbits from the big broadcast studios! Mercury tells what's happened and what's going to happen to your radio favorites

through his window made Grauer realize that they were on the air. But listeners all over the country are still wondering how "Station W-J-Zilch, Hoboken" got on an NBC network.

* * *

A LITTLE BIRD SAYS—

That Frances Langford and George Jean Nathan, the critic, frequently lunch together, which is causing a lot of speculation. Incidentally, Frances has bought a new summer home at Long Beach.

That Helen Ward, Enric Madriguera's soloist, and Ted Herbert, of WOR, are plotting a wedding.

That Vera Van is very, very much interested in Charles Day, of the Four Eaton Boys.

That Morton Downey and Barbara Bennett are anticipating another blessed event and hope it will be a boy.

That George Burns and Gracie Allen are looking around for a baby to adopt.

* * *

HOT and AIRY



● Burns and Allen, all keyed up for the Summer, and forgive us our daily pun! They asked for it.

Reference to Burns and Allen reminds that contracts have just been signed which assure their continuance on the air until June 1, 1935. At its expiration the comedy team will have been broadcasting for the same sponsor three and a half years, something of a record. They are allowed time out for summer vacations and an occasional week's rest.

Incidentally, Burns and Allen are taking bows for a gag of theirs which won first prize this year at a convention of English comedians and humorists in London. The anecdote winning the laurels, in the English version, had to do with the superintendent of an insane asylum. When asked by a rich patron how the inmates liked their new swimming pool, he replied: "Very much, sir. They enjoyed the diving particularly. But they'll find it much better next week when we put water in it".

Two years ago when originally presented on the Columbia network by Burns and Allen the gag ran like this:

GRACIE: Oh, George, we have a new swimming pool (*Continued on page 72*)

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BY MERCURY

Warm-weather tidbits from the big broadcast studios! Mercury tells what's happened and what's going to happen to your radio favorites

They're Office Wives

name	MARIE KELLY	PORTLAND HOFFA	KAY BELL	FANNY GLADPEBBLE
boss	Bing Crosby	Fred Allen	Paul Whiteman	Stoopnagle and Budd
age	22	24	20	Over 20
weight	126	114	125	85
height	5 ft. 6"	5 ft. 5"	5 ft. 8"	5 ft. 10"
flower	Lily of the Valley	Orchids	Violets	Wild Thyme
movie actress	Irene Dunne	Janet Gaynor	Irene Dunne	Clara Bow
movie actor	Bing Crosby	Robert Montgomery	Walter Huston	Wm. Farnum
perfume	Chanel No. 5	Mitsouka	Heure Bleu	Attar of Roses
song	"Boulevard of Broken Dreams"	"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"	"Chloe"	"Bird In a Gilded Cage"

THIS is a rhetorical salute to that much abused, little praised item, the secretary. Secretaries there have always been and to the best of my cross-word experience there is even a secretary bird. Eve, no doubt, played at being secretary, ate her apple for lunch and took a great deal of solid comfort in the thought that *she* couldn't be fired. Your modern secretarial miss wears few more clothes than Eve, resembles her in many ways.

Miss Marie Kelly, secretary to Bing Crosby, is a charming example of the above. Pleasant, intelligent, extremely well-mannered, Miss Kelly writes letters, answers letters, reads letters and finds time to observe that "Mr. Crosby is very nice." That he is in point of fact really remarkable, possessor of a fine sense of humor and a deal of consideration. Radio, she thinks, has progressed and so have its people. She likes Jack Benny and Rudy V. but a well-known comedian, who must remain nameless, is the bane of her existence. When she closes up her typewriter she likes a foxtrot or two with an occasional fling at a good man's game of poker. Fortune tellers amuse her and she says she enjoyed her first interview. The office-boy told me outside that the staff thought she was "sweet". Ditto here.

* * *

Fred Allen said that if I cared to drop in on his rehearsal he would introduce me to his secretary. Next day I shook hands with the funnyman as he practised grimaces in the corner.

"How de do," I chirped.

"Hello Vallée," he drawled, coming out of a grimace.

Formalities over I took up my subject. Yes, his secretary was here, pointing to and beckoning over Miss Portland Hoffa. I knew the very able Miss Hoffa as his wife and helpmeet on the radio and stage, so this maneuver took me by surprise. No less surprised was she.

Fred then broke *lots* of ice by saying that this was his here now secretary. Portland denied this with a chilling glance. She did his letters in her spare time, then, he crowed. "Don't have spare time," pouted the lady and pouted so cutely that if duty hadn't hissed in my ear I'd have cast the whole thing to the winds. "Who did them

● Marie Kelly



● Kay Bell



● Evelyn Langfeldt



● Dorothy Ross



● There's a pretty girl who sits at the portals of the Radio Romeos. Their bosses are the idols of the air. And do they know their bosses!

to Radio Idols...

EVELYN LANGFELDT	DOROTHY ROSS	SHIRLEY VOGEL	MILDRED FABER	JEANNE BOND
Rudy Vallee	George Olsen	Vincent Lopez	Joe Penner	Leo Reisman
22	25	25	23	25
110	108	90	150	108
5 ft. 4"	5 ft. 5"	4 ft. 11"	5 ft. 5"	5 ft. 5"
Gardenias	Roses	Gardenias	Gardenias	Lilies of the Valley
Zasu Pitts	Norma Shearer	Joan Crawford	Greta Garbo	Greta Garbo
Robert Montgomery	Lionel Barrymore	Ben Turpin	Fredric March	Gregory Ratoff
Lanvin's Scandal	Shalimar	Heure Bleu	My Sin	Mitsouka
"Why Do I Dream Those Dreams"	"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"	"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"	"Boulevard of Broken Dreams"	"Infatuation"

then?" queried our friend. "Perhaps some of the eerie people," she offered and winked at me. He smirked as he said, "Erie, Pa.?"

"You tried to dictate to me the first year we were married, and you know what *you* got. . . ." and here her voice went upstairs and out through a figurative attic and I glared with her at Allen. (That's what that cute voice does to you!).

"All right my dear," he admitted and drew me aside to apologize. This secretary business had him worried. He had written his folks about it and they had written back that it had rained an awful lot up where they were but they were certain that the alfalfa would surprise him. He was so pleased about this that he clean forgot about the question.

In fact he was so distrait that he started to dictate a letter to a man leaning over a piano. "Yours of the thirst to sand. . . ." said the man and we ran.

"Atwell," shuddered Fred.

I left Fred then only to run into Portland outside. She told me that she'd answer my questions anyway because she always wanted to know how it felt to be a secretary, she'd seen some of those naughty movie ones.

Mr. Allen, she had decided some time ago was, "Even tempered, considerate and kind" and she even went so far as to say she thought he was funny. No movies for her but she could stand a lot of reading, knitting and egg scrambling. Her air delights include The Easy Aces, Rudy V., and Ethel Shutta.

"Thank you very muuuuch," I drawled in my best imitation of the great Allen-cum-Huckle, "It's been fun . . . so long." Those Allens!

* * *

Miss Kay Bell, Paul Whiteman's secretary, has two points in her favor; she looks like Ramona and once secretaried for the notorious Colonel Stoopnagle who led the famous charge of dynamite. She has many other points to add to these but let's hear what she has to say of the chief: "He is a prodigious worker, absolutely untiring and quite capable of carrying out (*Continued on page* 74)

● Shirley Vogel ● Mildred Faber ● Jeanne Bond







by Bill Vallee

Let Bill Vallee tell you about the Radio stars as their secretaries see them, and how to reach the boss through the pretty girls at the desks!



A Woman MART

The dark-eyed handsome singer of the often but the singing teacher who be- encouraged him and gave him his career

● Next to singing, Martini loves the country. Left, after a brisk ride, and below, at a reunion with Maria Zenatello, his foster-mother (second from the left).



"MY Nino, he a very good boy. Only every day he falls in love with another girl, and each time he thinks it is the grand passion. Now it is a German girl, and that is very good. For Nino he no like to study German. Now I think she teaches him it."

Dark-eyed, gray-haired, vivid Maria Zenatello, Nino Martini's foster mother, his guide, advisor and severest critic, was chatting with me in her lovely studio off Central Park. In an adjoining room 'her Nino' was practicing scales under the guidance of her husband, Giovanni Zenatello, famous vocal teacher. The Zenatellos are the only teachers Nino has ever had.

Ask Nino Martini what has brought him success, and he wouldn't hesitate a minute. "Maria Zenatello, my foster-mother and teacher. She has been taking care of me for ten years," he'll say.

It is Maria Zenatello who fed him, clothed him, who advised him about the problems that face every young man. It is Madame Zenatello to whom he comes with his confidences. It is Maria Zenatello, herself a mother of two grown children, who understands the problems of this impetuous, romantic young Italian.

But it is not only in his personal life that she has helped him. It is Maria who advises him about his career. It is she who got him his first chance to sing at a concert; his first chance to appear in opera. It is she who engineered his Columbia Broadcasting audition. This middle-aged, wise Spanish lady has made Nino Martini the singer he is today.

About ten years ago the Zenatellos, famous opera stars of a quarter of a century ago, invited Nino to live with them as their son. They would care for him, train his lovely voice, launch him on his career.

Made IN I

airwaves falls in love came his foster-mother, –Story by Mary Jacobs

● Martini is a great singer because a middle-aged Spanish lady believed in his voice convinced him of his talent and helped him to success





This is how it happened. The Zenatellos had built a theatre at the Arena in Verona, Italy, where 25,000 people came nightly to listen to open-air opera performances they arranged. Nino, then a high school boy, would save his pennies to be present. He was very poor then, but even at that time he knew that something awoke in him when he heard the glorious voices of the opera singers.

He never thought he'd be a singer. He thought he'd be a sportsman, a jockey. For he was crazy about horseback riding. His voice? It was a strange, thin, clear girl's voice—a coloratura, pure and fine. Such a strange voice for a boy that the priest in his church refused to let Nino sing in the choir. "Your thin squeal is no voice," he said impatiently. "We need *real* singers."

It was because of the strange lightness to his tones that he got an audition before Maria Zenatello. Her secretary had heard Nino sing and was puzzled by his unusual coloratura tones. He asked Maria to listen to the boy. She did. And immediately recognizing how rare a voice his was, asked Nino to live with her as her apprentice, as her son.

She and her husband, both well-known singers and teachers, would train him. It would cost him nothing. When he made good, he would pay them whatever he felt he owed them.

Nino's widowed mother was overjoyed. She had been eking out a precarious livelihood as custodian of the tombstone of Romeo and Juliet, in the beautiful Campo Fiera. Nino's father had died when the boy was six. Nino and his two sisters spent their waking hours playing in the lovely gardens; it was here Nino began to sing.

When Nino first came to live with the Zenatellos, a boy in his late teens, Maria decided she would break him in right. He was a mischievous, fun-loving boy, who had been expelled from school because he poked fun at his teachers.

He had to be made to realize that his music education was a serious matter. He had to learn to obey, to be a private, before he could become a leader.

Every morning Nino rose at six. It didn't matter how he felt about the matter, at six he was up and about. Then he went for a brisk ride along the countryside on horseback, "for one can not sing when he is sleepy," Maria says gravely. To this day Nino goes horseback riding every morning when he wakes up—but now he arises at ten, and rides in Central Park. (*Continued on page* 63)



A Woman Made MARTINI

The dark-eyed handsome singer of the airwaves falls in love often but the singing teacher who became his foster-mother, encouraged him and gave him his career

–Story by Mary Jacobs

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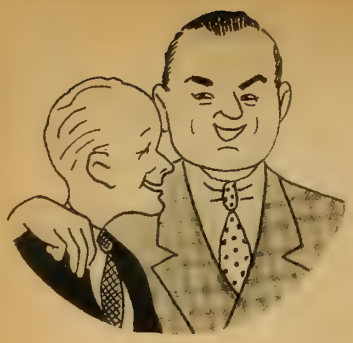
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(*Continued on page* 63)



TWO *in a*

Stoopnagle and Budd, Buffalo's gift to radio, made themselves an air career out of some gags and gadgets



OH, Nuts!

I mean those nuts, Buddnagle and Stoop, or Noopstagle and Boop, or Oopstaglenay and Uddbay. Oh, nuts! What I mean is, or are, Stoopnagle and Budd, or whatever their names may be. And when it comes to that, their names may be F. Chase Taylor and Wilber Budd Hulick. That's what they say they are, and how should I know different. The F. stands for Frederick, and has done so ever since the time when Fred Taylor invented his patent comb for parting names in the middle.

Anyway, meet the Colonel, there's one in every nut, and likewise shake hands with Budd, who is the "and friend" in the photographs. You know, the ones that read from left to right, "Colonel Stoopnagle and Friend". And if you want to take a tip from a palsy-walsy, look out for one of those buzzers in Budd's duke when you mitt him. Such fun!

Now, according to Emily Post, the first thing a girl should do after saying, "With whom have I the pleasure?" is to give the party-of-the-second-part the once-over, so cast your big, brown eyes on little Freddie Taylor, tall, dark 'n' handsome, ruddy cheeks, jutting jaw, with maybe a cleft in his chin. He looks like a Yale full-back turned bond-salesman. And that would be in a year when Yale had a football team, and bonds weren't used to paper Chic Sale solaria, which is a slang expression for sun-parlors—plural number.

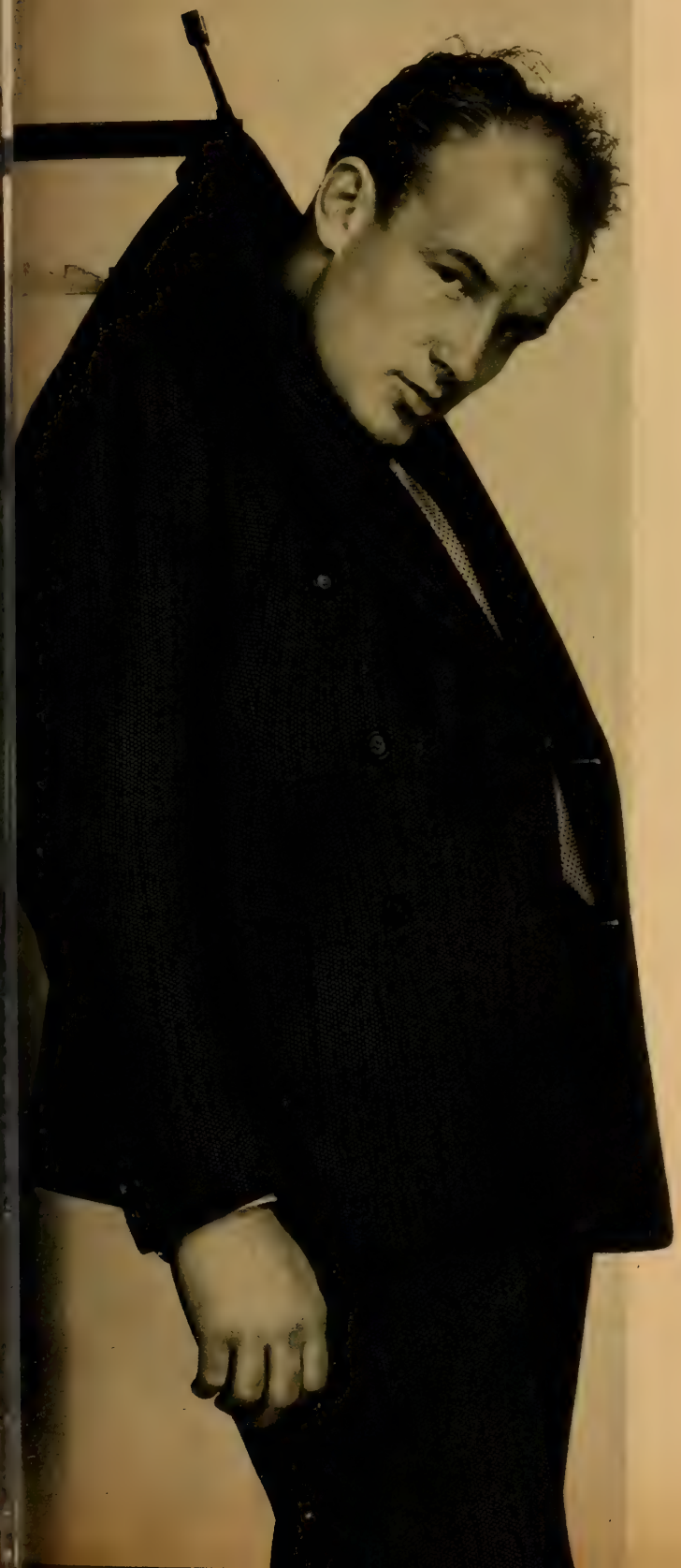
As a matter of fact, the good, old Colonel is the part he looks. He's 'varsity all right, University of Rochester, grid captain in his frosh year. Then came the War ("oh-ho sa-hay can you see") and after Stoopy quit the Navy, not much the worse for wear, what did he do but become vice-president of a Buffalo brokerage house. But the depression buffaloed Buffalo, and when there were no more buffalo nickels in the Buffalo brokerage business, ol' Massah Taylor, who dates way back to '97, turned to rad-dio and inventions. There you have the Colonel, as it were, in a nut-shell.

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For Wilber B. Hulick, who was born twenty-seven years ago over on the Jersey side, is a college man, too. Georgetown University claims him among its distinguished alumni,

GIGGLES

Carload of Gags



● The crazy pair hang themselves with a trick and you needn't say "hurrah!"

BY HERB CRUIKSHANK

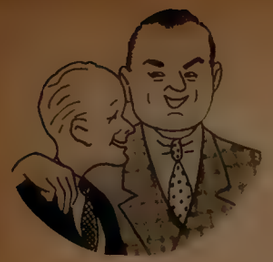
and W. B. toyed with the collegiate pigskin as quarterback of an eleven that batted out many a home run during exciting chukkers. He went in for the glee club stuff, and the musical end of campus life, and organized a rah-rah band that was good enough to cruise aboard the liners and keep the less discriminating Europeans entertained no end. To this day he can make a saxophone holler "Uncle". The hell of it is, he does.

But you know how it is with us college muggs, they toss you out of school with a sheepskin and tell you to take it on the lam. So Budd did a lot of things beside putting crushed nuts on sundaes before he finally hit an air-pocket in the trousers of the Buffalo Broadcasting outfit. And ain't that destiny for you? If it hadn't been for Buffalo and Stoopnagle and Budd, Budd would never have met Stoopnagle in Buffalo. Then there wouldn't have been any Stoopnagle or Budd or Buffalo, which would be oke by me no matter what the millions may think. Come to cogitate, that goes for the millions, too. Anyhoo, shake hands with Mister Hulick—and beware that buzzer!

I met the boys one afternoon when they were out musician shooting. It's an old Stoopnagle and Budd custom. One that should be among the most popular American sports if there weren't so darned many prohibitions in this country. What is this, anyway, Russia? Well, anyway, musician shooting being verboten to the masses, maybe it requires a word of explanation. You see, Fred and Wilber (to hell with formality I always say) try out what they call "jokes" on the fellers who do the toot-tooting and the ta-ra-boom-de-aying in between what they call the "comical stuff". If the musicians laugh they know its funny. If they don't laugh, they know the musicians have no sense of humor and shoot them. The musicians seldom if ever even smile, and Wilber and Fred have left a trail of sour-note-sounders which, if properly plastered and stood on end would make a picket fence from here to 'Frisco.

The afternoon in question, if there really is a question about it, Willie and Freddie were rehearsing for what they bitterly call the "evening's gaiety". They were doing a piece about one of the Colonel's inventions, pretending to interview a Mr. Whiffletree, or whatever his name was, who was one of those great unknown Captains of Industry whose career was all bound up in manufacturing shower-baths that dripped after the water was turned off. There was also business about how a turtle with an itchy back could scratch itself.

The musicians sat sadly through the routine looking like Canon Chase at a Minsky strip show. For them there was nary a giggle in a carload of gags. They didn't know that little by little Budd and Stoopnagle felt their habit coming on. Finally the time came for the musikers (*Continued on page 75*)



TWO GIGGLES *in a* *Carload of Gags*

Stoopnagle and Budd, Buffalo's gift to radio, made themselves an air career out of some gags and gadgets

BY HERB CRUIKSHANK

OH, Nuts!

I mean those nuts, Buddnagle and Stoop, or Noopstagle and Boop, or Oopstaglenay and Uddbay. Oh, nuts! What I mean is, or are, Stoopnagle and Budd, or whatever their names may be. And when it comes to that, their names may be F. Chase Taylor and Wilber Budd Hulick. That's what they say they are, and how should I know different. The F. stands for Frederick, and has done so ever since the time when Fred Taylor invented his patent comb for parting names in the middle.

Anyway, meet the Colonel, there's one in every nut, and likewise shake hands with Budd, who is the "and friend" in the photographs. You know, the ones that read from left to right, "Colonel Stoopnagle and Friend". And if you want to take a tip from a palsy-walsy, look out for one of those buzzers in Budd's duke when you mitt him. Such fun!

Now, according to Emily Post, the first thing a girl should do after saying, "With whom have I the pleasure?" is to give the party-of-the-second-part the once-over, so cast your big, brown eyes on little Freddie Taylor, tall, dark 'n' handsome, ruddy cheeks, jutting jaw, with maybe a cleft in his chin. He looks like a Yale full-back turned bond-salesman. And that would be in a year when Yale had a football team, and bonds weren't used to paper Chic Sale solaria, which is a slang expression for sun-parlors—plural number.

As a matter of fact, the good, old Colonel is the part he looks. He's 'varsity all right, University of Rochester, grid captain in his frosh year. Then came the War ("oh-ho sa-hay can you see") and after Stoopy quit the Navy, not much the worse for wear, what did he do but become vice-president of a Buffalo brokerage house. But the depression buffaloed Buffalo, and when there were no more buffalo nickels in the Buffalo brokerage business, ol' Massah Taylor, who dates way back to '97, turned to rad-dio and inventions. There you have the Colonel, as it were, in a nut-shell.

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● The crazy pair hang themselves with a trick and you needn't say "hurrah!"

The Beautiful

Toby Malone was an actor out of a job when his big chance came in a broadcast studio. A professor and a red-headed waitress were his cast. They get the audition, but will they get the contract, and who gets the red-head? Read on and see what happens



MARGY gazed open-mouthed at Toby and the Professor and she still looked lovely. That open-mouthed gaze is recommended as the acid test of feminine charm.

"My friend the professor, was just kidding, babe," Toby explained quickly. "I know you ain't had no experience in the show business and playin' stooge—I mean straight—for a comic like me takes experience."

"Get your hat and coat, Margy," said the Professor gently. "We haven't any time to lose."

"All right," said Margy suddenly. "I'll be ready in two minutes."

"But listen, sister," Toby started to plead. But Margy had disappeared through a swinging door.

"Prof, I shouldn't have let you drink all them brandies on an important day like today," said Toby sadly. "I guess that ruins everything. I guess I better 'phone up CBC and tell 'em my grandmother has just kicked off or I been hurt in a taxi accident or something."

The professor reached for his brandy glass which wasn't quite empty.

"All will be well, Toby," he said. "I've got a hunch!" And as he drained the glass, Margy came back without her white apron and in a smart little coat and an equally smart hat.

Toby, in spite of his feeling that the bottom had dropped out of his entire world, looked at her twice. There were few girls on Broadway any more charming than Margy and she didn't look dumb. Toby realized she had everything to make an ideal partner in an act—if only she'd had some experience in the show business.

"Leave some money for the check, will you, Toby?" the Professor asked as he got up.

This brought Toby back to earth.

"Gosh, prof. I haven't got a cent with me. I was going to ask you to take the check!"

The professor fumbled in his pockets, shaking his head.

"I'm stoney," he said. "I say, this is embarrassing."

Margy didn't hesitate.

"Forget about the check," she said, "I'll fix that up later. I'm good for it. After all, I work here. Aren't we supposed to be at the radio studios within the next five minutes?

"Gee Margy," Toby began——

"Come on," she commanded. "I've been waiting for something like this to happen. All my life. I'm not going to let a luncheon check spoil it. Now, come on!"

They dashed out of Le Pierrot and the Professor whistled shrilly at a passing cab.

"The cab fare——" Toby remembered in time.

"I've got the cab fare," Margy said. "And we can rehearse or whatever it is you do, on our way to the studios."

They climbed into the cab. From an inside pocket the

Stooge

PART TWO

BY PETER DIXON

Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer



● "Say . . . only a minute to go. Is your script in order? Too bad there isn't time to run through the show on the mike before the audition—but you'll be all right."

professor produced the scripts for the audition. He handed one to Margy.

"You're Toots," he said.

"Finally, I'm Toots," said Margy. "And not even Mrs. Toots."

"Levity at a time like this is out of place," said Professor Gus sternly. "We've got to concentrate on being funny and it's very serious. Now there's just time to run through the script before we get to the studios. Let's go."

"Hello, Toots," said Toby. "I see the keeper has been careless again."

"Oh, I'm fine, thank you," Margy replied, reading from her script. It's nice that I saw you yesterday. How are your two brothers?

"Oh, you mean Izzie and Wuzzie."

"Yes . . . how are they?"

"Wuzzie is sick!"

"Is he?"

"No, Wuzzie!"

The taxi-driver narrowly missed a five-ton truck, cursed softly under his breath and wondered what the hell was wrong with those three fares.

Around a big table in the board room of the Consolidated Broadcasting Company, seven very bored people sat and stared apathetically at a mahogany enclosed radio speaker. The seven were members of the program board of CBC. Before any program went on the air, at least four of these people had to approve it. For years and years—and to some of them it seemed like centuries and centuries—the members of the board had been listening to sopranos and tenors, to comedians and elocutionists, to dispensers of cheer and to ladies with new ideas on household hints and to every good and bad performer who had the slightest chance of getting to a network microphone.

Members of the board had heard every joke and wisecrack ever used at least five times. They'd heard "Trees" sung until they hated the idea of reforestation.

They had heard idols of the stage stumble through continuities like school children at Friday afternoon exercises. They had heard dare-devil explorers with high, almost falsetto, voices and on a few very rare occasions they'd heard things that were interesting and amusing.

Even the comedians who had gone on to radio fame had

extracted few chuckles from the members of the program board. The board members knew enough to recognize comedy that would make other people laugh and they acted accordingly. But no dramatic critic, ending a season which had meant five opening nights a week could have been half so bored and fed up with it all as any one individual on the CBC program board. They'd heard all the questions and they knew all the answers.

The members of the program board were drafted from every department of CBC. There was Beth Hollister, quiet, charming and ultra-sophisticated director of women's programs. There was Keith Rice, manager of the continuity department. Rice had wanted to be a poet but had stumbled into broadcasting. He showed an unexpected flair for executive work and cursed the day that he gave up a Greenwich Village apartment for one on Fifty-fourth street, made possible by a CBC salary check.

THERE was Joel Miller who had been an announcer and had been with radio since the days when the Happiness Boys were the nation's favorites. Then there was Harry Rush from the press department who looked at every program as something that might garner so many inches of space in the nation's radic columns. There was Clem Bancroft of the Sales department who thought only in terms of the opportunities to inject sales talks into programs. There was Charles Lorton, program manager and a former executive of a chain of theatres. Lorton was supposed to be the authority on what was and what was not good showmanship. And there was Parker Smith from the legal department who listened with but one thought —had the program been done before? The radio folks didn't want suits for plagiarism.

These were the people who were waiting to hear Toby Malone.

Beth Hollister looked enquiringly at Lorton.

"Who," she asked, "is our victim this afternoon?"

"A comedian," replied Lorton.

The other six groaned in unison.

"We've got to have one or two comedians available," Lorton explained. "All the sponsors want is comedy! And we've got to find comedians. There aren't many name comedians left. So there's only one thing to do—that's to take a comparatively unknown comedian and make him an air name. Does the name Toby Malone mean anything to you?"

Five people said, "No".

"Wait a minute," said Harry Rush. "I saw that guy once in a vaudeville show."

"How was he?" asked Keith Rice.

"Lousy," said Rush.

The others looked more dejected than usual.

"However," said Rush, "I think the press department could take even a lousy comedian and do something with him. We might make him the . . . uh . . . the Mysterious Mime.

"Nobody," objected Rice, "Except a few of us, know what a mime is."

"All right then," Rush rejoined. "We could put a black mask on him and call him the Masked Madcap!"

Lorton shook his head.

"If this guy is any good at all we'll have to build him up under his own name. The advertisers aren't going for mysterious marvels these days. Maybe this guy will be good."

The respective members of the program board looked gloomy. That was too much to expect.

The mahogany speaker suddenly came to life.

"Stand by, program board," came the voice from the speaker. "We're going to pipe the audition in thirty seconds."

The board members reached for pencils and began to draw little diagrams on the pads in front of them.

The next voice was that of David Mason, one of CBC's best announcers. Lorton had thoughtfully assigned Mason to the audition. The program manager hoped that Toby would make good with the board. The best thing he could do for him was to assign a good announcer. Good announcers, thoroughly familiar with Dat Ole Dabbil Mike can sometimes make the most fussed performers seem at ease.

"We present Toby Malone," said David's voice.

Members of the board listened quietly. They didn't expect to be amused but at least they were willing to be attentive.



● "Forget about the check," she said, "I'll fix that up later. I'm good for it. After all, I work here."

BEFORE the taxicab had reached the CBC studios, there had been time for Toby and Margy to run through their lines once. The professor made a few corrections. Had Toby been less upset by the prospect of doing an audition with an unprofessional stooge, he might have marveled at the ease with which Margy handled her speeches. As it was, Toby wasn't quite so nervous when they dashed into the studio building.

A hostess on the fourteenth floor glanced at a mimeographed sheet when they made enquiries about the audition.

"Studio C," she said. "Right down the corridor and the first door to your right. They've (*Continued on page* 68)

Coasting with Rosaline







● When Rosaline Greene, the talking Mary Lou of "Showboat" gets away from the mike she runs right down to her father's Long Island home and his boats. Right, here she's seen driving her own motor launch.

● Who wouldn't like vacation time when it's as pleasant as pretty Rosaline Greene makes it. Above, she's getting the sailboat ready while below, she takes a little canoe ride.





What did "Mike" give

● She won't let any marriage interfere with her career, this beautiful star who had cinema fame in her youth, but whom "Mike" gave new radio laurels for her middle years

WHEN Irene Rich left the broadcast studios of Chicago after a successful series of weekly appearances on the air she was peeved. Perhaps that's putting it a little mildly but when the stunning star gets feeling that way she usually takes a plane or a train or a boat and goes to some place where she thinks she'll get what she wants.

She did that in Hollywood, after fourteen years of working herself up from extra ranks to an important stellar position in the cinema colony. Irene wasn't sore at Hollywood, except abstractly for its attitude toward her career. She was weary of playing a neglected wife, a sad divorcee or a sobby mother. She felt she was "typed" so definitely that the casting directors couldn't see her in any other kind of a role. So she just flew to Chicago, sold her talents to a sponsor and went into a new field, using her many and varied experiences in pictures as a background for her intimate sketches. Then when the skits were changed to characterizations she didn't like quite so well she bought herself a ticket to New York and started a new series of broadcasts.



● Miss Rich arises with a smile and begins the day's work with a telephone call

The peeve broke out all over again. For she still wasn't doing what she wanted. And with Miss Rich that's an unhappy state of affairs for which she seeks, and usually finds, a remedy.

Most actors always feel a loyalty to their first choice whether it's the stage, pictures or radio. The Broadwayites who went West from Manhattan footlights after the introduction of sound pictures, always feel that pull-back to the stage. Their bank deposits are in Hollywood but their yearnings reach out to New York and the thrill of eight shows a week. The ones who gained their first popularity before the microphone migrate periodically to Hollywood but always there's the feeling that they really belong on the air. To the seasoned veterans of the celluloid world, radio is just a payroll and Broadway an exciting interlude. Their ambitions and hopes are always focussed on movie roles.

Irene Rich is different. The medium is of secondary importance. Whether it's a stage production, a radio contract or a film part matters little so long as she's doing what she wants in the way she wants to do it. Radio, according to her story, gives her a greater personal satisfaction than either the cameras or the footlights. She feels a nearer relationship to her ether audiences than she ever got through her screen portrayals. She expresses her consciousness of a personal contact with her radio friends that is missing in the "talkies". As a proof of this, she turned down a lucrative Hollywood contract two months ago to play "just another wife role". And she gave up a stage production which had gotten into first rehearsals because she believed the vehicle wasn't smooth enough to present her as she wanted to be.

Miss Rich, as a matter of fact, uses her head far more than any sentimental urge, when it's a matter of her career. That is a direct contradiction to all the theories you get about her, either from personal contact or following her activities. She looks like a mellow woman who would be governed by the promptings of her heart. But don't let those soft brown eyes fool you. She is essentially an artist and from the time she was seventeen she has sacrificed other interests to her work. She admits, frankly, that at times her career has been an impediment to her domestic happiness. But her career is very near her heart and in decisions it has always gotten the preference. At least, she's honest about it. So many women in public life prate about how nothing should interfere with personal happiness but they neglect to add that the only lasting personal happiness possible for them would be bound up in their work and not in any individual upon whom they might bestow their affections. In that too, Miss Rich is different.

It's amazing how kindly the years have treated Miss Rich. Or perhaps, it's more to the point to say that she has known how to deal with the years. Miss Rich now weighs exactly what she did at sixteen and there have been brief interludes when the scales said otherwise. But there were periods when her avoirdupois went above her average, brief periods, indeed. She has two grown-up daughters and in the soft lights of an evening affair looks almost as young as either of them. She married first at seventeen but she's been divorced three times and her two daughters have different fathers. She believes it is wise to change your mind and your husband if you are sure you cannot live contentedly together. Other people might feel quite differently but that's the Irene Rich philosophy and at least she lives by it. To all outward appearance and to all

BY R. H. ROWAN

the RICH Lady?



● IRENE RICH, even on a not summer's day, looks as attractive as her two grown-up daughters

inward thinking she's quite a contradiction. Gazing at her in a modish gown, watching her smooth face, appreciating her soft femininity, the casual observer would say here is a woman who feels things deeply and who is affected by her own emotions. She gets right down to the core of your inner thoughts without giving you an inkling of hers. And yet she is essentially honest.

It might be much more diplomatic for her to say, in the present instance, "I love my radio work and I am happy in the selection of material which my sponsors have given me". But she doesn't do that. She tells you frankly that she was terribly disappointed out in Chicago when they stopped those intimate little sketches of her Hollywood experiences which she was broadcasting and substituted material she didn't approve of at all. And she'll add, quite as frankly, that's why she left the Chicago studios and moved into New York, only to learn that the sketches were still being written for her in Chicago and sent on to the Manhattan studios. She's as disappointed in New York as she was in the middlewest broadcast center but she'll continue to tell you, for the time she must grin and bear it. One can't quarrel with that attitude. She'll get what she wants in radio, the same way she got on in Hollywood.

It wasn't any whim that started Irene Rich on her movie way. It was the immediate necessity of earning her own living in the most interesting way she knew how. Irene was one of several hundred extras who annoyed casting directors in the early silent-flicker days. That she was a successful survival is an indication not only of her faith in herself but of her endurance.

For fourteen years she struggled along in a place where she had plenty of competition. During that time she not only climbed the movie ladder to important leads but while she was forging ahead in her own profession she was also getting married, having babies and running her own household. When a marriage didn't bring her contentment, she was through. She likes to be sophisticated, she wears clothes like a million dollars and yet the flicker producers always thought of her first as a nice girl. That attitude lets you out of many coveted roles in pictures and though Irene did her best to overcome the handicap of niceness she couldn't convince those who were handing out film plums.

Finally, convinced (*Continued on page* 71)

WAS SPALDING'S

Reared in riches, he threw away his golden spoon for a fiddle, fame and work

BY ROSE HEYLBUT



● Spalding caresses his first and lasting love, the instrument of his fame

EVERYONE thrills to the story of the genius who struggles his way through harsh poverty, and emerges from his shabby garret at last, to find Success. There is only one type of story that is still more thrilling. That is the rarer story of the genius who fights his way through the softness of wealth and advantages, to a place of his own, strictly on his own; who surmounts the jibes and the doubts of people who think he is just another rich man's son, toying with a new fad. A prominent radio contest has just selected such a man as "America's most popular instrumentalist."

His name is Albert Spalding.

Spalding is the son of a wealthy family. You know the family. Its name appears on Big League baseballs. The Spalding fortune turned out to be one of the greatest obstacles to young Albert's career. He had to fight off what any other young musician would give ten years of his life to get . . . from anyone but his parents! This is the situation: if a poor boy shows talent enough to attract the attention of a wealthy "angel" to sponsor his career, his future is pretty well assured. But if a boy is so situated that the "angel" isn't needed, and his family pays the bills, his future is likely to be hedged with barbed-wire comments about an outlet for Father's spare cash, and how long will the hobby last? And in planning a public career, such public comment can't be overlooked. America clings to the idea that a young man has no right to a glamour he hasn't fought for. It's a pretty good idea. At least, Albert Spalding thought it was. So he fought.

Where Albert Smith could have accepted the Spalding backing, Albert Spalding had to stand squarely on his own feet, or be branded as one of the things Father spent money on, like a yacht. Now, he had a great admiration for yachts, but he didn't like being classed with them. So he made his own terms. When he felt that he could do nothing in the world except play the violin, he very literally did nothing except play the violin.

The Spalding money was not used to push him. Such wily managers as were eager for an easy exploitation, were given to understand that no cash would be forthcoming to put him across. If they felt interest in him, it would have to be solely on his merits. He had few of the things that the genius-out-of-the-garret expects his "angel" to provide for him. He couldn't afford to! He fought his way through his genius, his faith in himself, and a bull-dog determination to win.

Albert Spalding was born in Chicago. Until he was seven, his ambition was to be a soldier. One of the earliest talents he displayed was for packing the luggage full of non-essentials, and leaving out all the really useful articles. As a youngster, he went to visit friends, and his hostess, on helping him open his valise, found that he had brought neither pajamas nor toothbrush, but a complete set of Shakespeare!

The persistent streak in Albert Spalding brought him many painful knocks long before it carried him to the concert stage. At five, he was given a tiny bicycle. He loved the swift motion of it, the glorious feeling of "getting somewhere." But he was too little to dismount or come to a stop by himself. When there was no one near to help him get off, he let himself fall off. When the bicycle happened to fall on him, it hurt much more than when he "fell plain." But he didn't stop riding! Once, as he came tearing down the driveway a truck with a huge team of horses blocked his way. The driver shouted to the little fellow to stop. Then, realizing that he couldn't, he reined up sharply . . . just in time to see the boy and bicycle disappear under the horses, and then emerge again on the other side, still riding hard!

When Spalding was seven, he was given his first violin,

WEALTH *a* HANDICAP?



● Away from music, Albert Spalding rusticates with his pet dog

and from that time on, he knew there was only one thing for him to do. He didn't want to enter a flourishing business; he wanted to play the violin. His family took him to Italy, where his studies were rounded out by the keen interest in music that was always an important influence in his home. His mother was an excellent amateur pianist. When Spalding was nine, his mother, his brother, and he performed a Trio before the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. In the middle of a passage, one of young Albert's violin strings snapped in two. He went right on playing, however, transposing the music to one of the other strings . . . a considerable feat even for a master violinist. Those who saw what had happened, were amazed by the child's skill. But his mother, at the piano, had not seen. She heard only that his playing sounded a bit different from normal. After, she asked him about it and he explained.

"But why didn't you stop playing and change strings?"

"Oh," replied Albert, "I didn't think you *could* stop playing before a Duke!"

At fourteen, Spalding passed examinations at the Conservatory of Bologna which earned him the title of Professor of Music. History records but one other musician to have won that honor at so early an age. His name was Mozart. Spalding studied two years more in Paris, and made his début there, at sixteen. And then the hard years began. Leisurely study was over. He had to prove, now, whether or not there was something more arresting about him than his father's wealth.

His first step was to touch no money for his living expenses that he hadn't honestly earned himself, with his violin. There was a time, then, when this "rich boy's" meals were by no means regular, and those he had were carefully budgeted. And he (*Continued on page 70*)

The OLE-MAN

GRAHAM McNamee, according to reports filtering out from Radio Row, is ambitious to form a nation-wide organization of secondary, but essential personalities of the radio world, known technically, as stooges. Graham's secret desire, one hears, is to become chief stooge, and thus work for better conditions for stooges, even to the point, perhaps, of forming a stooge union whereby minimum compensation will be established, rights and security will be assured, and possibly, the stooging industry may emerge with its own NRA code, or something.

Most of the working stooges in the broadcasting business—there are approximately seventy-eight of them, are in sympathy with the organization movement, and on the slightest provocation will emphasize the growing importance of stooges by inquiring: "Where would the head-man of the various radio acts land, if they had to work without expert stooges?"

Even the layman can answer that question with spontaneity. There wouldn't be any acts, if it were not for the stooge, who is by the way the most unhallowed of artists—a lowly laborer in the entertainment vineyard, unsung, poorly rewarded, yet a vital factor in the success of celebrities.

Until radio popularized the term, "stooge", the word meant

BY MIKE



● Mary Livingstone is Jack Benny's pet stooge, but then she's his wife as well as air partner and confidential secretary



● Eddie Cantor does most of the ribbing, but once in a while Rubinoff and Jimmy Wallington have a worthy comeback

RIBBERS

practically nothing to the man in the street, or the man in the armchair. Stooges, before radio were even more neglected and unrecognized than they are today, yet, through the ages, they have worked uncomplainingly, serving as vassals, and uncomplainingly contributing to the glory of their masters.

It is a popular belief that the era of the stooge began with the coming to the airways of Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo, whose entry into the field was both simultaneous and feudal, and which developed into what is now historically referred to as "The Battle of the Baritones."

This, of course, is a fallacy. Long before that Phil Baker and Jack Pearl, and Ted Healy had introduced the stooge via the vaudeville route, but stooges in those remote days, were technically known as straight men. Ted Healy deserves the credit for inaugurating the principle of the multiple stooge. It was he who pioneered in the quaint custom of filling an entire stage with stooges, and dealing with them in a wholesale and wholehearted way. But as a matter of fact, stooging is a practise that dates back to the Old Testament. It progressed through the Roman ascendancy, into and out of the middle Ages, and is, as a matter of fact, as old as history, if not older. (*Continued on page 66*)



PORTER



● When Ed Wynn made a stooge out of Graham McNamee he gave the popular announcer a new broadcast career

● Here are the Armour trio, Phil Baker the star, and his ribbers, Mabel Albertson and Harry McNaughton, "Bottles" to you

Real Tears Gave Her BLUE NOTES

• Sad days in her childhood often made pretty Edith Murray cry, but from it came the torchy, weepy tones



IT was about four years ago that a stage-struck girl answered an ad for "Chorus Girls Wanted" during her lunch hour while employed as a dress model. Out of a goodly crowd of unemployed chorines she was chosen and her first taste of the stage was in the chorus of a night-club revue. To have become the prima donna of a successful musical comedy would not have made her happier. Because at last she was doing what she had been yearning to do for years.

Edith Murray, alias Edith May Fernandez, "Dramatist of the Blues", as she is often called, learned her blue notes during childhood. The girl with the tear in her voice, who sometimes sings as though her heart is broken shed many a tear as a young girl.

She was only eight years old when the first unhappiness came into her life. Her mother and father decided that they could not make a go of their marriage and so little Edith May began her trips back and forth to mother for a length of time and then to father for another length of time. Although she was born in Chicago, she spent most of her childhood way down South in Louisiana and Florida. Her father is Spanish and her mother is Irish. Her father was religiously inclined and when Edith May began showing signs of wanting to go on the stage he most rigidly put his foot down and enrolled her in a convent school. When she would run away from one convent school he would place her in another. Edith was heartbroken but she was determined. Deep in her heart she clung to the forlorn hope that some day she would realize her ambition to become an actress.

When Edith Murray visited her mother, she would sympathize with her but could do nothing toward breaking her father's will to keep her off the stage. However, her father married again and it was her stepmother, who finally won her father over to giving her a musical training although for no other purpose than as part of her education. Edith was a little happier now. She was doing something she loved. She took piano lessons and became quite an accomplished pianist, always singing as she played. Today she does most of her own musical arrangements and although she has not made much ado about it, it is rumored that she has composed quite a few songs.

After many unsuccessful pleadings with her father, Edith decided to make one last attempt to realize her desire. She ran away one day from the convent in New Orleans and went to her mother in Florida.

Her mother took her on a trip to New York. While on this trip she decided she wasn't going back down South and found a job as a model. She was only a model two weeks when she and her friend answered the ad for "Chorus Girls Wanted", and so she was launched on her career.

Then followed years of trouping—in vaudeville and night-club shows. She wasn't just an ordinary chorine for long. No one could hear that dramatic voice without paying heed and Edith always had a solo.

Now, suddenly romance came her way—too suddenly, for she gave up her career and married a man who had misrepresented himself to her. It was a year or more of tears and heartbreak—more than she ever thought she could bear. Edith was disillusioned. However, she came out from under and was more determined to stick to her career and be somebody. Now that sorry episode in her life is something Edith Murray wants to forget, although it has played its part in molding her character for her present success.

Edith had to start all over again, right from the beginning. She had to learn new songs, new arrangements and she went at it like a starved young thing. It didn't take her long to get into the swim again. She began trouping once more and many of the shows she played brought her to different countries. She played Los Angeles, San Francisco and Hollywood where she took part in one of the stage shows at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Trouping took her to Havana and even to far off Australia. She was co-starred in the road show of "Good News".

There's one story of Edith's early adventures that she loves to tell.

"I'm always late, and if you ever make an appointment with me be sure and make it a half-hour earlier or more than the scheduled time. Well, this happened in Havana. We were to dock for only a few hours. I had some friends living in Havana and decided to visit them for a short while. The short while lasted too long, for when I returned to my ship I found that they all had forgotten about me and left me behind. I'll never forget that sinking feeling I had when I watched the boat way out in the distance while forlornly standing on shore. I remember I made some futile efforts to get a small launch to take me out to the boat but somehow or other it couldn't be done.

"All my worldly possessions were on that boat. I returned to my friends who were kind enough to loan me the money to get to New York. I travelled to Key West, Florida, by boat and from there boarded a train for New York. I wanted to meet the boat *(Continued on page 77)*

BY DORIS ASHE



● Edith Murray is happy now, in her career, but there were dark days in her past that made a blue singer of the pretty artist on Columbia's broadcast chain.



FRANCES LANGFORD

Rudy Vallee discovered her and New York accepted her thrilling voice and dark-eyed beauty. She likes Mexican chili and Bing Crosby, but is waiting for her ideal man to come along

YOU ASK HER Another

Q. WHAT'S your real name?
A. Frances Langford.
Q. Where were you born and do you want to say when?
A. I was born in Lakeland, Florida on April 4th, 1913.
Q. Are you married?
A. No.
Q. Do you ever intend to marry?
A. Well, not for quite a while yet.
Q. Do you believe in marriage for a girl with a career?
A. Yes, indeed.
Q. Have you ever met your ideal man?
A. I don't think so.
Q. Who is your radio favorite?
A. Bing Crosby.
Q. When did you start singing?
A. I've been singing practically all my life but started to sing professionally on our local radio station about three years ago.
Q. Would you rather be in pictures than on the radio?
A. Of course I'd like to be in pictures but radio is my best bet now.
Q. How long have you been broadcasting?
A. I've been broadcasting on NBC for a year and a half.
Q. How'd you get your first break?
A. Rudy Vallee heard me sing on a local station in Tampa, Florida and brought me to New York for an audition.
Q. Who is the most important (*Continued on page* 80)

★ Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars ★



V E R A V A N

She's known now as the Silver-toned Contralto of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, but Vera Van started her career in childhood as a ballet dancer, turning to vocalizing after she was injured in a fall

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott



Babe Ruth



● This is the time of year when the home run king comes into his own and weekly, millions of baseball fans tune in on the Quaker Oats program over an NBC hook-up to hear what the Babe has to say about the great American sport

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

Drawings by





Arlene Frances

● She impersonates the various Hollywood stars on the "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" program over the Columbia network Sunday nights. Arlene Francis has looks and brains and here she's taking on a Lupe Velez characterization

Portrait by Bert Lawson

Harlan Crandall III



Portrait by Maurice Seymour

This is the only photograph of SKIPPY, juvenile character of the "Skippy" programs broadcast from Chicago by Sterling Products. He's known as the young comic-strip hero.

FRANKLIN ADAMS

JANE WITHERS

Although she's only seven now, Jane Withers is really a radio veteran, having started her microphone career at the age of three. Now she's heard weekly on KFWB.

Portrait by A. L. McCaffrey



IRVING BERLIN

The prince of Tin Pan Alley song writers, Irving Berlin, is one of this season's additions to the list of prominent personalities who have turned their talents to radio. He has been heard on Sunday nights over the WJZ networks.

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson





BETTY DAY

Pretty Miss Day was a stage veteran at twenty-two and is one of the recent recruits to the ranks of mike artists. She contributes clever impersonations of screen stars over the Columbia network in "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood"

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott

On the Sylvia



● Doesn't Sylvia Froos look sweet in this polka-dot taffeta bathing suit with halter neck and trimming of white?



● Miss Froos, ready for a yachting party in this white silk sailor dress with navy flannel jacket and French sailor beret.



● Seersucker was used for this striped pajama suit which Miss Froos chooses for those hours on the summer sand

THERE are times when a feller needs a friend but in the summer, what any girl needs is a good figure. Whether she dons a revealing bathing suit or goes in for those long, slinky slacks, her dimensions mean her success or failure as beach decoration. Sylvia Froos whose lovely voice has graced the air waves and whose charming young figure has been seen on the screen this year wears what she considers "the last word" in beach togs which were selected in the Beach Shop of Lord and Taylor and which show what the ladies will be wearing for swimming or sand-lounging this summer.

The pretty Columbia Broadcasting star is all prepared in case anyone invites her on a yachting party with her white silk dress with navy blue flannel coat, doubled breasted in real gob style and with a French sailor's white beret.

Pajamas in linen, crash or gingham are just the thing now

beach with Froos



● It's cool and smart, this "clarepotter" one-piece pajama number of shantel linen of a delectable sea blue



● To the left is Sylvia in red and white checked cotton shorts and shirt that are both practical and attractive for leisure

● You need a figure like Miss Froos for these gray flannel trunks and tri-colored jersey halter with a leather belt



and Miss Froos shows a blue linen one-piece pajama suit. Her beach bag which carries her makeup and has room for her book or knitting is white turkish toweling.

Sylvia's dress-up bathing togs include a navy blue polka-dot taffeta suit with white silk jersey trimming. Her pliable straw hat will protect her from the sun and her feet are partly covered with string knitted sandals.

On a boat, on the beach or even on the front lawn at home there's a coat and trouser suit of blue and white striped seersucker.

Another new suit which Sylvia shows can be used for tennis or any other sport. The trunks are gray jersey with white stripes and the snugly fitting top has geometrical designs.

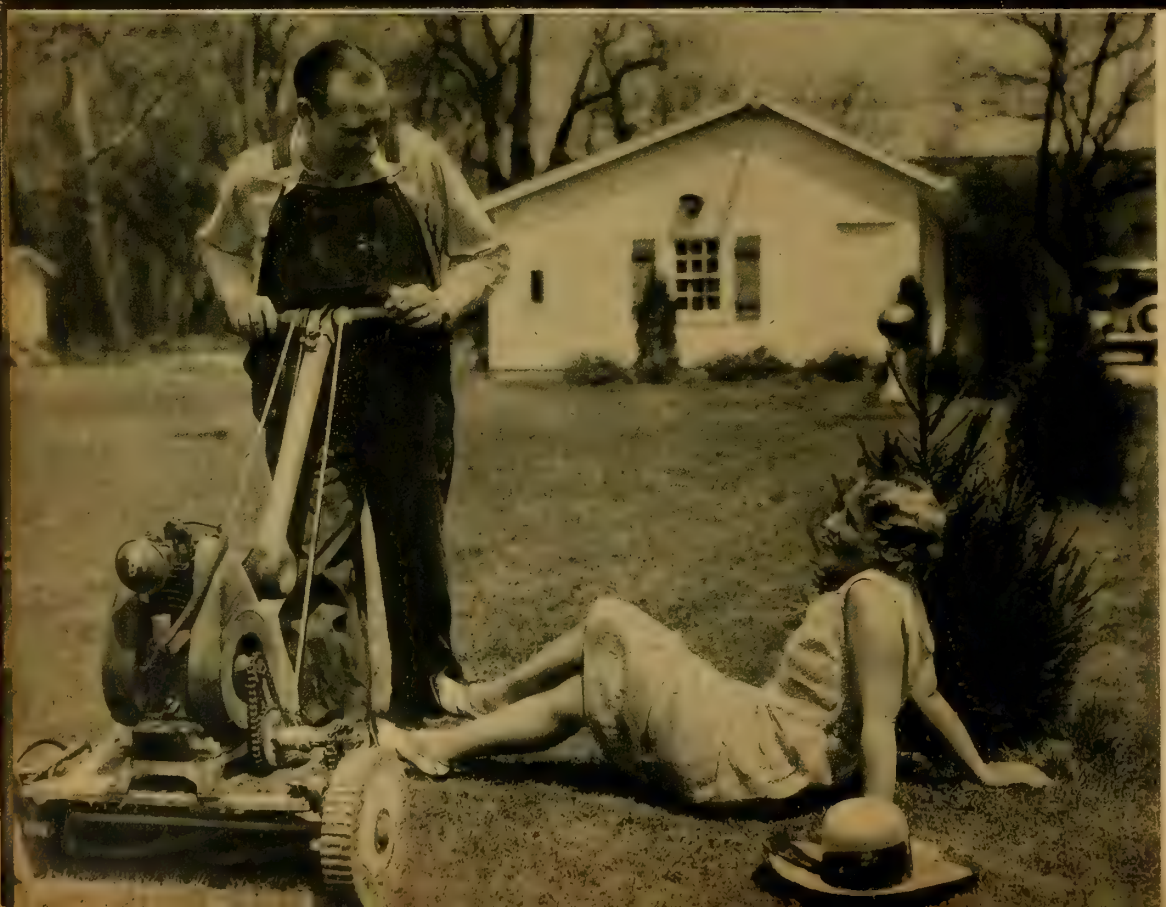
Cute and coy does our Sylvia look in the red and white checked linen suit with plaited shorts and a tuck-in blouse.



● Love is beautiful in the summertime for the newly-wed "Singin' Sam" and his bride, Helene Davis (Mr. and Mrs. Harry Frankel)



On the Singin'



● The place is "Justa-nere," Richmond, Ind., and the honeymooners are Harry Frankel "Our Own Singin' Sam" with the new Mrs. Frankel who was an actress



● A joke, a smile and sweet words on the front porch; right, the honeymooners at the cellar door, enjoying the morning sun



Sams' Honeymoon



● A perfect way and a perfect place for a summer wedding trip on Singin' Sam's farm out in Indiana. We hope the pair caught a fish

On PACIFIC

Laughs and thrills out of the West Coast broadcast shows with

CAPITALS best describe young Georgie Stoll, youthful violin virtuoso and orchestra director who is heard on the coast NBC lines on the Shell Show weekly from Los Angeles.

He is a Musician with a capital M, and a Showman with a capital S. Georgie has climbed atop the ladder of success with the same nimbleness displayed in his sensitive fingers as they dance around on the finger-board of his sweet-toned violin.

● Georgie Stoll, maestro of "The Shell Show," goes gunning but aims at his discarded records.



Stoll isn't the average type of music maker. He is different . . . a little fellow with a whimsical smile that isn't exactly what you would call infectious, but it is just about perpetual.

How is he unusual? Well, here's one thing. Back into the Hollywood hills he tramps every once in awhile for some target practice. He uses a rare German rifle such as snipers used during the war. And what do you suppose he uses for a target? Nothing else but phonograph records. Maybe they're Bing Crosby records, but anyway, no matter who recorded 'em, they are old ones that serve a useful purpose as targets.

Do you want still more proof? Well, if you do, here's another one for the book. A year ago he won the Motion Picture Industry's golf tournament at Agua Caliente, Baja Caliente. This, be it known, is not down in Central Mexico, but is just over the border near Tiajuana where everybody used to guzzle up before repeal, but which is now about as dead as they make 'em.

Our hero was born in Minneapolis, went to New York's public schools, studied with Lichtenberg, ran a film house band in New York and then in Portland, Oregon. Then, for something a bit out of the ordinary, he went on a vodvil bill to dance with Nell Kelly, one of those snake-hip dance gals.

Eventually, via San Francisco and Los Angeles, Georgie wound up in Hollywood where he ran the orchestra for Grauman's premiere of "Hell's Angels." He wrote the overture to "Trader Horn," and followed with directing the orchestra for the premiere of "Dinner at Eight." A year ago he was one of the guest conductors at the Hollywood bowl for ballet and orchestra.

Yes, he's married and lives in a big, modernistic house on a hilltop.

* * *

What a girl. What a girl. She first sang over a station in Sydney, Australia; performed for the benefit of the Kit Kat Club patrons in London; toured with the Duncan Sisters in this country.

None other than Edna Fischer, who tickles the ivories for KFRC in San Francisco and in private life is the wife of Milton Hayes, bay region business man.

Edna, be it known, once bought a grand piano and went on tour at the ripe age of nineteen. But the show split up. And Edna had to sell the piano.

But, to make a long story short, Edna's proclivities for playing jazz tunes brought her vodvil fame 'round the world, and she recorded programs with the Duncan girls.

The past few years she has been content to rest by home and fireside and work at KFRC. In high heels, Edna manages to become five feet tall . . . copper-colored hair

BY DR. RALPH

the AIRWAVES

the news and gossip of the lives and loves among Pacific stars

and the tiniest of hands. A prize in a small package.

Statistically speaking, she has never been seasick; once wrote "Someday Soon"; can do splits and back bends on the gymnasium floor and introduced the Charleston in Australia, for which some folks have never forgiven her.

* * *

SHORT SHORTS

Eddie Albright, ten years KNX announcer, says Puccini is his favorite composer; Golf his best liked sport; radio his every-day hobby and the theatre his favored amusement.

Jack Carter, KNX's "Boy from London," in the same order lists Beethoven, golf, heraldry and the theatre; while Bill Ray, KFWB's theatre premier mike man, offers: Romberg, football, motoring and radio.

Jessie James has joined the staff of KFOX, at Long Beach, Cal. to keep up contacts between artist and the public . . . no relation to the famous outlaw.

* * *

Something new in radio programs? Well, here it is. The first of the summer a dog food sponsor in California used KFWB, Hollywood, for a one time shot. They invited dog owners to bring their pet canines over to a certain location during one week with free feeds for the pooches. Thousands of animals, on leash, waited in line and they fed several thousand. Each hound was fed in a separate stall and dish . . . but no napkins or finger bowls.

* * *

Bill (William H.) Wright has moved from KFRC in San Francisco down to Los Angeles. For many years he was in production work at the northern California station and, over the air, developed a half dozen characters of which his "Reginald Cheerily" fantastic travelogues won him the most acclaim. So, when the Shell Show was changed from the CBS coast network to the coast NBC lines in early summer, and production moved from Frisco to Los Angeles, Bill Wright moved south to continue his portion of the broadcasts.

Up in San Francisco his favorite diversion was riding the cable cars. In the new locale he has become a dog-track devotee and his 14-year-old daughter as well. But, a native of 'Frisco, he still longs for the smell of sea-fogs and the clang of the noisy cable cars scooting up and down Market Street.

* * *

This is a story of a real modern girl who has long hair, likes spinach, enjoys eating but doesn't gain weight, and who has a lovely singing voice but insists she can't sing.

If you don't believe it, all you have to do is drop a line to diminutive Virginia Haig, whose tantalizing voice is heard week-day eves over KYA from San Francisco

Once upon a time, that's the way all stories begin, Virginia sang "on a dare" at one of the bay region hotels and Tom Coakley, baton wielder and orchestral maestro, thought she was good enough to sign on with his band.

Most people want to be somethin' else. The street car conductor wants to be a prize fighter. The dentist thinks he'd like to be a sailor. But what do you think Miss Haig always wanted to be? A school teacher. But she is so small she was afraid the kids wouldn't take her seriously.

Looks as though Virginia's chief charm to interviewers is

● Meet Pretty Virginia Haig who gets on her high stool to broadcast into the KYA mike



. POWER



● Drury Lane resigned as KNX's director a few months ago but now broadcasts tenor solos

ON THE PACIFIC

that she actually doesn't start off with "Now when I was in New York." It's a fact. The gal has never been east. She says "There are so many good singers there that they wouldn't pay any attention to me."

But the fans 'round the Golden Gate think she's pretty good and are constant rooters for her programs. Looks like this would be a fine place for that "east is east, and west is west" stuff to fill out the paragraph.

* * *

Maury Leaf, radio bad-time story man in and around Hollywood, but not so much on the air lately, is polishing up his Hebrew dialect copy for a re-entry into radio ranks.

His favorite "hibrew pome" . . .

De day dat I was chreestened
De Rabbi wore a fron,
What he dees covered by mistake
He hed me hop-site-don.

* * *

The Barnes family, vodvil troupers for years, still pops up into the broadcast spectrum every once in a while around southern California. Not on any particular station, they are liable to bob up 'most anywhere.

Eddie, his daughter Eva, and the Missus used to do a vodvil act. But lately Eva has been going into the field of blues songs as a single.

"Little Eddie," weighing a quarter of a ton on anybody's hoofs, still reaches into his musical bag o' tricks and sings the song about the spearmint on the bedpost. Of course he can still warble new tunes, and oodles of old ones, too.

But "I'm Gonna Dance With de Guy What Brung Me" still rolls 'em over in the aisles. The audience likes it. And Eddie thinks he's a wow. Of course the audience thinks Eddie puts on the gas-house gang accent for their benefit. But Eddie knows better. That's the way he talks.

* * *

George Moskovics, who is really sales manager of KFVD-KFAC, Los Angeles, doesn't get before the mike. But he could. He can play a couple of hundred piano tunes and also knows three songs. But, says George. "To my notion, the biggest bore of any party is the mugg who wants to pound the piano and sing away in a whiskey-voiced tenor style." So far George hasn't been coaxed before a mike. But if, when, and should he be, the act would be a sensation.

* * *

Ted White's back again. But nobody knows where he has been the past year . . . probably journeying hither and yon in search of travel and adventure.

But the former NBC singer on the west coast finally dropped into Los Angeles in June, and this time will probably have a permanent radio connection.

Though he was once a KHJ staff singer, most people remember him best for his NBC efforts.

Ted's recipe for becoming a radio tenor is somewhat as follows. Study piano in high school; enter Columbia University to study medicine; switch over to journalism.

Anyway, that's the way he did. His first assignment was to travel from New York to cover the Harding trip and he wrote up the President's death.

For no reason at all, he stayed on in the west and played the piano at KPO as his initial radio stunt. Later he went to Reno as a night club singer and then re-entered the realm of radio as a chance to exercise his vocal talents.

Born in Athens, Tenn., in 1902, he is still looking for the

"right girl." So he says.

* * *

Nick (Nicholas) Harris has been giving programs over KFI, Los Angeles, for nearly twelve years and the audience still stays with him.

Originally he gave a detective yarn with all the program as a narrative. But gradually music was intermingled with the talks, and finally many of the programs took on drama form with re-enactment of the scenes.

Years ago Nick was a police reporter. But for the past 25 years he has been running a detective agency and, as a hobby lately, the radio talks fashioned from famous stories in crime annals.

If you should visit Nick in his office, you would find a gold fish bowl in one corner and a couple of live parakeets in the other. "Psychology, my boy," says Nick. "When people in trouble come to see me, these things get their attention and take their minds off the trials and tribulations of the day." Clever people these Chinese.

* * *

Van Alstyne Fleming has moved in on the crowd at KGW-KEX, in Portland, Oregon, where the two stations use the same facilities and early in the summer erected wooden aerial masts as an experiment instead of the time-honored steel posts.

Van gets mighty peeved if you call him by his full name, though he admits he was christened Van Alstyne. But life is like that. Anyway, the transmitters zoom out with a lot of zip and will carry his announcing voice a long ways. Incidentally, he will also do some continuity tasks and production duties in addition to announcing.



● This KPO songster is Nanette La Salle who deserted an office typewriter for a broadcast career

Unless you're a new fan, you will remember Van two or three years ago as being on the NBC coast network in the team of Van and Don (Van and Donald McNeill) as "The Two Professors." The boys put on a goofy 15 minutes of comic stuff that went over big.

When they split up Van drifted to Los Angeles and worked on both KFAC and KNX for quite a spell before journeying up to the northwest late in the spring.

In case you're interested girls . . . Van was born in Oswego, Kansas, some 31 years ago, is 5 feet 9 inches tall; weighs 160 pounds more or less, and has brown hair and sparkling blue eyes. And, unless he's changed his style during the warm summer months, he's still sporting one of those cute, dainty tooth-brush mustaches.

AIR WAVES

Frederick ("Fritz") Bittke has been places. Born in Hamburg, Germany, his family moved to Chicago where he started to school. But he launched forth into a cruel world before getting into school because the fussy old teachers at the Langland School in Chicago asked him to get out.

So he began to get interested in radio. No. You didn't catch us there. Of course it wasn't called radio in those days. Then everybody called it wireless (code), and it wasn't until public broadcast of voice and music came into our midst that folks began calling it radio.

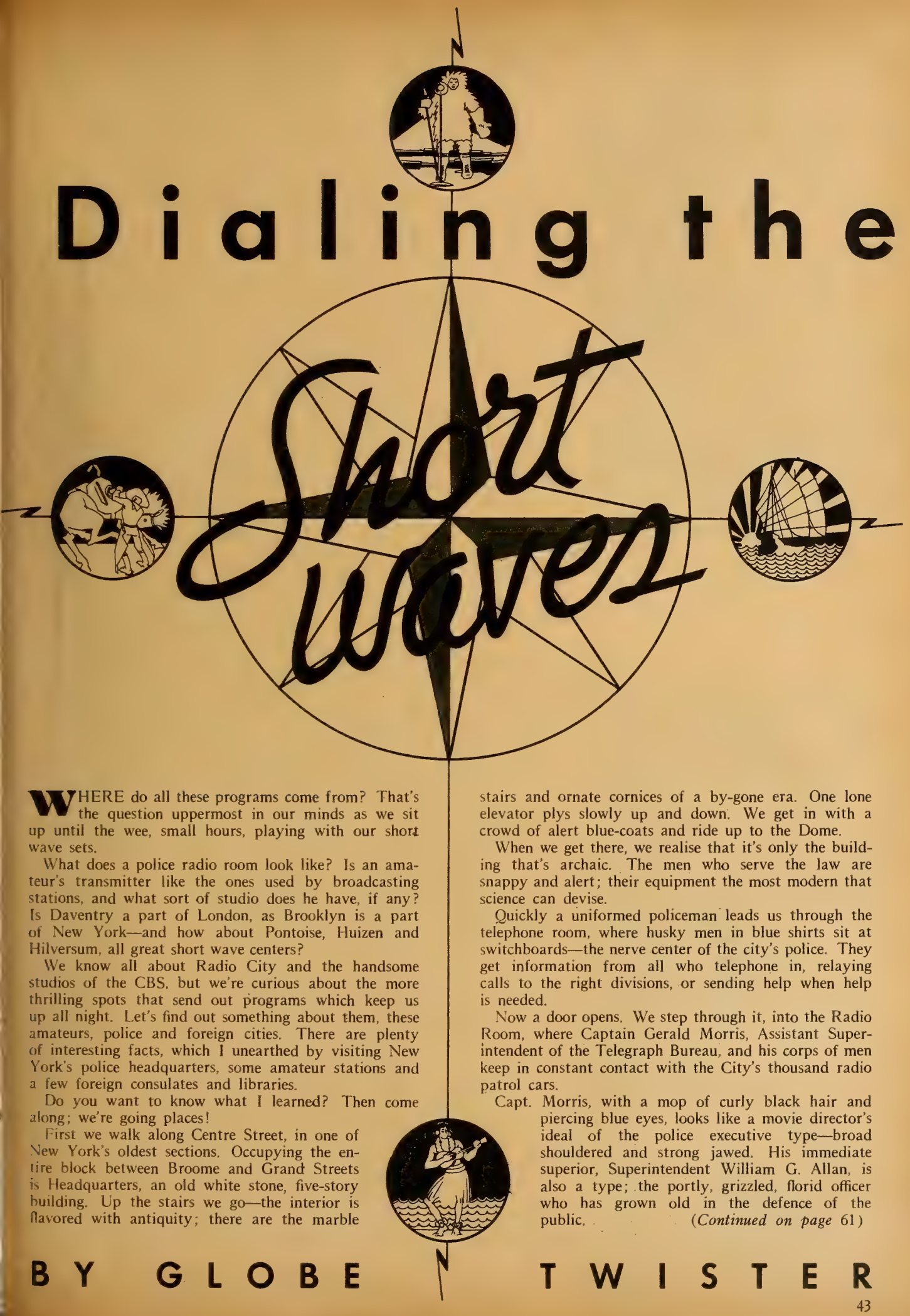
When Fritz left the ponderous, heavy tomes of book learning he started to work for the telephone company and delved into wireless matters. So much so, in fact, that during the world war he was attached to the wireless branch of the General Staff's intelligence section. The last part of the affray he was at the front and later was assigned to the Army of Occupation at Luxembourg because he could speak English, French and German.

When he returned to the states he studied painting and singing, and finally entered radio (*Continued on page* 64)

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE



GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.



WHERE do all these programs come from? That's the question uppermost in our minds as we sit up until the wee, small hours, playing with our short wave sets.

What does a police radio room look like? Is an amateur's transmitter like the ones used by broadcasting stations, and what sort of studio does he have, if any? Is Daventry a part of London, as Brooklyn is a part of New York—and how about Pontoise, Huizen and Hilversum, all great short wave centers?

We know all about Radio City and the handsome studios of the CBS, but we're curious about the more thrilling spots that send out programs which keep us up all night. Let's find out something about them, these amateurs, police and foreign cities. There are plenty of interesting facts, which I unearthed by visiting New York's police headquarters, some amateur stations and a few foreign consulates and libraries.

Do you want to know what I learned? Then come along; we're going places!

First we walk along Centre Street, in one of New York's oldest sections. Occupying the entire block between Broome and Grand Streets is Headquarters, an old white stone, five-story building. Up the stairs we go—the interior is flavored with antiquity; there are the marble stairs and ornate cornices of a by-gone era. One lone elevator plys slowly up and down. We get in with a crowd of alert blue-coats and ride up to the Dome.

When we get there, we realise that it's only the building that's archaic. The men who serve the law are snappy and alert; their equipment the most modern that science can devise.

Quickly a uniformed policeman leads us through the telephone room, where husky men in blue shirts sit at switchboards—the nerve center of the city's police. They get information from all who telephone in, relaying calls to the right divisions, or sending help when help is needed.

Now a door opens. We step through it, into the Radio Room, where Captain Gerald Morris, Assistant Superintendent of the Telegraph Bureau, and his corps of men keep in constant contact with the City's thousand radio patrol cars.

Capt. Morris, with a mop of curly black hair and piercing blue eyes, looks like a movie director's ideal of the police executive type—broad shouldered and strong jawed. His immediate superior, Superintendent William G. Allan, is also a type; the portly, grizzled, florid officer who has grown old in the defence of the public.

(*Continued on page* 61)

BY GLOBE TWISTER



● Gladys Rice is one of the veteran singers of the radio

● Pugilistic Max Baer airs some facts about himself



WE HAVE

● SUNDAY

11:30 A. M. Major Bowes' Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
Your Sabbath morning musical greeting.

12:30 P. M. Radio City Music Hall Symphony—Radio City Symphony Orchestra—chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.
Soft words and good music from Mr. Rockefeller's mammoth emporium.

1:30 P. M. Little Miss Bab-o's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
This time it's Small things in big packages.

3:00 P. M. Bar X Days and Nights—romance of the early West. (White's Cod Liver Oil Tablets). WJZ and associated stations.
Those were the good old days, or were they?

3:00 P. M. Detroit Symphony Orchestra with Victor Kolar conducting. WABC and associated stations.
The middle-west stays high brow with strings.

3:00 P. M. Talkie Picture Time—sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware. WEAF and associated stations.
Manhattan taking a Hollywood turn of mind.

5:30 P. M. The Hoover Sentinels Concert—Edward Davies, Baritone; Chicago a Capella choir direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
They're always dependable.

5:30 P. M. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson with Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations
You'll forget the heat while they're on.

7:00 P. M. Silken Strings—Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.
All in the cause of smooth ankles.

7:45 P. M. The Fitch Program—Wendall Hall. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Hot stuff with a Dixie inflection.

8:00 P. M. Chase and Sanborn Hour—Jimmy Durante, comedian, and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.
The nose knows and so do your ears.

8:00 P. M. The Voice of Columbia with George Jessel, Master of Ceremonies. WABC and associated stations.
Georgie's back again and "welcome" say we.

9:00 P. M. Gulf Headliners—Will Rogers, the Pickens Sisters; The Revelers Quartet; Al Goodman's Orchestra (Gulf Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
A lariat-thrower gives you some simple philosophy.

9:00 P. M. Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Jacques Renard; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Vaudeville on your own front porch.

9:00 P. M. Ward's Family Theatre with Guest stars, James Melton and Josef Pasternack's Orchestra. (Ward Baking Company). WABC and associated stations.
Melton's voice is really beautiful.

9:30 P. M. American Album of Familiar Music—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen concert Orchestra. (Bayer Aspirin). WEAF and associated stations.
You know all the tunes but you can't sing them like this.

9:30 P. M. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Ford Motor Car). Also on Thursday night. WABC and associated stations.
The ork pilot has a way with him.

10:00 P. M. Chevrolet Program—Victor Young and his orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
A good air ride and you don't need gas.

10:00 P. M. Madame Schumann-Heink and Harvey Hays. (Gerber & Company, Inc.) WJZ and associated stations.
The grand old lady still at it.

10:00 P. M. Wayne King's Orchestra. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). Also Monday. WABC and associated stations.
Romantic melodies for a moon-light night.

EASTERN DAYLIGHT

WITH US-

10:30 P. M. Hall of Fame—guest artist; orchestra direction of Nat Shilkret. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Bringing prominent folk to the mike.

10:30 P. M. "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood". (The Borden Company). WABC and associated stations.
And milk is so nourishing.

11:15 P. M. Henry Busse and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
One of Chicago's pets in modern rhythm.

● M O N D A Y

10:00 A. M. Breen and De Rose—vocal and instrumental duo—daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
Your old friends still visiting you every morning.

10:15 A. M. Bill and Ginger. (C. F. Mueller Company). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
Nice young things in pleasant moments.

10:15 A. M. Clara, Lu 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.) Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
Those gals know everything about their neighbors.

11:15 A. M. Will Osborne and his Orchestra with Pedro De Cordoba and his friendly philosophy. (Corn Products Refining Co.) Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
Good music and a little advice.

12:00 Noon The Voice of Experience. (Wasey Products Company). Daily except Sunday and also Monday at 3:15 P. M. and Tuesdays at 8:15 P. M. WABC and associated stations.
Everybody's troubles are dropped on his doorstep and he loves it.

2:15 P. M. Romance of Helen Trent—(Edna Wallace Hopper, cosmetics). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
Proving that love isn't only for sweet sixteen.

5:15 P. M. Skippy—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
Vocalizing a popular comic strip.

5:30 P. M. The Singing Lady—Nursery jingles, songs and stories. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.
It is for your kiddies to hurry the sandman's call.

5:30 P. M. Jack Armstrong, The All American Boy. Daily except Sunday. (General Mills, Inc.,—Wheaties). WABC and associated stations.
To make the boys healthy and wise.

5:45 P. M. Little Orphan Annie—Childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, Allan Baruck. Daily except Sunday. (Wander Company). WJZ and associated stations.
Little Annie's travelling a lot these days.

6:15 P. M. Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Hecker H-O-Cereals). WABC and associated stations.
One of those "spread a little sunshine" pairs.

6:45 P. M. Dixie Circus—Uncle Bob Sherwood and Frank Novak's Orchestra. (Dixie drinking cups). WABC and associated stations.
The famous old clown in a new medium—and no sawdust.

7:00 P. M. Amos 'n' Andy—blackface comedians—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WJZ and associated stations.
They deserve that swell vacation but you'll miss them.

7:15 P. M. Gene and Glenn—Comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
If at first you don't succeed try again—and their luck has changed.

7:15 P. M. Baby Rose Marie—Songs. WJZ and associated stations.
A precocious child hi-di-hiing.

7:30 P. M. The Molle Show—Shirley Howard and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, Piano; Tony Callucci, guitar. Also Wednesday and Thursday. (Molle Shaving Cream). WEAF and associated stations.
A good variety program.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday Programs Continued on Page 58

SAVING TIME



● Nobody knows the name of radio's Masked Mystery Singer

● Young Billy Starr warbles with Frank Dailey's orchestra





● Jack Denny isn't always leading an orchestra. Sometimes he slips into his own kitchen and mixes a salad.

In the

Cool dishes for warm days. That's how the radio stars keep their vitality through torrid months. Let them tell you how to prepare appetizing meals for a summer day

NOW that the warm weather is here most of our radio celebrities will be off the air waves for short vacations, giving them more time in which to demonstrate their culinary talents to their various friends they entertain at home or at the summer houses. Not only will this give them a chance to forget the microphone for a few days, but each star has his favorite summer recipe he is anxious to try.

Many of the frozen ices, sherbets, ice creams, and other delicacies the ethereal star knows are soothing to the overtired vocal cords, also refreshing and highly delightful to those of us who never saw inside a studio.

Grace Hayes gives a new Frozen Cheese Alexandra that is certain to please you; Pearl X, of the X Sisters tells how to bake a simply grand Cream Cake, and Rosaline Greene makes a marvelously refreshing Orange Cream Sherbet.

Fred Huffsmith knows how you will like Fried Shrimps, and John Barclay has a Peach Ice Cream recipe that is the best you have ever tried.

Kathryn Newman, the coloratura soprano of the NBC network is an excellent cook and loves to bake. One of her favorite recipes is for Clover Leaf Rolls to serve with a luncheon or dinner.

Clover Leaf Rolls

2 cups scalded milk
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons sugar
5½ cups flour
2 teaspoons salt
1 yeast cake
¼ cup lukewarm water
1 egg

Add the butter, sugar and salt to the milk, when this is lukewarm add the yeast cake which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Add three cups of the flour; beat very well, cover and allow to stand to rise until a light mixture. Cut down and add the egg. Then add the rest of the flour, enough to knead the batter. Let rise until double in size, and turn onto slightly floured board. Knead and shape into tiny balls, brush with melted butter, and place three of these into a greased muffin tin. Cover with cloth and board, and let rise again until double in bulk. Bake in 425° F. oven for about fifteen minutes, until nicely browned.

Helen Jepson, the lyric soprano of radio fame, is another of our exceptional cooks. Her special indulgence is this dish of Frogs' Legs.

Frogs' Legs

Trim and clean the legs. Then sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip first in fine crumbs, then egg, and then crumbs again. Fry in deep fat for about three minutes, drain and serve.

Grace Hayes, the singer and actress of the air, will tell you she is a grand cook, and anyone who has eaten her foods will readily agree. This Frozen Cheese Alexandra will be a special delight for warm weather.

And all your friends will come back for more of it.

Stars' Kitchens

Frozen Cheese Alexandra

1 cup butter
½ pound Roquefort cheese
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon paprika
2 teaspoons finely cut chives
Sherry flavoring

Cream the butter, and add the cheese, working until well blended. Add salt, paprika, chives, and sherry flavoring to taste. Fill small mold and place in drawer of refrigerator to freeze for about one hour. Serve with hot toasted rye or whole wheat bread.

Pearl X, of the Three X sisters is the only one of the trio who likes to bake or cook, although Vi X is tempted greatly by rich desserts, and Jessie X enjoys her fish perfectly served. Pearl is particularly successful with this Cream Cake.

Cream Cake

2 eggs
⅞ cup sugar
⅔ cup thin cream
1⅔ cups flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Put eggs that have not been beaten or separated into a bowl, add sugar and cream and beat thoroughly. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, and salt, and add to this the first mixture. Bake in shallow pan for thirty minutes in 325° F. oven. Serve with crushed strawberries, or with a thick icing.

Rosaline Greene, another of our radio actresses, likes the kitchen but not too often. One of her most interesting concoctions is this Orange Cream Sherbet.

Orange Cream Sherbet

1¼ cups sugar
1½ cups orange juice
½ pint heavy cream
2 cups milk
Salt

Mix the sugar, orange juice, and a few grains of salt, then add slowly to the milk and cream. Freeze in refrigerator for about one and one-half hours before serving. . . . This is simply prepared and yet refreshing and tasty for an evening dessert.

Fred Huffsmith, the lyric tenor, is one man who may truly boast of his preparation of a meal. He certainly is good. We like these Fried Shrimps from Mr. Huffsmith's table of delicacies.

Fried Shrimps

Remove the shell, and make a cut along the outside of the shrimp to cut away the black line which is the intestines. Season with salt, pepper, and dip in cracker dust and egg. Fry until well browned.

The popular pianist and composer Newell Chase says his greatest extravagance is good food, so you may well expect a happy surprise from his kitchen work-table. An unusual way to serve Chicken Livers is to have them sautéd. And here is the way Mr. Chase fixes them.

Sautéd Chicken Livers

Parboil the livers to make them soft, and cook until when tried with a fork they are tender. Dip in flour and sauté in very hot pan of melted butter seasoned with salt and pepper. Fry until brown. Garnish with little sprigs of parsley.

John Barclay will cook anytime he is asked, but like many of the men he refuses to clean up after he is finished. You like his singing and acting, and we are certain you will be as well pleased with his Peach Ice Cream.

Peach Ice Cream

3 cups thin cream
1 cup peach juice and pulp
½ teaspoon lemon juice
4 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt

Mix cream, egg whites beaten (*Continued on page* 80)

● Lucille Manners, popular radio soprano, beats up a chilled pudding that her dinner guests enjoy on a warm evening



DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney



Now's the time for all romantic-minded girls to see that the crown is really one of shining glory and not faded, straggling strands

● It's gold and it glitters, this fascinating healthy hair of Mildred Twain, stock actress on the NBC chain

Glistening Hair FOR SUMMER MOONS

A WOMAN'S hair is her crowning glory only if the proper care and dressing of her tresses are planned to fit in with the costume and her personality.

The idea that your hair is secondary in beauty is absurd for you may enhance its loveliness to overcome any slight irregularity that might otherwise mar your beauty and attractiveness.

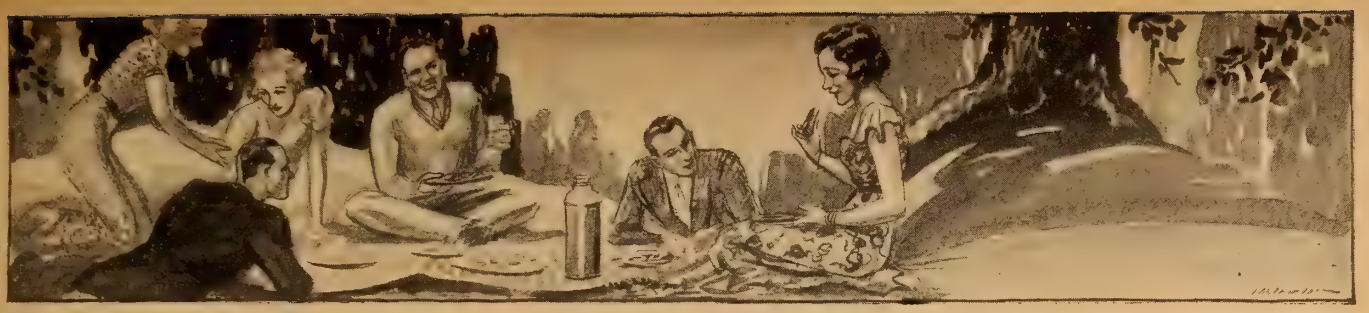
There is nothing severe or mannish in the hair dressing for this season, everything is for feminine charm. The straight, colorless, and lifeless hair may be made into a simple yet startlingly alive subject.

Harry Vogt, a member of the Coiffure Guild of New York, which consists of only twenty-seven members, and the winner of the International Permanent Wave contest, tells you how to make your hair-comb reflect charm, beauty, and personality.

Hair styles for this season are still inclined to be a long bob. For daytime the curls are very much in demand, but they now pile high up in the back. The neck must be kept entirely free from any hair whatsoever. The top of the head has either very shallow waves or none at all, and the deep waves close to the head are passe. The hair is brushed briskly back from the forehead, exposing the free hair line to greatest advantage. For the soft feminine touch curls rather than bangs will be the vogue. As to the length of the hair, the cut is worn a little shorter, exposing about one-third of the ears, but no more than this should be seen. To achieve these styles a good permanent wave is essential, if the hair has no natural curl. Mr. Vogt says if there is no natural curl you must have a wave, but if the hair is inclined to be just a little wavy he has often given only a half of a permanent.

The hair should be brushed frequently, especially in these hot months, if you wish to continue to have luster and the wave is to be shown to be at its loveliest. The top of the hair is brushed back from the face in a simple manner. For the summer the hair loses a great deal of oil from excessive heat and the salt water. Occasionally a good treatment is needed to have the perfect hair-comb you must have to complete the grand clothes you have purchased.

Bleached or dyed hair should be cautiously guarded from over exposure to the glares (*Continued on page* 80)



Let's Have a Picnic

● A shady spot, cool breezes, a basketful of goodies and some pleasant companions—that's all you need for the picnic party

THE luxury of a blouse and knickers again, the aroma of toasted marshmallows, the beauty of the country, and the remembrance of eating from the green grass are enough to start us packing food to leave immediately. Yes it is only a picnic that might lend such a festive day.

The informality, the joy of leaving the city, forgetting the office, and our problems makes it a wonder that we do not go on more picnics. It is like the circus, we love it but think those days for us are over, and we must take the youngster, or invite a neighbor's child for an excuse to attend the fun ourselves.

Leave in the morning, everyone having his package, and drive to the destination, which will be a beautiful country spot as far away from the city as possible. A large crowd is the greatest sport, and the plans of the day will be varied enough to entice all your friends.

Bring along bathing suits for a dip in the lake or river near the picnic spot, a baseball and bat and a camera. You can form a mixed ball team and record the funny moments with informal snapshots.

We will have two menus, one for the reservation where we have a fire to cook the foods, and another for a secluded spot to serve the luncheon that is already prepared. To decide what each must bring have slips with the names of dishes written on them, and everyone draws a paper. Of course paper plates, cups, and napkins will be used, and either an inexpensixe cloth from home or a paper cloth will be necessary to place the foods upon. The silver and the thermos bottles, with the containers holding the foods are the only equipment to be taken back.

MENU TO COOK AT THE PICNIC

Baked Potatoes Steak *Fried Mushrooms
Baked Beans Rolls Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Cake Apple Pie Fruits
*Toasted Marshmallows *Punch Coffee
Or Weinies and Rolls Instead of the Steak

MENU PREPARED AT HOME

Roast Chicken *Potato Salad Cole Slaw
*Sandwiches Pickles Olives
Fruits Cakes Crackers
Nuts Candy Coffee Punch

Fried Mushrooms

Take along a frying pan, and clean and cut mushrooms at home. Place them in hot greased pan and fry until well browned. Cover these over the steak.

Toasted Marshmallows

Everyone must have a long stick, place marshmallow on end of stick, hold over fire and allow to toast until brown.

Punch

Use about two quarts of water, plenty of ice, one quart of grape juice, four sliced bananas, three sliced oranges, one cup of raspberries, mint leaves, and about one cup of sugar, sweeten to taste.

Potato Salad

Boil the potatoes, in salted water for about forty minutes or until soft. Cool, peel, cut in cubes, and season with salt and pepper. Add enough mayonnaise for moisture, about three sliced hard boiled eggs, and one quarter cup of parsley. Sprinkle with paprika and chill.

SANDWICHES

Liver Wurst and Roquefort Cheese

Spread slices of liver wurst on rye bread, cover with Roquefort cheese, and a lettuce leaf. Cover with another slice of rye bread.

Cucumber and Mayonnaise

Butter thin slice of whole wheat bread, place on slices of cucumber, spread with Mayonnaise, and top with other slice of whole wheat bread.

Minced Ham on White Bread

Butter slices of white bread spread with minced ham and finely chopped green peppers. Top with another slice of white bread.

As a matter of fact, if you boast of a lawn or a front porch and you don't want to go riding or hiking, you can invite some of your friends and give the picnic right at home. You can put the food in serving dishes on a table and let the guests help themselves. You'll see how they enjoy it.

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

BY CHASE GILES

CHICAGO

THE boys and girls in Chicago radioland should form a Life Savers Club. You may think it a stretch of imagination to say radio actually does save lives but just read these accounts . . .

Vic and Sade received a letter from a Massachusetts woman. The woman said her husband had died two years ago. She had lost all interest in life . . . was planning suicide. And then a friend persuaded her to listen to the Vic and Sade program. The broadcast, with its simple, true to life characterizations and homely humor changed her entire outlook on life. She wrote the artists, Art Van Harvey (Vic), Bernardine Flynn (Sade) and Billy Idelson (Rush) thanking them for having saved her life.

● Bess Johnson is the Lady Esther whose voice you hear on Wayne King's programs



Then there was the morning when New York called Chicago and the Breakfast Club NBC broadcast was changed around. The whole network show was switched to please a little girl who was close to death's door. The Dark Angel was rustling her wings in the little girl's room. Her father was the man who called from New York so frantically.

Little eight-year-old Jeannette Hof lay desperately ill at Hewlett, Long Island, from a streptococcus infection complicated by pneumonia. Doctors gave her little chance of recovery. Jeannette was past caring and when you yourself really don't care whether or not you live then you usually die. They tried one thing after another in an effort to rouse her interest, to rekindle the ambition to live. Jeannette's lethargy grew. She was sinking.

Then some one mentioned music. Her pinched little face lit up. She whispered to Daddy: "Please have Uncle Joe play my memory song." It took them a minute to remember who Uncle Joe was. And then it dawned on them. He was Joe Englehart, NBC violinist in Chicago. Joe had visited down there a year before had met little Jeannette and had charmed her with a sweet little tune he'd played for her. Daddy got on the phone and called Joe.

When the Breakfast Club went on the air that morning Jeannette heard Uncle Joe fulfill his promise. She heard her "memory song" as she called it. She heard Master of Ceremonies Don McNeill announce the reason why that number was played and ask the prayers of the listeners for the little girl. The Dark Angel spread her wings and softly flew away.

But the most poignant of all the life saving stories around Chicago happened at WLS the other day. The Westerners went on the air to do the cowboy program Wynn Orr had written for them. It was a very special program—a real life saver. Instead of telling you about it we'll just print the script exactly as it was written for and read by the Westerners over WLS that day . . .

BREEZES

Thrilling sidelights on human stories that happen around the Chicago studios

KELLY (Announcer) "Friends, there came to the Westerners in this morning's mail a letter. It told a tragic story—a story of hopelessness, despair. Now, my friend—you who wrote the letter I am about to read—we are asking you to listen to this entire program before you do anything. Listen closely. A man of your courage and unselfishness is the type of man for whom this world has great need. We have some good news—the best possible news you could hear. I am going to read your letter now.

"'Dear Westerners: I listened to your program today and enjoyed it very much. There is one request I would like to make and let me state it will be my last request as I am tired of life. I haven't any job and no prospects of any. So, you see, there isn't anything for me to carry on for as a job and money mean so much these days. I can't give the one I love the things in life I would like to. And so you see why I say it is my last request. I am going to end it so she can get my insurance and get the things necessary for her to finish school. This will be a terrible thirty-second birthday for me. Please play this for me and when "The Last Round-up" is over I will be done for. So sorry to ask—and to tell you my troubles. I will be listening in from Saturday, the 21st, on until you get this letter. Will listen in at 3:15 until Thursday afternoon.'

"This fine man's sincerity, his sacrifice, the taking of his own life so the girl he loves more than life itself may not suffer is evidence of a courage too great to be denied. It is the same unconquerable courage which enabled William Henley, who had contracted the plague, to fight on—and win out. Lesser men would have given up. Cowards would have whipped out knives or guns and ended it all. What did Henley do? Did he give up while his world came creaking down about his head? He did not. He rose above his sorrow, into the realms of spiritual power and left for other men—discouraged men and hopeless women—the noblest words of a century.

(ORGAN UP AND FADE AS BACK GROUND)

LESTER TREMAYNE (Reading)

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade.
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

(*Continued on page 78*)

● Henry Busse, Chicago dance maestro, goes into a pose for his "Busse Glide"



What do you want to know about your favorite Radio stars? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City

WERE Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler married to somebody else before they married each other?—Ruth T., Galveston, Tex.

Al was but this is Ruby Keeler's first plunge.

Doesn't Fred Waring answer any of his fan mail? I wrote to him once before but he didn't pay any attention to my request for an autographed picture of him. Do you think I should try again? I think he's wonderful and I'd love to have a photograph of him for my desk.—Mary F., Boston, Mass.

Have a heart, Mary, and don't be severe in your judgment of Mr. Waring. He's a very busy man and I'm sure he must get so much fan mail, it's difficult for him to keep up with it all. However, why don't you try again? You may have better luck this time.

Is it true that Joe Penner was once a school teacher?—Thomas A., Newark, N. J.

If he was, nobody ever heard about it. Joe is a dyed-in-the-wool actor and has been trying to make people laugh for many years. This looks like his big year, doesn't it?

To settle an argument will you please tell us to whom Paul Whiteman was married before he married Margaret Livingston and where his former wife comes from?—Nita V., Brooklyn.

Mr. Whiteman married Miss Livingston after his divorce from Vanda Hoff, a California girl who was at one time a stage dancer.

Is Ben Bernie only joking when he tells all about the money he loses on horse racing? I want to know if that's a joke or if the Ole Maestro is really serious?—Martin E., Wilmington, Del.

It's no joke to Ben because from what we've been able to gather Ben may be a whizz at picking good air material but his luck hasn't been so hot at the race tracks. In other words when Ben bets on a horse it usually comes staggering in the day after the race.

Can you tell us which orchestra leader was the first to broadcast—Guy Lombardo, Rudy Vallee, Vincent Lopez or Ben Bernie?—Dorothy W., Santa Barbara.

Lopez was the first. He broadcast from the old WJZ station in Newark, N. J., when it was the only studio in the metropolitan area.

Is Gertrude Niesen married? Also is Vera Van married?—Fred C., Denver.

Both are single, Fred.

Was one of the big New York stations originally owned by Western Union? —George K., Louisville.

Station WEAF was originally owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company before the organization of the National Broadcasting Company which took over WEAF and WJZ.

My radio isn't the same now that Bing Crosby no longer broadcasts on Monday nights. I like some of the other singers but they don't compare with him. Why don't they get somebody like him so we can listen to popular songs as they should be sung. And when is Bing coming back?—Daisy S., Memphis, Tenn.

Daisy, if there were another Bing Crosby he'd be worth a lot of money to himself and his sponsors. Bing has that something in his voice which you gals go for like chocolate ice cream sodas on a hot summer day.

Bing will be back in the fall. Are you happy?

Is Lanny Ross married? Somebody told me he was married when he went to Hollywood but I never read anything about it. —Helen B., Toledo.

Lanny's not married. In Hollywood he was wedded to his cinema art and not to any beautiful lady. He told us so himself.

Are the Happiness Boys off the air entirely? They used to be so popular but we never hear of them any more out here.—Katherine U., Butte, Mont.

They're not on the NBC chain any more but they have been broadcasting under their own names, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, over WOR from the New York studio.

I read in one of the other magazines that Mae West had signed a big radio contract but I never heard anything more about it. Was that true?—Bertha C., Baltimore.

Don't blame us for what you read elsewhere. We're only accountable for what appears in RADIO MIRROR. Fair enough? As a matter of fact Miss West did





WANT TO KNOW?

negotiate with a big sponsor but the contract was never signed, just as we told you months ago.

To the scores of readers who wrote in asking if Father Coughlin was through on the airways, here's the latest information on the subject:

Father Coughlin plans to return to broadcasting in the fall, probably in October, if he can finance the arrangements. You know engaging time on the air is very expensive and he stopped because of lack of funds.

Is it true that Ed Wynn is through in radio? I understand his contract was not renewed. Tell me the truth.—Bob H., Chicago.

The truth is all you'll ever get from us. He has signed a new contract and will be back after his summer vacation.

Will you name some of the comedians who have been engaged for motion pictures in Hollywood after their radio success?—Henry F., Montpelier, Vt.

Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Joe Penner, Jack Benny, Ben Bernie, Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor, Joe Cook, Amos 'n' Andy, among others. Al Jolson and Jimmy Durante were in pictures before they got big spots on the air.

Will you answer this question? Who was the first to broadcast on a political issue, Franklin D. Roosevelt or Alfred E. Smith?—Stanley A., Cleveland.

Mr. Smith.

In your magazine under a picture of Rosaline Greene you said she was the Mary Lou of "Showboat." I never heard that before—Grace W., Evansville.

The caption said she was the talking voice of Mary Lou. Several sopranos have filled the singing part but it is Miss Greene's voice you hear during the dialogue of the broadcast. All right now?

Is Gracie Allen really as dumb off the air as George Burns always tells her during her broadcasts?—Jennie B., New York City.

Nobody could be that dumb and win so much success as Miss Allen. She only acts that way for her radio public—and look how it pays!

Who is the prettiest girl in radio? Some of them never would win prizes for their looks, would they? I think the men as a rule are better looking than the girls, don't you?—Frankie O., Pittsburgh.

Now, puh-leeze! Do you want us to get in trouble? After all they're paid for their vocal accomplishments and not for their faces. Besides there are Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, Ruth Etting, Harriet Hilliard, Vera Van, Leah Ray, Jessica Dragonette, Sylvia Froos, Frances Langford, Betty Barthell and dozens of other very attractive girls who broadcast. When you're speaking of handsome men, I hope you don't mean Jimmy Durante, Eddie Cantor, Jack Pearl, Joe Penner, Bert Lahr or any of those highly-paid artists, do you?

How about giving Phil Harris a break in your magazine? I think he's swell.—Edna C., Marietta, O.

You're not joking are you? We've given Mr. Harris several breaks. Don't you remember that big feature story we used about him in our first issue last November and the pictures since that time? Edna, we have to give some of the others a chance, too, you know.

Whatever happened to Helen Morgan? I used to enjoy her broadcasts so much.—Marion J., Portland, Me.

She's been out in California, appearing in stage productions there.

Is George M. Cohan off the air for good? If that's so, I'm sorry because I liked him.—Martin R., Detroit.

Try to keep the Yankee Doodle Dandy away from a microphone for good? Don't be silly. He'll be back, wait and see.

Is there any set schedule for the President's broadcasts? I mean do the radio people know now just when he'll be on again, or is it arranged at short notice?—Henry C., Charleston, S. C.

No. When President Roosevelt believes he has something important and timely enough to present to his people directly, the radio officials are notified and every other program must give precedence to his request. President Roosevelt has been more than considerate in his use of the air. And the broadcasters are always delighted at the opportunity to give him time. They know the whole nation will be listening.

By the Oracle, who'll try to tell you all the things you've been wanting to know about broadcast stars, programs and personalities

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS

$500.00 IN CASH PRIZES

YOU CAN WIN IF YOU RECOGNIZE THE STARS!

THE RULES

1 Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a set of composite pictures of well-known radio personalities.

2 Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3 For the nearest correctly assembled, named and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits RADIO MIRROR will award $500.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4 Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.

5 Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

6 When your entry is complete send it by first-class mail to SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST, RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7 No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8 Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9 All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 15, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

SET No. 1





Name..... Name.....

....





Name..... Name.....

....

SET NO. 2 WILL BE PRINTED

SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST

WILL PAY SIXTY-SEVEN BIG CASH AWARDS FOR THE BEST SOLUTIONS. SEE LIST BELOW

ON the opposite page are four composite pictures of people well known in the radio world. Their pictures have been published frequently in RADIO MIRROR, in the daily papers and in fan magazines. You would have no trouble to recognize them if they were not scrambled. Can you cut the composites apart and assemble four correct portraits from them? Then you stand an excellent chance to win one of RADIO MIRROR'S sixty-seven cash awards. Read the rules carefully. Then assemble and identify this month's pictures. Do not send in anything until you have a complete set of twelve pictures. Four more will be printed in the next issue. The final four will appear in the October issue. Keep in mind the fact that it is not necessary to prepare an elaborate entry. Simplicity is best.

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	$200.00
SECOND PRIZE	100.00
FIVE PRIZES, *Each $10.00*	50.00
TEN PRIZES, *Each $5.00*	50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, *Each $2.00*	100.00

TOTAL 67 PRIZES, $500.00

NEXT MONTH. DON'T MISS IT!

"OUR PUBLIC"

A KNOCK OR A BOOST?
WHAT WINS YOUR APPLAUSE? WHAT GETS YOUR GOAT?

Now is the time and this is the spot to air your pet peeves and hand over your bouquets.

We know there are things you don't like on the ether waves, just as there are programs which we, personally, could skip and never miss. On the other hand, there are features of high entertainment value and artists who give you so much pleasure through your loud speaker, don't you think you might do a little broadcasting yourselves and let's know what you think, how you feel—what it's all about?

Thousands of you have already written in, expressing your opinions not only about broadcasting but about your own RADIO MIRROR. We welcome the excellent suggestions and we blush at the praises—but we like 'em! That doesn't mean, however, that we don't want fair criticism. It's the only way we can know what you want. Our West Coast readers asked for more Pacific coast news and Dr. Power is giving it to them. In response to Chicago clamors, we have Chase Giles digging up all the news and gossip of the WINDY CITY. We put in a query department and a Short Wave feature because we discovered through your letters that's what you wanted. ANYTHING ELSE?

Not only are we pleased to get your criticisms but we'll pay you for them!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, LETTERS TO CONTAIN NOT MORE THAN 200 WORDS, AND TELL WHAT YOU THINK OF RADIO BROADCASTING AND OF RADIO MIRROR. Mail them not later than July 22. The most constructive letter will earn TWENTY DOLLARS, the second best TEN DOLLARS AND THE NEXT FIVE ONE DOLLAR EACH.

HERE ARE THIS MONTH'S PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS:

$20.00 PRIZE

Outside of your sketches of radio personalities, I think I like "Our Public" Broadcasting. Why? Because it gives you a many sided view of how listeners react to the stuff we are getting on the air.

And with the big majority, I agree that the powers that be in Radio Land are fulfilling their job in capable manner. With one small exception. That is—in permitting those blah-blah boys to prate about their wares overtime. Some of them are so bad it's a felony. Seven or eight minutes out of a fifteen minute program. I grant that this evil cannot be eradicated over night and that some of the more progressive advertisers have lent an ear to their irate public's voice of disapproval. They now not only hand out their booster-talks very sparingly but they use discretion in interspersing it where it will do the most good and least harm.

Perhaps in the near future we will be able to sit through an enjoyable evening at our radio without getting a headache from hearing repeatedly how good somebody's headache medicine is. How soon, gentlemen?

ED KRALEY,
Braddock, Pa.

$10.00 PRIZE

I have been buying RADIO MIRROR regularly each month ever since the first copy and I want to say that it is a splendid magazine. I have no criticism to make about the magazine itself but I have a lot to say against the way radio programs are run. Nowadays, one has a terrible time deciding which program to listen to because of the way one program interferes with the other.

To explain what I mean, here are some of the best programs throughout the week.

On Tuesday at 9:30 P. M. we have Ed Wynn on WEAF and Eddie Duchin's splendid orchestra on WJZ. At 10.00 P. M. Ray Perkins on WJZ and the Camel Caravan on WABC, the latter also opposite Paul Whiteman on Thursday night. On Wednesday, while Jack Pearl is on for a half hour we are forced to turn him off after the first fifteen minutes if we want to hear Easy Aces, and who doesn't. Incidentally, I don't think that there was good judgment used when Easy Aces were given that particular time. So many people wanted them shifted to an evening spot but I think that they were better off where they were. In the first place, they were on four days a week then, now it's only three nights. And such a time! Wednesday night they go on opposite Jack Pearl, Thursday night opposite Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour (of all hours), and Friday they oppose Walter O'keefe who in turn opposes Jessica Dragonette.

This is only a few examples but it's that way all week. I'm quite sure that others agree with me that it's tough pickings nowadays. Can't something be done about it?

RICHARD E. REITH,
Yonkers, New York.

$1.00 PRIZE

Since its first publication, RADIO MIRROR has been my favorite magazine in its field. Not only do its contents each month appeal to me, but I am gratified by the constant desire shown by the editor to furnish new features.

I consider radio the greatest invention of modern times. Also believe that enjoyment from this marvelous invention is hampered by the terribly lame advertising. The claims for most sponsored products are unconvincing and a bore. We are urged to buy in the manner of a fanatic warning us that Judgment Day will be here next Tuesday —SO ACT QUICK! A pill will be ballyhooed as though it were manna, ambrosia or a death-defying elixir. Delightful music by a large orchestra will be interrupted by an advertising spiel fit only for delivery under a banjo torch.

RICHARD RAKE,
Danville, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE

To see their pictures and learn more about my favorite stars is to enjoy their programs better. That is what I want most in RADIO MIRROR, and the large number shown is certain to include some of my favorites. Please continue to show as wide a range as possible.

The programs today as a whole, are wonderful. One or two large sponsors almost ruin an otherwise delightful program by making such unreasonable statements that to expect us to believe them is almost insulting.

Few people object to reasonable facts about a product, in fact, I like to hear a well presented, sane, advertisement for I realize the sponsors must have some of our time to compensate for the enormous expense they have gone to for our entertainment. Certainly in no other way

BROADCASTING

can we get so much for so little delivered right in our own homes.

GEORGE S. COX,
Catawba Sanatorium, Va.

$1.00 PRIZE

Please, may I air a few pet peeves, first of all? I am a great radio fan and, like everyone else, have my likes and dislikes as to radio entertainment. It certainly seems to me that we could struggle along somehow without all the current crop of girl singers—why, it's practically impossible to twist the dial without bumping into one of those gals murdering the popular songs of the day. And those certain, so-called comedians whose jokes are so old and antiquated that one wonders how on earth they have the nerve to use them on the air.

Now, that that's over, I'd like to toss a huge bouquet of posies in the direction of the best program on the airwaves—the Pepsodent Junis program. There's no girl singer or comedian to clutter up the atmosphere—nothing to mar the perfection of that swell musical organization of Eddie Duchin's. I never have any fault to find with programs like this one—and that goes for RADIO MIRROR, too. But why, pray, neglect the Southland in your departments? You seem to bring in every other section of the U. S. A. Anyhow thanks for listening—or did you?

SANDRE SMITH,
Ramseur, North Carolina.

$1.00 PRIZE

I wish to congratulate RADIO MIRROR on "Roosevelt Believes Radio Fostered The Nation's Faith"—May issue. It is splendid. If radio had accomplished nothing greater than to carry the President's inspiring voice to a nation of down-hearted people at a time like the present, it would have served an excellent purpose.

I would like to say a word for announcers. I don't agree with the writer to RADIO MIRROR who criticizes announcers for taking up time. The sponsor is responsible for advertising read. And anyway, why shouldn't announcers have personalities? They are as interesting to me as many of the artists.

Kind Fate didn't drop them into the positions they occupy. They climbed up to them by serving their apprenticeship in study and work. The fact that some of them have won medals for correct diction proves a good deal. It's something the artists themselves probably couldn't do.

MRS. W. C. LAXSON,
Atlanta, Ga.



A sewing bee with the Lane Sisters, Gertrude Neisen, Vera Van and Gypsy Nina as the pretty needle women

$1.00 PRIZE

I think radio programs show the greatest improvement in the field of music. Only a few years ago it was hard to find much good music on the air. Now every liking can be satisfied by a turn of the dial. (*Continued on page* 73)

We Have With Us

(*Continued from page 45*)

Monday (Continued)

7:30 P. M. MUSIC ON THE AIR, with Jimmy Kemper. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Tide Water Oil Sales Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

He's coming right along now.

7:45 P. M. THE GOLDBERGS—Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others—comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WEAF and associated stations.

Mrs. Goldberg still minding her brood.

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp). WABC and associated stations.

His version of what's going on in the world.

8:00 P. M. YEAST FOAMERS—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Northwestern Yeast Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Even the movie stars eat yeast.

8:00 P. M. SOCONYLAND SKETCHES — story with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. WEAF and associated stations.

Two actors with but a single thought.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL—"The Human Side of the News" (Barbasol). WABC and associated stations.

Headlines all read for you by an expert.

8:30 P. M. VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Garden Concert featuring Gladys Swarthout with vocal ensemble and William Daly's symphonic string orchestra. (Firestone Rubber Tire Company). WEAF and associated stations.

This was—and is—a good idea beautifully executed.

8:30 P. M. GENE ARNOLD and The Commodores—Also Wednesday and Friday. (Crazy Water Hotel Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Good for young and old.

8:30 P. M. CALIFORNIA MELODIES. WABC and associated stations.

And they're worth hearing.

8:45 P. M. BABE RUTH—Also Wednesday and Friday. (Quaker Oats). WJZ and associated stations.

The idol of the great American sport talking on a subject he certainly knows.

9:00 P. M. A & P GYPSIES—direction Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, Tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company). WEAF and associated stations.

A tinkling contribution for your Monday evening at home.

9:00 P. M. ROSA PONSELLE with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

Why do anything else when you can hear this famous songbird?

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band direction, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Interlocutor, it's your turn.

9:30 P. M. "THE BIG SHOW" with Gertrude Niesen, Erno Rapee and his orchestra. Dramatic Cast and Guest Artists. (Ex-Lax). WABC and associated stations.

"When nature forgets."

9:30 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Donald Novis, tenor; Francis Langford, blues singer; Joe Cook, comedian; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio; Orchestra direction Don Voorhees; Brad Browne, master-of-ceremonies. WEAF and associated stations.

That crazy Joe Cook has hit his stride.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM — Gene Arnold, narrator; The Lullaby Lady; guest artist; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Milk Company). WEAF and associated stations.

You can't ask for anything more than summer contentment.

10:30 P. M. LILLIAN ROTH, EDWARD NELL, JR., with Ohman and Arden and their Orchestra. (Watkins' Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo). WABC and associated stations.

Two good singers doing their stuff.

10:30 P. M. SINGIN' SAM — (Atlas Brewing Company). Columbia middle West stations.

Our old friend, the happy bridegroom and his voice sounds like it.

11:00 P. M. HAROLD STERN and his Hotel Montclair Orchestra. WEAF and network.

What they're dancing to in New York.

Tuesday

12:15 P. M. CONNIE GATES, Songs. WABC and associated stations.

A pretty girl with a sweet voice.

4:15 P. M. THE SINGING STRANGER—Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. Also Friday (Bauer & Black). WJZ and associated stations.

He's no stranger now.

7:30 P. M. THE TASTYEAST PROGRAM —Brad Browne and Al Llewellyn, comedians. WEAF and associated stations.

Fun and puns.

7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS. Paul Keast, baritone; Rollo Hudson's Orchestra. (Gold Dust Corporation). WABC and associated stations.

How's your own balcony?

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone. (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEAF and associated stations.

A swell leader who knows his modern tunes.

8:30 P. M. "ACCORDIANA" with Abe Lyman's Orchestra, Vivienne Segal, soprano and Oliver Smith, tenor, (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.

Hot and airy—isn't that enough?

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his Orchestra. Also Wednesday. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. King again, still wearing his waltz crown.

9:00 P. M. FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI; Maury H. B. Paul, society commentator and Freddy Martin's Orchestra. (Elizabeth Arden—cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.

And who doesn't want to be beautiful?

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE's Blue Ribbon Orchestra. (Premier-Pabst Sales Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

The maestro who should find no trouble selling his wares these days.

9:00 P. M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Joseph Koestner's Orchestra. (Household Finance Corp). WJZ and associated stations.

A homespun poet in musical company.

9:30 P. M. RICHARD HIMBER and Studebaker Champions. (Studebaker Motor Car). WABC and associated stations.

Getting better and better every week.

9:30 P. M. PALMER HOUSE PROMENADE—Gale Page, contralto; Betty Brown, comedienne; Ray Perkins, master-of-ceremonies; orchestra direction Harold Stokes. WEAF and associated stations.

Smoothly paced and plenty entertaining.

10:00 P. M. "CONFLICT," by T. S. Stribling—Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.

A real writer lends his talents to "raddio."

10:00 P. M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE with Gladys Swarthout, mezz-soprano; Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, Charlotte Walker, Florence Malone; Joseph Granby, John Barclay, Rosaline Greene, Adele Ronson, Alan Devitt, Alfred Shirley and the Russian Choir of voices. (Palmolive Soap). WEAF and associated stations.

A whole flock of first class artists. And don't miss it.

11:00 P. M. EMIL COLEMAN'S HOTEL PLAZA ORCHESTRA. WEAF and network.

Swinging with the palms.

Wednesday

7:30 P. M. IRENE RICH for Welch—dramatic sketch. (Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations.

She brings Hollywood to your home.

8:00 P.M. TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM —Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's Orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WEAF and associated stations.

We still like the Baron though, of course, we don't believe him.

8:30 P. M. "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES"—Everett Marshall, Baritone and Master-of-Ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, Contralto; Victor Arden's Orchestra; and Guest Stars. (Bi-So-dol). WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Marshall has such a gorgeous voice.

9:00 P. M. THE HOUR OF SMILES—Fred Allen, comedian; Theodore Webb, the Ipana Troubadours; The Marshall Bartholmew Singers, and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

You'll laugh—you always do.

9:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS—Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy, Jack Arthur, The Sparklers and Robert Armbruster's Orchestra. (A. C. Spark Plug Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Crazy and they know it.

9:00 P. M. NINO MARTINI, with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and Chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

Our own Radio Romeo.

9:30 P. M. THE LOVE STORY PROGRAM—dramatic sketch. (Non-spi). WJZ and associated stations.

If you don't find a girl in the summertime—

10:00 P. M. CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA — barnyard music; male quartet. (Larus & Bros. Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

You can hear the cackling through this one.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER—guest artist; Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Three Scamps, vocal trio; Charles Lyons; Frances Langford, contralto. (Plough, Inc.) WJZ and associated stations.

When Lopez plays it's a trip worth taking.

10:30 P. M. CONOCO PRESENTS Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his orchestra and John B. Kennedy, narrator. (Continental Oil Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

A perennial favorite singing his songs.

11:15 P. M. ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S ORCHESTRA from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel New York. WEAF and network.

It's not the heat—it's the Spanish.

Thursday

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest stars. (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEAF and associated stations.

Still No. 1 man as a radio show maestro.

9:00 P. M. PRESENTING MARK WARNOW and Evelyn MacGregor, Claude Reis and Evan Evans. WABC and associated stations.

Easy to take.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S Maxwell House Show Boat—Charles Winninger; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Lois Bennett, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' Janu-



5 TO 15 POUNDS GAINED *Fast*

New easy way adds solid flesh in a few weeks. Thousands gain with amazing new double tonic

NOW there's no need to be "skinny", scrawny and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

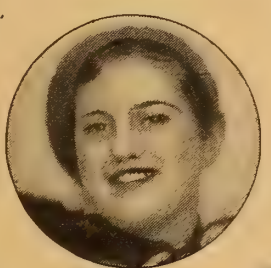
Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.



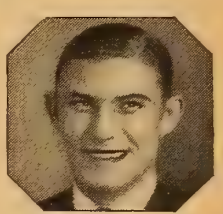
Helen Roethle

20 pounds

"I was skinny and unhealthy but Ironized Yeast gave me 20 lbs. in 2 months." *Helen Roethle, N. Richmond, Wis.*

11 lbs. quick

"I was thin, my nerves on edge before taking Ironized Yeast. Gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and feel wonderful." *Frederic E. Sherrill, Gastonia, N. C.*



F. E. Sherrill

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

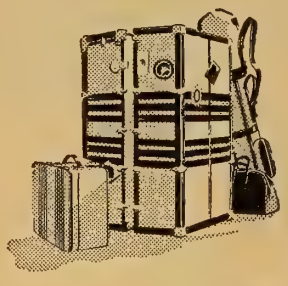
Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 228, Atlanta, Ga.

VACATIONISTS!

Don't forget to pack in the most important thing of all!



THE vacation rush is on! Packing left for the last minute! When you check up, be sure that you've taken along one of the most important things of all—a good supply of Ex-Lax!

A change of cooking, different water, staying up late nights—all these things are apt to throw you off-schedule.

And when you're off-schedule—even temporarily—you can't get the full fun out of your vacation. So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days—take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, works over-night without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't form a habit. You don't have to take Ex-Lax every day of your vacation, like some laxatives. And Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family.

At all drug stores, 10c and 25c.

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

ary; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.

Your favorite air trip.

10:00 P. M. Death Valley Days—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Things do happen in this one.

10:00 P. M. Paul Whiteman's Music Hall—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Deems Taylor, master-of-ceremonies. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp). WEAF and associated stations.

The jazz king holding his own.

11:20 P. M. Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra from Glen Island Casino. WABC and associated stations.

All the young ones are daffy about Glen's music.

Friday

3:00 P. M. Maria's Certo Matinee—Lanny Ross, tenor; Mary Lou; Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Gus Haenschen's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Lanny makes such a nice matinee idol and he has such entertaining companions.

8:00 P. M. Cities Service Concert—Countess Albani, soprano, and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Folks who've known their air stuff for years.

8:00 P. M. Nestle's Chocolateers with Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe; Bobby Dolan and his orchestra. (Nestle's Chocolate). WJZ and associated stations.

We certainly enjoy Mr. O'Keefe.

8:30 P. M. True Story Court of Human Relations. (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.

You're the jury in these real stories of a courtroom.

9:00 P. M. Waltz Time — Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. Lyman in a slower pace.

9:00 P. M. Let's Listen to Harris—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp). WJZ and associated stations.

Everybody does!

9:30 P.M. One Night Stands—Pick and Pat, Blackface comedians; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Co. WEAF and associated stations.

Those good old barnstorming days.

9:30 P. M. The Armour Program featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Mabel Albertson, Irene Beasley, blues singer, and Ted Weems' orchestra. (Armour Products). WJZ and associated stations.

One of radio's best comedians, ably supported.

10:00 P. M. Stories That Should Be Told — Fulton Oursler. (Liberty Magazine). WJZ and associated stations.

And he tells them thrillingly.

10:00 P. M. The Program of the Week. (Schlitz Beer). WABC and associated stations.

Foamy and cool.

10:00 P. M. First Nighter—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Campana Corp). WEAF and associated stations.

The curtain goes up and here we are all ready.

10:30 P. M. Maxine and Phil Spitalny Ensemble. Cheramy, Inc. WABC and associated stations.

A new singer who's simply swell.

10:30 P. M. The General Tire Program with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone and Jimmy Grier's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

We like Benny and we think you do, too.

11:30 P. M. Vincent Lopez and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra from New York. WEAF and network.

Mr. Lopez without benefit of sponsor.

Saturday

7:30 P. M. The Pure Oil Program—Eddie Peabody, wizard of the banjo; the De Marco Sisters trio; Richard Himber's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

How that boy can manipulate those strings.

7:30 P. M. Don Bestor and His Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.

It's another good orchestra.

8:00 P. M. Morton Downey's Studio Party—Freddy Rich's Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

The "Mother Machree" boy learns some new songs.

8:30 P. M. Johns-Manville Program—Floyd Gibbons. WEAF and associated stations.

He talks faster than the ear can hear.

9:00 P. M. Greta Stueckgold with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

A beautiful singer with a worthy accompaniment.

9:30 P. M. Beatrice Fairfax—dramatization. (General Foods Corp). WEAF and associated stations.

How're your own love problems?

10:00 P. M. One Man's Family—dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEAF and associated stations.

It might be your own.

10:30 P. M. Elder Michaux and congregation. WABC and associated stations.

Pray, brother, pray; sing, sister, sing.

11:35 P. M. Paul Whiteman and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra from New York. WJZ and network.

Paul again and you're just in the mood to dance.

Dialing the Short Waves

(*Continued from page 43*)

A big, horse-shoe shaped desk is the first thing you see upon entering. On its top is a large map, showing every street in the city—every precinct—every detective division. It is under a sheet of glass, upon which rest the brass discs that represent the radio patrol cars.

In the back of the room, and to your right, is the transmitting equipment—two tall black racks, on one of which a mercury vapor rectifying tube glows with an eerie blue light.

While you still gaze around, the door through which we entered bursts open. In dashes one of the switchboard men, his headset still clamped to his ears, the cord trailing behind him. He thrusts a piece of paper into the hand of the man at the desk. "Man shot. 145th and Lenox Avenue," he says, and goes out.

Instantly the man at the desk turns over three of the discs, to show that the cars they represent are out on a call. He gives their numbers to another officer, who is already pressing the button that puts the weird wailing attention call on the air over WPEF, the station which covers that part of the city.

ON the transmitter rack a relay falls in with a sound like a pistol shot. The wailing ceases. The despatcher speaks, clearly, calmly, very distinctly. "Two five precinct. Address One four five street and Lenox Avenue. Cars One-two-seven, four-five-nine and three-seven-oh. Signal Thirty." He repeats this message, then signs off, "Time nine-thirty P. M. Authority T. B. Six-oh."

"Thirty" means a crime has been committed. "T. B." means Telegraph Bureau. "Six-oh" is the despatcher's identification number.

Now what happens?

Every radio cop in town listens and writes down the message after hearing the attention call. All cars within five blocks of the address, in addition to the cars whose numbers are broadcast, converge on the address—like a noose tightening around the neck of a murderer.

Perhaps two men are seen running away. One of the patrol cars sees them and shouts to them to halt—chases them and catches them. One has a gun, recently fired. Both are confused—can't account for their business in the neighborhood, their flight, their possession of the pistol.

The radio cops put one on one running board, the other on the other side of the car. They handcuff the men together—now neither can jump off. They drive to the scene of the crime.

Other police cars have already arrived. Some got there in less than a half-minute after the call went out. A detective cruiser, containing five plain-clothes men with riot guns, tear gas bombs, tommy guns and axes has arrived. These men are searching for evidence, questioning witnesses.

Somebody identifies the two suspects. The detective standing by the body of



Charles Winninger as Cap'n Henry

Cap'n Henry pilots Mary Lou to finer radio reception

—AND CHARTS A COURSE FOR EVERY RADIO LISTENER



FOR THE REAL JOY OF RADIO PUT IN NEW RCA MICRO-SENSITIVE RADIO TUBES

FOR true-to-life reception a radio tube must be sensitive enough to pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. In RCA Radio Tubes you will find such "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Have your RCA Radio Tube agent test your tubes today. Replace worn tubes only with radio tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give these 5 big improvements: **1** Quicker Start. **2** Quieter Operation. **3** Uniform Volume. **4** Uniform Performance. **5** Every Tube is Matched.



RCA Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

The SUMMERTIME is the Ideal TIME TO REDUCE

"TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...at our expense

"I reduced my hips 9 INCHES" ... writes Miss Healy.



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder."

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."

"The massage-like action did it...the fat seemed to have melted away."

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR ...it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

The Illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also Features the New Perfolastic Detachable Brassiere

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 288. 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

the victim says, "Well, boys, if you did it, we'll find out when we match the bullet to your pistol. You may as well talk."

"Yeah—I done," says one of the manacled men. "I hear he was out to get me, so I let him have it. It was self-defence."

A guard is posted to prevent the destruction of evidence, and the confessed slayers are hustled off to the stationhouse, where they will be warned of their rights and will then be permitted to make a formal statement. The radio cops have come through again.

That's the drama taking place when you hear them.

Now let's leave the police and visit an amateur. Not a "typical" amateur, for all are different. One whom I know is a movie cameraman who, when home, lives in a little country town.

One end of his cellar is his "radio shack." (No matter what the transmitter room looks like—whether it's on the Bowery or Park Avenue, in the parlance of the "ham" it's a "shack".) There's a long, crudely made wooden work bench, with apparatus scattered all over it in a maze of wires.

"Wait 'till you see the rack I'm going to put up when I get it finished," says Bill. He's been getting it finished for four years; a radio amateur is never through experimenting, trying to improve his transmission, to get better tone and more distance.

But despite the appearance of Bill's shack, it has been the scene of some grand parties. Anonymously, dozens of movie actors and actresses have gone on the air from it. Their names, due to their contractual obligations, cannot be mentioned. But real Hollywood parties have been given in Bill's cellar.

Now look at the other side of it. We'll go to a penthouse on swanky Central Park West, where Steve has *his* shack. He has taken the guest room and remodeled it for radio. The walls are lined with Celotex, and monk's cloth hangings mask the door. The only furniture in the room is a handsome carved walnut desk, which has been remodeled to have the necessary control and monitoring equipment sunk in its hand-rubbed surface, a couple of period chairs and an electric phonograph.

A rack, towering nearly to the ceiling, occupies one corner of the room, and contains amplifiers, oscillators, modulators, rectifiers and similar mysterious contraptions. His two dogs—prize-winning wirehaired terriers—are barred from the shack; not that they might hurt the apparatus, but if they ever came too close to the back of the rack Steve could stop buying dog biscuits.

Steve and Bill have never met, though they talk to each other on the air several times a week. But the difference between their shacks will give you some idea of the wide variety to be found among America's 30,000 licensed amateurs. Who knows—your next door neighbor may be one.

If you are really interested in meeting a "ham" you can get a list of their names and addresses from almost any newsdealer. It costs a dollar.

And now for a quick glance at Europe. Let's pay flying visits to some of the towns which house the stations you're most likely to get—not the big cities you read about in your geography when you went to school but the less known ones.

Daventry, where GSA (and GSB, -C, -D, -E and -F) are located, is a quiet little English country town of less than 4,000 inhabitants. It is on the site of Devnana, an old Roman camp, a few relics of which may still be found by the farmers digging in their fields. The little town was of no importance until some 200 years ago, when it was one of the world centers in the manufacture of buggy-whips. As coaching died, Daventry faded from the commercial scene. Today, besides being the home of the "G" group of 20,000 watt stations, it manufactures some boots and shoes, though not on a large scale.

Pontoise, eighteen miles northwest of Paris (as Daventry is seventy-four miles out of London) is another Roman relic. In the days of the Caesars it was called Briva Isarae, meaning "Bridge of the Oise," as does its present name. It is situated at the junction of the Oise and Viorne rivers, the former bearing much commercial traffic, the latter, turning innumerable mills. Pontoise contains several notable old buildings, among them the Church of St. Maclou, which dates back to the 12th Century. It also contains, by way of contrast, Station FYA. French kings—the Capets, the Veliocasses and, more notably, Louis XIV, who fled there during the riots of 1648-54—have made their homes in this little French town.

Mills naturally make one think of the windmills of Holland, where Hilversum and Huizen are located. The former is a pretty big place, with a population of more than 57,000. It is a summer resort for the wealthy merchants of Amsterdam, eighteen miles away by rail, being known as one of the most fashionable and respectable suburbs in Holland, and as the place where horse-blankets are still made. Huizen, on the other hand, is utterly unfashionable, being a little fishing village, whose inhabitants are poor and hard-working. Both towns are typically Dutch; wooden shoes, red roofs, dog-drawn carts and the like abound. If you've ever heard PHI, you know these towns!

Next month we'll visit some more out-of-the-way places, such as Rabat, Caracas and Johannesburg, and we'll tell you about many celebrities who are short-wave enthusiasts.

JESSICA DRAGONETTE, Golden-voiced songbird of the air waves takes honor place on the SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR cover and in an entertaining article tells facts about herself you never knew till now.

A Woman Made Martini

(*Continued from page* 11)

Then came a bath, and a simple breakfast, consisting of coffee, milk, buns and butter: the same breakfast he eats now. Though Nino has his own apartment across from his foster-mother's today, he still eats all his meals with the Zenatellos.

Then came five hours of hard work, broken up by lunch. A real, honest-to-goodness Italian meal, with plenty of spaghetti and Spanish wine, prepared as only Madame Zenatello can.

For an hour he practiced scales; then came an hour of repertoire; then the study of general music culture. Later, there was instruction in dramatics which Madame Zenatello gave him; counterpoint, composition—all under this excellent guide. He had to learn English, Spanish, French.

The rest of the day, till eight o'clock, which was his usual bedtime, was spent in amusement. Maria Zenatello didn't believe in leading a narrow, humdrum life. To be a good artist, one must have a full life. There were excursions to the theatre, to parades, to concerts. The Zenatello car would set forth gaily almost every afternoon, with a crowd of happy young folk. Nino was taken on motor tours throughout Europe. To visit the museums, to hear the finest singers.

FOR four long years he was trained like an athlete. A minimum of sweets and rich foods. Plenty of fresh air and exercise. And at least eight hours of rest each night.

Even today, the habits instilled in him during his apprenticeship persist. He rarely stays out after midnight. And every night, before she retires, Mrs. Zenatello phones him to make sure he is ready for bed, in his apartment.

"When he goes to bed late he no feels so good the next day," she explained. "It tells in his voice, too. It is the most delicate of instruments and without proper care of his body, his voice suffers. I can always tell how he feels by his voice."

When Nino first began to sing over the air Maria Zenatello was quoted as saying that she didn't want him to marry. She felt marriage was for someone who had arrived and needed a steadying influence. Nino was still on the way up. He still is.

Today her view is entirely different. She wishes Nino would marry, and quickly. An artist, she believes, needs a normal life. Plenty of rest and encouragement at home. Quiet, impossible to achieve with so many gorgeous American girls flocking around Nino.

But that is one question upon which Nino Martini accepts no counsel. He has vowed that before he marries he will have achieved his childhood ambition: to give his real mother and sisters an independent income, to make sure they are provided for the rest of their lives. But he's a family man, all right. He is as proud of his older sister's babies as if they were his own.

There was one girl whom Nino wor-

OLD AS ANCIENT EGYPT

New as Modern Paris..



-Alluring Eye Make-up

SINCE the time of Cleopatra, clever women have known that gracefully formed eyebrows, delicately shaded lids, and the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes add much to beauty.

Cleopatra, for all her wealth, had only crude materials with which to attempt this effect. How she would have revelled in being able to obtain smooth, harmless, and easy-to-apply preparations like Maybelline eye beauty aids!

To have formed beautiful, expressive eyebrows with the delightful, clean-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil — to have applied the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow for just the right touch of colorful shadow — and, to have had the appearance of long, dark lashes instantly with Maybelline mascara — truly she would have acclaimed these beauty aids fit for a queen!

Nothing from modern Paris can rival Maybelline preparations. Their use by millions of women for over sixteen years commends them to YOU! Then . . there is the highly beneficial Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream for preserving soft, silky lashes . . . and a dainty Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and massaging the brows and lashes. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes, 10c each at all 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower

A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



The Approved Mascara

Black, Brown, and the New Blue

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

shipped, back in his adolescent days in Verona. She is the only girl he has really loved, so far. A young Italian miss of eighteen. He has told Maria Zenatello that being with this girl gave him fever—alternate chills and heat. He realized that as he studied and traveled he would have to give her up. She realized it too. It was Maria Zenatello who comforted him ten years ago, who tried to fill his life with so many new things that he would not think of this lost sweetheart.

Speak quite casually to Maria Zenatello and you will find she is particularly proud of one of Nino's traits: his independence. She never interferes with his personal affairs, and is glad that he thinks for himself.

I THINK I know why she admires this characteristic so much. It is the same quality which carried her through life, made her forge ahead. Quite a fascinating lady, this ex-opera star. We don't remember her, but ask your mother and father. Her lovely contralto voice thrilled them back in the early 1900's. I bet they'll recall when she sang *Carmen* opposite Enrico Caruso in 1908 at the Metropolitan Opera.

Born of wealthy, cultured Spaniards in Barcelona, she became passionately devoted to sculpture as a profession. This in the days when girls of good families were considered decorations and nothing else.

She studied seriously. Till her family lost all its money. Then she realized a whole lifetime might go by before she had the wherewithal to continue her studies. She had to make money quickly.

Maria had a lovely voice—rich, smooth, but untrained. She didn't hesitate. Straight to the foremost pianist of the time, Raoul Pugno, she went. He was going on a concert tour of 100 large cities throughout Europe. She told him the truth. She had no training, but felt sure she could sing Spanish folk songs very well. If he liked her singing, would he take her along on his tour, as soloist?

He was flabbergasted at the nerve of this vivid, dark-eyed, dark-haired young lass. Before he could reply, she had begun to sing. Her voice was all she said it was. She went along on the tour, much to everyone's surprise.

After a year's professional singing, she lost her voice completely. Through lack of singing technique, voice experts said. She retired with a heavy heart. But she wasn't licked, oh no. She searched till she found a doctor who brought back her voice. Then she began studying in earnest. Within a year, she was ready for opera. She has been on the stage, singing, for thirty years.

It was while she was singing the role of *Carmen* at La Scala that she met her husband, Giovanni, who was singing the lead tenor role, that of *Don Jose*. Their love duets thrilled all Europe, for they weren't just acting. They were real, for the young folk had fallen in love. They got married, and after that never made separate contracts. They've been married for thirty years, and are just as much in love today as the first day.

But to get back to Nino. After four long years of training, Maria Zenatello felt he was ready to sing in public. She sent him to the manager of the famous International Public Festival at Ostend, Belgium. The manager was to pay all his expenses and introduce him at a gala concert. Nino was to receive no compensation.

A Zenatello prodigy commanded attention. Nino was given his chance. He sang a Tosti aria and the famous *La Donna e Mobile* from *Rigoletto*.

No encores were permitted at Ostend. The number scheduled to follow Nino's songs was a dance of the Ballet Russe. For fifteen minutes the dancers waited on the stage, while the audience thundered applause for Martini. Finally, Nino Martini had to give an encore before the program could go on.

In the audience was Jesse Lasky, famous motion picture executive. He immediately offered young Martini a long-term contract to sing in the movies. The young man was so eager that Maria did not have the heart to tell him he was not fully prepared. To Hollywood he went.

He starred in five shorts, filmed in the form of concert recitals. Perhaps you remember *Paramount on Parade*, in which he was co-featured with Chevalier?

Nino, alone in Hollywood, couldn't find a suitable teacher. He missed the Zenatellos. Besides, the actresses were too distracting for a young man to study much. All this he reported faithfully to his foster-mother. She asked Lasky to release him from his contract. To allow him to come back home to her, to train for opera, in earnest. The request was granted.

Three years ago the Zenatellos came with Nino to New York. Maria Zenatello realized that radio was an excellent field for Nino. She went to the Columbia Broadcasting Company and convinced William S. Paley, its president, and Julius Seebach, its program director, that she had a find. After they heard Martini sing they agreed with her. All three worked hand in hand to make his debut as a Columbia star a success. He went on the air with Howard Barlow, and achieved instant popularity. He has been on the air ever since. Now he is soloist for Chesterfield on Wednesday nights.

Maria still accompanies him to the studio when he sings on the air. She coaches him in radio technique.

It was her influence with Gatti Cazazza that got him an audition with the Metropolitan Opera. He made his debut as a Metropolitan lyric tenor in January, 1934, as Rhadames in *Aida*. The first radio singer to be picked off the air and hoisted to stardom in opera!

MARIA knows that his operatic debut wasn't terribly successful. The critics said his voice was too small. But she is optimistic. "They said that of Caruso's voice, when he began to sing," she said. "Give my Nino a little longer. His is a very delicate, bell-like voice. My husband, he was afraid he'd break it if he forced it. Little by little he develops the voice to maturity that will give Nino power. His voice will be big enough for anybody."

To her and to Nino, the critic's panning has been a stimulant, a cocktail. It has aroused Nino's fighting blood. "A very good thing," she declares, "because it is not good for things to go along too smoothly for an artist."

Nino is not discouraged. He believes in himself. I think that too, is part of Maria's training. He has a hunch he will come out on top. There is plenty of reason to believe his hunch is correct.

On the Pacific Air Waves

(*Continued from page* 41)

work as a baritone soloist. As hobbies he continues to paint and go swimming.

A husky six-footer with bluish-gray eyes and flaxen hair, he is in his early thirties and unmarried. Right now he is living in San Francisco where he is on the NBC network weekly from KGO. In fact he has been in the Bay district for several years on the air, though he spent a year of that time down in Los Angeles on some of the stations there.

* * *

How do you picture the man who reads daily agricultural bulletins over the air? Maybe you think he is bald-headed, wears a skull cap and false teeth.

But none of those fit Wallace Kadderly who directs the western Farm and Home hour (15 minutes) from San Francisco to coast NBC stations week days.

Kadderly is wiry and energetic. Married, he has a fairly large sized home garden for a hobby. And for recreation he does a good deal of mountain climbing, fishing and reads books by Mark Twain.

He was born in Portland, graduated from the State University at Eugene and served for brief periods of time as farm management specialist, assistant county and state agricultural agent and with the agricultural service of the Oregon State College at Corvallis.

Seven or eight years ago he began to make market prices, insect-battling and other similar topics interesting to an audience composed of city folks as well as country ones.

So well did he do the job that NBC took him on a year ago and brought him from the northwest radio to do a similar job for the network.

* * *

Nobody would expect to get a "break" in falling over a chair in a radio studio, unless, of course, it was a broken limb.

But that was the way Mel Blanc got his radio break. Mel used to announce spasmodically over KGW in Portland, Oregon. It was "just another program" and he used recorded discs for the talent.

But one day, when he went out for a smoke between records, he took a puff too many. He had to hustle back to make the station announcement. Before he could reach the good old mike he had (1) fallen over a chair; (2) knocked the poor defenseless microphone onto the floor; and (3) tripped over a cowbell left around by the prop department.

Thinking he was in for it anyway, young Mr. Blanc gave the cowbell another vigorous ring and nonchalantly gave a time signal.

And did the public go for it? They did. Fans thought it was a gag. So Mel has been doing his "Cobwebs and Nuts" program every morning since that time fifteen months ago. In the meantime, he has added chains, pans, horns, tubs and all kinds of knick-knacks for his "time signals."

The Blanc program lasts a full hour every day and it has a sponsor. Not one of those dignified, smug sponsors but a firm that can stand being kidded in its commercial announcements.

The program, though made up of recorded music, uses a semi-continuity style of treatment with Mel taking a bunch of character parts. For the feminine touch, he uses his wife to whom he was married a year ago when he reached his 25th milestone.

* * *

Seems as though Wedgwood Nowell is getting ready to sling some hefty adjectives pretty soon. Fact is, he'll probably be on the air on the Coast before fall.

IN case you don't know who he is, Wedgewood used to conduct a playgoers' club over KFI and other Los Angeles stations in which he did a rapid-fire talking act and worked out some gag by which radio-theatre fans got reduced rates at the neighborhood picture palaces.

His greatest claim to fame was a couple of years ago when he challenged Floyd Gibbons and made the claim that he could gush forth with a lot of more words per gasp than could the veteran reporter. But nobody paid any attention to the westerner, and he gradually wilted and faded out of broadcast circles until this summer when he launched plans to get back again.

But, even though you may not have heard the Angeleno . . . highbrow for habitues of Los Angeles . . . ten to one you've seen him. Where? Why, he was the fellow who took the part of the physician in Bryan Foy's nudie film, "Elysia." What did he think of it . . . how did he get along . . . did he really join the cult? There, ah there, my lads and lassies of radioland is another story.

* * *

Now that Aimee Semple McPherson seems to be giving her educated and talented tonsils a rest so far as radio is

World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting



Eagle Brand

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! *Never* too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls! ● *But remember . . . Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Just remember the name *Eagle Brand.*



NRA

FREE! WORLD'S MOST AMAZING COOK BOOK!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!

Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. M G 84, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(Print name and address plainly)

Borden Quality

"THE BEAUTIFUL STOOGE"

was a redheaded waitress in a Manhattan speakeasy when she met a jobless vaudeville comedian who was out to crash radio in a big way! So she dropped her tray and tips and met "Mike" in the company of the broadcasting gagmaker.

This thrilling serial by Peter Dixon now running in RADIO MIRROR takes you behind the scenes in the big air studios and shows you how careers are made, how romantic triangles are formed and how love plays on the sidelines.

WHAT HAPPENS TO TOBY MALONE AND HIS REDHEADED BEAUTIFUL STOOGE? READ NEXT MONTH'S RADIO MIRROR FOR THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THESE YOUNG HOPEFULS ON THE BRINK OF FAME IN AN ETHER WORLD!

concerned, who . . . oh who . . . in the McPherson clan will carry on the torch? Who's that pushing her way up into the front ranks to volunteer? Why, none other than Roberta Semple Smythe, Aimee's favorite and only daughter, who divorced her ship purser husband last spring.

Roberta has taken mamma's place before the microphone of KFSG at Angelus Temple in Loce Angheles . . . pronounced that way as an old Spanish custom . . . and has taken charge of the programs. In fact, 'tis true, she will throw away all disguises and appear personally on the station's children's program as Aunt Birdie. If we were sure there are no tomato throwers or cabbage tossers in the audience, we'd say, "Isn't that just ducky?"

To stay on the McPherson subject for another paragraph or two, did you know that Dave Hutton is browsing around KMPC in swanky and cultured Beverly Hills, California, which is also the locale for a whole flock of gin parties and week-end carousals?

Yep. It's a fact. Dave started to form an oratorical group at the station for broadcasts and for the bunch to be broken into smaller units to do some personal singing appearances 'round and about the hinterland of sunny Southern California . . . southern being spelled with a capital "S" on request of the chamber of commerce.

D. Hutton has been doing the vocal coach stunt in various Los Angeles broadcast studios for a long while. The chubby, fat boy resents (a) being called the former Mr. Aimee Semple McPherson; (b) a passionate and fiery lover (according to court testimony); or (c) God's gift to radioland.

And, by the way, Kenneth G. Ormiston (KGO), onetime operator for KFSG and Aimee's church, is now safely ensconced behind the portals of KNX in Hollywood where he is chief technician. The station upped to 50,000 watts in the spring, with its studios in the heart of Hollywood, and the transmitter out in San Fernando valley a few miles from Sherman Oaks.

The Ole Man Ribbers

(*Continued from page 23*)

As Jack Benny, a current employer of multiple stooges, of which his charming wife, Mary Livingstone, has become one, points out, one of the earliest of stooges was a fellow named Aaron, who played straight in Egypt for his celebrated brother, Moses. There are, all the way down through the ages, similar instances of stooging, political, religious and otherwise, Mr. Benny persists in reminding us, and, as in the radio picture today, there are numerous instances where the stooge has ascended to greater heights than his principal, notably in the case of Brutus, and also in the instance of Cromwell. From all of this, we gather, without any mental effort, that stooging is old enough to be recognized and a more or less legitimate profession. At any rate, it is a fairly necessary one.

As far as the entry of stooging in the radio studios is concerned, the truth of the matter is that, if we do not count the phantom stooges employed by Phil Cook, the first introduction of the character was made by the Happiness Boys, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare. Jones, by some mysterious means, became the head man, and Hare the stooge. Their popularity attests how quickly the public showed a favorable reaction to this technique. But it was not until Russ Columbo entered the radio racket nearly four years ago that the word "stooge" found its way into ordinary conversation. This was accomplished by the press, particularly, the columnists who wrote about radio. And the first stooges to bask in such publicity, were not performing stooges at all, but the common, ordinary variety of Broadway stooge, of which, at present, there are about 7900. At that date, a stooge was not a straight man, but a mysterious character who came out of nowhere, to linger in the presence of a celebrity, to attach himself to a celebrity's retinue, and to serve the headman without any pay except to be allowed to catch a bit of the reflected glory of the boss.

This character, basically, is the same as the famous Hollywood yes-man. He was practically unnoticed in New York, until Columbo suddenly emerged as the possessor of the most numerous collection of stooges in the East. The type of stooge that attached himself to Columbo presented a well-dressed young man without any particular characteristics. As a group, this type insinuated itself into the affairs of Columbo, seldom being spoken to or even recognized. They served silently, except on such occasions when Russ would complete a broadcast or rehearsal. Then, each of the dozen or more stooges, would, by some mysterious and tacit arrangement be allowed to utter a congratulatory word. What the word was, depended upon priority. A stooge that had been hanging around for six months, say, would be permitted to stand three paces from the head man, and comment: "Colossal!" The next man, in point of service, would have to content himself with a mere, "Magnificent." The third stooge would say, "Splendid," the fourth, "Great," the fifth, "Very Good," and so on, until the eighth was reached. At this point, words would have been exhausted, and No. 8 stooge would have to be satisfied with a gesture.

These hangers-on so interested me at one stage, that I went to visit with Columbo and ask about them.

He couldn't tell me their names, even —though there must have been fourteen of them around the house.

"THEY come from nowhere," said Russ. "They probably appear first when my manager and I go into a restaurant. You see a strange face, and then, next time you eat, you see it again. After a few days the face becomes familiar. Next thing you know the fellow is opening the car door, and then the house door. Intuitively, these fellows know, if I smile pleasantly at them, they have been accepted. I find them eating beside me, and after a while, sleeping in the apartment, in one of the outside rooms. The check for meals is usually paid by the manager. After a while, of course, I get to know their faces. They bring in the papers —they anticipate every move. Then, when one or two of them have been housebroken, they are allowed to sleep at the foot of the bed. I call them by any name that comes into my mind."

Columbo at one time actually had a stable of 14 stooges, which made him rather famous along Broadway. Belatedly, Bing Crosby had entered the radio field, and as a rival of Columbo, he too, his management reasoned, warranted a collection of stooges. No field work was necessary. They just materialized. In time, Crosby had matched Columbo—and surpassed him. The eventual chief stooge of Crosby went a step further than "Colossal," and inaugurated the compliment, "Gargantuan," while his second man was permitted "Cyclopean."

THIS type of handy-man stooge eventually developed into the performing type. Comics, who began their vogue following the Columbo-Crosby battle, found that straight men were being called stooges, and at this point, it became necessary to inquire into the origin of the word. Nobody seems able to pin it down. There is a theory that "stooge" was derived from the underworld appellation "stool," which itself is a contraction of "stool-pigeon," an informer, or a servile tool of the police. There are other people who think it is a hand-me-down from the word. "stew" meaning a drunk of the type that used to hang around barrooms and speakeasies.

That was as far as we inquisitive souls could get.

At about this time, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd went on the air, and Budd became known as the Stoopnagle stooge, and thereupon, all straight men, or secondary personages, foils, etc., were referred to in the radio world as stooges. When the Magic Carpet series was going strong, Walter O'Keefe, acting as a witty commentator, began utilizing Howard Claney, the announcer, as a stooge. From then on the vogue was under way. Comedians were quick to realize that stooges were vital, and they set about choosing them with care.

The problem did not bother George Burns and Gracie Allen. But when they become radio performers, a strange thing happened. Always, in the show world, Gracie Allen had been stooging for George Burns. On the air, where

grimaces and gestures are not visible, the set-up was reversed. Gracie became the principal and George the stooge. The same thing happened to Block and Sully. Next, Eddie Cantor bobbed up, and he proceeded carefully. James Wallington, who eventually became the Cantor stooge, worked into the job by graduation. For weeks, it had been Cantor's intention to develop Rubinoff as the stooge, but Rubinoff was sensitive about his dialect, and leery of the microphone, from a vocal standpoint. So Wallington fell into the job, with Rubinoff remaining silent. On occasions where it became necessary to have Rubinoff speak, a second stooge was brought in to take care of the dialect. Cantor, before he left the air, was working with half a dozen stooges, including Rosaline Greene.

Jack Pearl brought his stage stooge with him to radio, as did Phil Baker, whose Beetle, the haunter, used to work from the theatre galleries. Baker found stooges so helpful that he added Harry McNaughton, with an English dialect. McNaughton is, as everyone knows, the "Bottle" of the act. The identity of "Beetle" hitherto has been kept secret. But as a matter of fact, this unsung performer is an old partner of Baker, known on Broadway as Henry Laird.

THEN Jack Benny came along, and not only used his wife, Mary, as stooge, but began to include the orchestra leaders. The first of these was Ted Weems, then it was Frank Black. Now it is Don Bestor. Ed Wynn was first to note the stooging possibilities in Graham McNamee, who since has stooged for numerous comedians. Groucho Marx used his brother Chico, and Fred Allen now uses regularly his wife, Portland Hoffa, and occasionally Roy Atwell, together with miscellaneous stooges. Joe Penner uses various stooges. Goodman Ace, of Easy Aces has a perfect stooge in Jane.

The principle of the stooge is being applied even to the drama. Spencer Dean, the man-hunter has a detective stooge in Cassidy. Like Phil Cook, Gene and Glenn use imaginary stooges —Lena and Jake, who are really vocal tricks of Gene.

Joe Cook is the single exception. For many years he used a stagefull of stooges, but on the air, he prefers to tell goofy yarns, and bringing in a stooge is a rarity. Olsen and Johnson are practically stoogeless, but each serves as stooge for the other.

Seriously, the stooge is really vital to radio. Without one, a performer becomes virtually a monologist. And this type of entertainment never has progressed on the air. There must be a target for the banter of a comedian. A monologist works too rapidly for the listener. That is the view of Joe Penner, and Ed Wynn, and every other comedian I have talked to.

In recent years, the art of stooging has been carried into the commercial announcements. It was Jack Benny who inaugurated the idea of kidding the product of a sponsor. It became



"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. *"Airedales"* have ruined many a movie close-up—because superfluous hair shows as plainly in the pictures as it does upon the beach. *That's why all Hollywood uses* X-BAZIN to remove hair. X-BAZIN (cream or powder) is essential for legs, arms and under-arms that expect to be seen!

Constant research and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, more and more efficient, more and more agreeable. This really reliable depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless—without irritation, stubble or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

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HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value. The most remarkable results were obtained in a series of tests made in the N. Y. City Public Schools from 1903 to 1911.

No claim is made that this course is a cure-all. In many cases glasses are essential. But if you are wearing glasses because of faulty refractions—far- or near-sightedness—astigmatism—cross eyes—squint eyes —weak, watering eyes—eye headaches or strain, you at least owe it to yourself to give these methods a fair test. You can test these principles of eye education out in your own home without a cent of cost. Just mail your order and the entire course comes to you at once.

We want every reader of this magazine afflicted with eye-trouble, to examine Mr. Macfadden's wonderful course and try the eye exercise that it prescribes. In order to bring this about we are willing to send the entire course on approval giving you the privilege of returning it within five days after receipt if not satisfactory. The price of the course has been placed within the means of everyone—only $3.00, which includes a full one year's subscription for Physical Culture Magazine. Less than you would pay for a single pair of glasses. Can you afford not to take advantage of this offer and all it may mean to you? Not if you value strong eyes. Send for "Strengthening the Eyes" today.

Macfadden Book Co., Inc.
Desk R.M.-8, 1926 Broadway, N. Y.

necessary for him to razz the announcer to accomplish this. It was a new technique in advertising, and it succeeded beautifully in the case of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. It still succeeds on the General Tire program. But it didn't click so well on the Chevrolet program—at least, it did not please one of the sponsors, who developed a dislike to the Benny system, and said so. Benny left the show.

Ed Wynn has been successful in kidding Texaco unmercifully. This was done very cagily at first. But the audience liked it so well, Texaco encouraged Wynn in his razzing of McNamee, when the latter tries to say something about gas and oil. During the past few months, Wynn has interrupted the commercial announcements so vociferously that McNamee is practically incoherent when he tries to do a sales talk. A careful listener, however, will realize that this is all part of the act, and that the actual commercial announcements are read by Louis Witten.

Without a stooge, this form of advertising—and a very clever form it is—would be impossible.

Hence, McNamee believes, the stooges deserve some credit. He would admit to the stooge association not only those who work in front of the mike, but those who serve by writing jokes and developing comic situations. "The stooge of today," Mac will tell you, "is not only important. He has been elevated to the status of an artist."

A No. 1 stooge, Mac ought to know.

The Beautiful Stooge

(*Continued from page* 16)

been expecting you."

Margy, Toby and the professor almost ran to the studio door. Toby tugged frantically at the heavy door and finally got it open.

Studio C was a typical radio studio but it was a refrigerator for the emotions. A few potted palms might have made it into a high class mortuary chapel. Instead, long monks-cloth draperies suspended from a ceiling two stories high gave the impression of a modernistic temple of a modern god such as Advertising. Which was exactly what it was. Neat but not gaudy.

At one end of the studio was what looked like an aquarium set into the wall. But instead of guppies, two human faces peered through the thick glass panes. This, Toby was able to explain, was the control room. Had there been time to explain further, Toby might have told the Professor and Margy that in the control sat the studio engineer and it was the delicate touch of the engineer on certain dials and gadgets that insured the success of the performer. Toby knew a little about radios.

One of the faces that had been peering out of the glass disappeared and a moment later a tall, dark young man entered the studio by a door at the opposite end from where Toby, the Professor and Margy had entered.

"Toby Malone?" queried the tall, dark, young man.

"That's me" said Toby. "This is Professor Blake, my material writer and . . . uh . . . Miss Margy . . . uh . . . Wayne . . . who works with me in the act."

"Good," said the man. "I'm David Mason. I'm just an announcer but I'll have to be production man on this audition if you don't mind."

Toby wondered just what a production man had to do. Margy didn't know either and decided to find out.

"I know all about announcers," she said, "but just what is a production man?

David grinned.

"He's the lad who holds the stop watch," he said. "He's supposed to tell you when your program is thirty-two seconds too long. He's also supposed to direct the program, supervise sound effects and make himself generally useful. Does anybody need an aspirin? Good production men carry large bottles of aspirin."

Toby would have liked at least four —but said nothing.

"We pipe the audition in five minutes," David continued.

"Pipe?" said the Professor.

"Sure," said David. "Meaning we pick up the show in here and send it over wires to the radio speaker in the board room where the program board is listening."

"Then we won't have anybody here listening to us?" Toby asked.

"Nope," said Mason. "Just a private affair."

"But how'll I know when they laugh? How'll I time my laughs?"

This business of working without an audience had Toby worried.

"Just read your lines and if you have any household gods, pray to them," Mason answered, grinning. "These auditions are cold-blooded propositions. But don't let it worry you. You'll do all right. Now . . . tell me . . . have you had any mike experience?"

"Oh, lots," Toby declared grandly.

"Of course. But, just between ourselves, did you ever work on one before?" and Mason looked keenly at Toby. He waited a moment and then continued:

"Old Man Mike isn't such a tough customer if you treat him right. He's just a mechanical ear and if you'll treat him just as you treat the ear of a friend, you'll get along all right."

"NOW, wait a minute," Toby said. "You mean if I think of that gadget as a friend . . . that his ear is right there . . . that is the right way to work to the microphone?"

David laughed.

"That's all!" he said. "All this talk about the mystery of the microphone technique doesn't mean anything. Just give the mike the same respect you'd give a friend's ear, and you'll be all right!"

Toby looked at Margy. She had been listening intently.

"Get it, hon?" Toby asked.

Margy nodded.

"I got it, Toots," she said.

David nodded.

"That's fine," he said. "Now for a balance. I take it you two are working together. Now just walk up to the mike, keep your mouths about twelve or fourteen inches from the diaphragm —that's the diaphragm in front of it there—and just talk naturally. And don't try to talk to the folks in the balcony because there isn't any balcony in radio. Every seat is in the front row."

Toby and Margy approached the mike. Toby shivered inside himself. The whole thing was so cold. No footlights. No entrance music. No ripple of applause from the audience. Just a bare room and a queer looking metal box on the end of a metal stick—the mike!

HE was still wondering just what it was all about when he heard Margy speak.

"So this is radio! What do you think of it, Toby?"

He answered without thinking.

"Huh? Listen kid, this radio business gives me the creeps."

Suddenly he remembered he was in front of the microphone. He looked quickly toward the glass window. The engineer was making some sort of signal. David Mason watched too, then turned to Toby with a smile:

"O. K. Malone. Just keep that same tone of voice and you'll be alright." He glanced at a clock on the wall. "Say . . . only a minute to go. Is your script in order? To bad there isn't time to run through the show on the mike before the audition—but you'll be all right."

Toby gasped. One minute and the audition. One minute and his whole future hung in the balance. One minute and he'd either open the door to fame on the air—or there'd be nothing.

Suddenly Toby hated microphones and studios and all of broadcasting. He hated radio announcers who were so much at ease. He hated the very idea of trying to be funny without there being the slightest barometer of just how funny he was. The whole thing was cold and mechanical. It wasn't show business. It was . . . it was . . . well, Toby couldn't think just what it was like because nothing in his experience could compare with it. His throat tightened.

"Thirty seconds," said Mason quietly, glancing again at a minute hand that raced around the clock.

Toby's mouth was dry. He glanced at his script. The typed words blurred. He couldn't read those words. He hadn't read them often enough to remember them. Around his stomach a band tightened and tightened. This was sheer hell. Toby had mike fright.

Beside him, Margy stood quietly. Her hands, which held her script, trembled slightly. She, too, felt that her mouth was dry; that a drink of water would be the most precious thing in the world. She glanced hurriedly at David Mason. The announcer seemed quite cool and collected. One wouldn't think to look at him that this was the most important event that ever happened to anybody. Toby, she knew instinctively, was scared stiff. A quick glance down and she saw his knees were shaking. Her's too, were moving, though not so visibly. She shifted her weight from one foot to another and looked at Professor Gus.

The professor, seated in a folding chair at one side of the studio was methodically tearing his necktie into tiny bits. He looked strange without the necktie. Just how he'd got it off and into his hands Margy couldn't figure—but there it was—probably a two dollar necktie and now nothing but a lot of tiny pieces of silk. The silk couldn't be very good, Margy thought, or else it wouldn't tear so easily. But then, the professor had strong hands—

Suddenly David Mason held up his hand. Tony, Margy and the professor stopped breathing.

"HERE we go, folks," said David quietly. He looked through the glass panel at the engineer. The engineer's hand was uplifted. Suddenly it dropped. Mason started to speak, quietly and as one friend to another to the microphone in front of him.

"We present Toby Malone, himself," said David. He stopped.

There were five seconds of deadly quiet. David looked at Toby, eyebrows lifted. Toby suddenly realized that was his cue.

"Hello, Toots," he said. "I see the keeper has been careless again."

Margy looked at him and grinned and then her eyes went to her script.

"Oh, I'm fine, thank you. It's nice that I saw you yesterday."

The seven members of the program board had been very quiet. There had been a few smiles but no audible laughs. Then David Mason's voice said:

"You have just heard Toby Malone, himself."

As one, the seven members of the board breathed noisily. Still no one spoke.

Lorton, glancing at the other six faces, broke the silence.

"You heard him, ladies and gentlemen. What's the verdict?"

Keith Rice didn't hesitate.

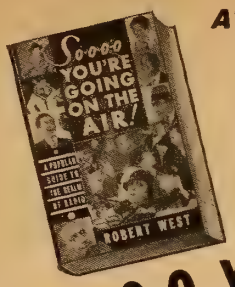
"Absolutely no. Just another low-brow comic. Just a lot of gags. Just the thing we're trying to get away from. I might use the girl in some of our better dramatic sketches;—but Malone won't do."

Lorton looked at Clem Bancroft, the man who thought of radio performers as advertising copy.

"How about it Clem?"

Bancroft considered.

"Yes . . . and no. He's a possibility. He might be able to kid sales talks and Benny has proved that is successful. I think he's worth a try-out."



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ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

Dept. R.M.8, 1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Lorton nodded.

"One for. One against. As a matter of fact, I'm for the guy. And the girl is marvellous. I don't know why but she's great. How about you, Joe?

Joel Miller shook his head.

"Can't see him at all. It isn't radio. It isn't the stuff the folks in Oshkosh will go for. I'm against him."

"Two for. Two against." said Lorton. "How about you, Harry? Think he has any publicity possibilities?"

"Well," said Harry Rush cautiously, "The girl is probably his wife. I never heard a comedian yet that didn't drag his wife into the script. Only thing is, this gal is good. I think we could build 'em up. I'd say take them. It won't cost us too much.

Lorton looked at Parker Smith.

Smith shook his head.

"Can't see him at all," he said. "I didn't think he was funny nor do I think he has any possibilities. I vote against him."

Beth Hollister hadn't said a word. Lorton looked at her enquiringly.

"Three of us like him. Three of us don't, Beth," he said. "His fate is in your hands. Do we take Toby Malone and make him into a radio name . . . or don't we?"

Beth smiled.

"So, his fate is in my hands?" There was a cold, thoughtful glint in her eyes. The other six watched her carefully. Miss Hollister was so uncannily right. She'd picked so many winners. If she decided Toby Malone would have a chance, he'd get that chance. If she decided he wasn't worth further consideration, then that was that and that was also the end of Malone so far as the CBC was concerned.

"All right, Beth, what do you think?" Lorton spoke.

Beth straightened up in her chair and then leaned over the table.

"Gentleman, listen to me—here is exactly what I think about Toby——"

Does Toby get his big chance? Is he one of the lucky ones whom some big sponsor signs at a four-figure salary and whom the public goes wild over for a few months? What happens to Margy the little waitress and to the strange professor? Read next month's thrilling installment of this realistic radio drama by Peter Dixon.

Was Spalding's Wealth a Handicap

(*Continued from page* 21)

accepted every sort of engagement he could get . . . mean ones, ill-paid ones, unglamorous ones; tours that better-known violinists had rejected; concerts in stuffy school-rooms and icy provincial theatres. Once he played in a barn; another time, in a badly ventilated boys' gymnasium, where the floor was of packed dirt, and his dressing-room was the boiler room. He accepted those offers partly to earn the money he needed, but more to prove that he couldn't be scared off. He didn't want luxury at home. Nothing of the soft amateur about him! To-day he tells you it was grand training. Conditions don't have to be "artistically perfect" for him to get his results. He struggled along for three years, and met with only moderate success.

Then, when he was nineteen, he had his first great triumph in Russia, the land that knows more about the violin and has produced more great violinists than any other in the world. Spalding was utterly strange in Russia. He carried no letters of introduction. Nobody knew him, or his family, or whether he was rich or poor. The conditions were exactly what he had longed for . . . there was only his playing to make or break him. So he played . . . and the musical world hailed him as a master. Houses were packed to hear him; people applauded, people wept; Dukes and princes pressed him to dine with them. The boy was utterly dazed by his triumph. The Russians loved his music, they loved his personality; also, they loved his "beautiful, foreign-sounding name. When he came out of Russia, he was no longer Mr. Spalding's young son. He was Albert Spalding, master violinist. And then he came home to America.

To-day, when we hear Spalding over the air, we hear him announced as "America's own great violinist". We like to hear that. It does something personal to everyone of us. Unconsciously, we are proud to be Americans with him; proud that America has produced so great an artist. But it wasn't always like that! Twenty-five years ago, when Spalding came home to America, he found the musical situation entirely in the hands of foreigners, with "beautiful, foreign-sounding names" of their own. Plain Americans weren't supposed to be musical! There never had been a world-rocking, hundred-per-cent American violinist, and popular belief held that, for that reason, there never could be! A natural belief, perhaps, but a hard one to buck. Mr. Spalding tells you that he suddenly found the forty-eight states reduced to one, and that one was Missouri. People had to be shown. An American violinist? Shucks, Americans weren't musical. Repeatedly Spalding was urged to add a decorative "insky" or "ivanoff" to his name, and repeatedly he refused. Again he wanted to stand entirely on his own feet. In Europe, he had had to fight down being a rich man's son, and he had won. At home, he had to fight down being an American! So he put behind him all his dreams of triumph, all his memories of past triumphs, and again began a resolute climb, into the back door and up the back stairs. Again he accepted mean, ill-paid, unglamorous engagements . . . simply for a chance to be heard and to prove that an American birthright doesn't necessarily cut one off from musical ability. And again he won . . . not alone his own fight this time, but the fight of every other young musician this country will ever produce. Spalding was the first. Because of him, no one can ever again doubt that American blood and American temper are capable of taking their place beside the music of foreign tradition. Because of him, the forty-eight states have come back to normal proportions.

In his person, Spalding is the sort of man you would turn to on a crowded railroad platform to ask your way. He is kind and he looks it. He likes people. The years of struggle have told on him. His eyes are thoughtful and his jaw has the fighter's squareness. But he has a keen sense of humor. He has a bad memory for names and engagements, but a marvelous memory for what he calls useless historical information. He can tell you offhand whom the various presidents married, and where the different treaties were signed. He remembers telephone numbers by the dates of historical events. His tastes are extremely varied. His passions are, first, music, and then cross-word puzzles, his collection of rare china, and sweet things to eat. Once his sweet-tooth nearly involved him in an international complication.

That was during the war, when he was Adjutant to New York's Mayor LaGuardia, on the flying field at Rome. Spalding and LaGuardia were invited to dine with the King of Italy, at the Italian front. The royal table held luxuries that the American dough-boys hadn't seen in months, and when a real dessert appeared, Spalding nearly fainted with joy. The dish was passed a second time, at last, and the King declined it. Now, etiquette forbids anyone to accept what royalty refuses. But when the dish reached Spalding, he couldn't bear to stand on etiquette. He helped himself to that sweet, and generously. Everyone else at the table held his breath in horror. Etiquette had been broken! But King Victor Emanuel laughed. He had forgotten about soldiers' short rations, but he called the butler back and took his own second serving, thus opening the way for the other guests.

Spalding's only "hates" are dishonesty and getting up early in the morning. He is the most tolerant of men. He enjoys reading, swimming, driving a car, and playing tennis. He has no idea of "temperament," and his modesty amounts to a fault. He makes light of what he has accomplished, and tells you that, in his playing, *he* doesn't count at all . . . it's the music that is important. He is married, to a lady of delicate beauty and magnetic charm, who is a real chum to him, but who shuns being talked about, because "one in the family is enough." He breaks things easily. The first week they were married, Mrs. Spalding handed him a balky camera, relying on the delicacy of his sensitive violinist's fingers to set it right. She got it back in sections. On such occasions, Spald-

ing assures one that he doesn't "do it for temper".

Spalding is tremendously keen on his radio work, different as it is from his familiar concert routine, where he sees his audience before him. He does not suffer from "mike fright". Since he never uses notes, he closes his eyes while playing, and makes mental pictures of the people who have been writing to him . . . farm wives, miners, lonely ranchers, school children in small towns. He feels he reaches the people better that way. And he wants to reach them. He has an idea that *just the plain people* made his career possible, by listening to him and believing in him. And that is exactly the sort of human being you would want "America's most popular instrumentalist" to be . . . a man who has licked the circumstance of wealth and the prejudice of nationality by his genius and his plain "Yankee grit" . . . and then thinks that you and I are kind to be interested in him!

What Did "Mike" Give the Rich Lady?

(*Continued from page* 19)

she couldn't change their minds, she packed up and left the West Coast movie center, headed straight for Chicago where she sold her talent and experiences to the sponsors of Welch's Grapejuice and began to appear in those air sketches in which she reproduced her off-the-set experiences during her film career. Then the studio changed the type of sketch and she moved to New York, only to find that the skits followed her and she's still trying to persuade the radio people to go back to her original series of broadcasts.

Many of Miss Rich's radio fans have come over from the motion picture ranks. She believes there is a greater demand for personality on the air than on the screen. She's sure the voice of the unseen artist registers more accurately than the film cameras can ever get it. She says she feels her soul is naked when she steps up to the mike and she knows she couldn't fool her audience if she wanted to.

"In acting before the mike there is not the personal contact between the actors as on the screen or stage," she explains. "Each stands in front of the mike and goes through the script. This makes it more difficult to create realism and sincerity and illusion. Acting before a studio audience while broadcasting is difficult because to avoid blasting your voice through the mike you speak almost too low for the studio audience to hear you. But it is all very new, very exciting and very stimulating."

The thing that affects Irene most while acting is how her associate actors use their hands. She is most susceptible to the drama of hands and usually bases her opinion of people by their hands, not so much the form and texture as the manner in which they use them. But when you're on the air it's the voice out on its own and the performer must succeed or flop on his or her vocal impression. That's why Miss Rich feels radio is more exacting than any motion picture producer.

WHEN her radio audience tunes in for her weekly broadcast, Irene always imagines they are friends who open the doors of their homes to her and she can hear them say, "Hello, Irene. Glad to see you." And she feels lonely when the signing off time comes and she must wait a whole week to visit them again.

Working at the thing which makes you happy is Miss Rich's panacea for all the discontents. What makes one person happy, will find another miserable, she knows and so she says her formula for a busy and contented existence won't do at all for most other women. There are the women who are essentially domestic and for them the only way to happiness is in their own home. Others want excitement and luxury without too much effort. A career that has first call and to which all other interests are sacrificed wouldn't do at all. So Miss Rich says her philosophy is good for Irene Rich and that's enough for her. And radio, she feels, can give her more than anything else—a job that absorbs her interest, a medium for expressing her true self and the largest audience to which she ever played.

THEIR DREAM GIRLS AND PHANTOM LOVERS

Every radio star has a romantic imaginary ideal of a life partner. PERHAPS IT'S SOMEBODY LIKE YOU!

Do you want to know just the sort of person your favorite air singer idealizes? The kind of a man any glamorous girl of the air waves keeps in her mind and in her heart?

Some like them brunette, some favor blondes—all of them insist their ideals must have real personalities.

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Read next month's RADIO MIRROR AND LEARN THE SECRET DREAM MEN AND WOMEN OF THOSE WHO ENTERTAIN YOU FROM THE BIG BROADCAST STUDIOS!



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Hot and Airy

(*Continued from page 7*)

at our place and we have such a good time jumping and diving in it. But we're going to have more fun next week.

GEORGE: More fun next week?

GRACIE: Yes, my uncle is going to put water in it.

* * *

News from Hollywood has it that the cinema stars are growing weary of guest appearances on the air without compensation. Some standouts are demanding anywhere from $1,000 to $3,000 every time they face the mike, no matter what they do or how long it takes to do it. The failure of Jack Oakie to show up for a Ben Bernie broadcast after being advertised is said to be due to the non-payment arrangement. Oakie, who is scheduled to go on the air in the fall for a sponsor, thought it wouldn't help him a bit professionally if his sponsor knew he appeared for nothing.

* * *

IN A LINE OR TWO

The first violinist in Peter Van Steeden's orchestra doubles as a dentist and has a thriving trade among musicians . . . Jesse Block and Eve Sully will be featured in one picture a year for the next three years by Sam Goldwyn . . . Have you noticed that Rudy Vallee's voice is changing to baritone? . . . Conrad Thibault was a protege of the late Calvin Coolidge . . . Johnny Green and The Country Gentlemen are among the latest radio celebs to make movie shorts . . . A race horse has been named after Ted Husing . . . Maxine Marlowe, new vocalist on Columbia, is a California girl discovered by Phil Spitalny . . . Did you know that Station WGY, Schenectady, originates 45 programs monthly for an NBC-WEAF network? . . . Never can it be said that the jokes used on the air haven't stood the test of time . . . Less than four years ago the Mills Brothers were bootblacks in Chicago . . . Which reminds that Ruth Etting and Sally Rand, the fan dancer, were fellow chorus girls at the old Marigold Gardens, Chicago . . . "When television comes, a lot of radio artists will have to hide around the corner," says Ed Wynn . . . Bing Crosby is some shucks as a golfer. Last summer at the Lakeside Country Club, Los Angeles, he made a score of 69. This summer he won the annual tournament trophy on the same course. The embarrassing thing about it, though, was that he had donated the cup himself! . . . Which also reminds that although Bing is on the Pacific Coast and Lennie Hayton is in New York they continue great pals. Almost nightly they hold long confabs via the long distance.

* * *

They are telling a story along Radio Row about a certain orchestra leader noted for his parsimony. He kept promising to his arranger, to whose skill he owes much of his success, a bonus but seemed content to continue his meagre weekly wage. Then one day in front of his musicians, the bandman, with face beaming, handed the arranger a package. "Here's a gift for you, old man," he said, "open it up and see what it is."

He did and found an autographed photo of the maestro.

"Now, what do you say?" demanded the radiant conductor.

"It's just like *you*," was the nifty retort.

* * *

This is a funny world and radio is one of the biggest laughs. Three years ago studio officials wouldn't allow three of the biggest headliners today to broadcast from their stations for nothing. Now they pay them princely sums—and like it. The three are Joe Penner, world's greatest duck salesman, and Jesse Block and Eve Sully, the comedy pair introduced to air audiences by Eddie Cantor. They were touring the country with a Publix unit. Part of the exploitation plan was for the members of the troupe to broadcast from local stations in each city played. That is, every performer went on the air excepting Penner and Block and Sully. The studio managers along the route all took the same stand, that comedy could never be projected on the air. This, you must remember, was before the advent of Ed Wynn and the beginning of the comedians' cycle on the kilocycles. The banning was heartbreaking to the trio of funmakers then but they are having plenty of consolation now every time they bank a broadcast check.

* * *

A MAID AND A MAESTRO

This is the story of the way of a maestro with a maid. Eight years ago Don Bestor and his band were holding forth at the Terrace Gardens, Chicago. Among the entertainers was a petite dancer, Frankie Klassem by name. Don cast longing eyes at Frankie but the daughter of Terpsichore couldn't see him with a telescope, as the saying goes. One day Don chanced to see Frankie tenderly administering to a dog with an injured paw. Now, musicians are trained to pick up cues quickly and Don, being a master musician, is even quicker. He hustled into his dressing room and a few minutes later emerged crying with pain from a splinter of wood embedded beneath a finger nail! The sympathetic Frankie rushed to the rescue with hot water and antiseptics and—Well, you know the rest. They were married two weeks later.

* * *

In honor of their Patron Saint, radio comics and gag men met recently in New York and hung a plaque to Joe Miller. It remained for the Three Scamps to pull the best gag in connection with the ceremony. They wanted to know why the hanging was confined to a plaque!

Fred Allen has discovered that Admiral Byrd uses no studio audiences at his broadcasts. He explains that what you think is applause is some seal lounging around near the microphone or a man in the control igloo trying to get warm. Which reminds of the reply Allen made in filling out one of those radio questionnaires. The query was, "What do you like best on your radio?" Allen answered, "A cocktail shaker."

* * *

Band masters are going in for reducing. Everybody knows how Paul Whiteman got rid of excess avoirdupois to please Margaret Livingston. She told all about it in her book, "Whiteman's Burden." Now Dick Himber and Jacques Renard are concerned about what they eat. Himber shed 30 pounds in less than 30 days and Renard managed to get rid of 20 pounds in about the same time. B. A. Rolfe will probably be the next member of the club.

* * *

Enric Madriquera, NBC maestro whose specialty is tantalizing tangos, is being sued for $100,000 breach of promise by a lady rejoicing in the name of Gay Delys. Madriquera, who wields the baton at the Waldorf-Astoria and is a society favorite, was the victim of extortionists a year ago. His income tax statement shows he was separated from $9,500 at the time, for that is what the government allowed him to deduct from his income.

* * *

TELLING IT TERSELY

Gertrude Berg, creator of Molly Goldberg and author of The Goldbergs, has refused an offer of the British Broadcasting Company to air the series in England . . . Of all the five-cent cigar gags, Mercury likes best Col. Stoopnagle's "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar—without the scent" . . . Jessica Dragonette is making a movie for Paramount . . . Ruth Etting won't be back on the airlanes until September . . . Now they are calling Jack Denny the marrying maestro because he has promoted five weddings since playing at the Hotel Pierre . . . Jerry Cooper, who is doing two sustaining programs a week on CBS, is a protege of Will Rogers . . . The huge fees Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt receives for her commercial broadcasts go to The Friends Service Committee, of Philadelphia, and are devoted to educational, handicraft and health projects in mining communities . . . Morton Downey has become a business man. He is financially interested in a Brooklyn factory making unbreakable glass . . . Mary McCoy, at the age of nine, made $5 singing before a woman's club in Kansas and decided right there and then on a singing career . . . Babe Ruth's fan mail averages 16,000 letters a week . . . Paul Keats, the baritone, is a descendant of John Keats, the poet, and wears a ring

once owned by him . . . Edith Murray has just made a movie short . . . "The Twilight Hour" is the title of a book of children's tales written by Annette Hanshaw . . . Al Bernie, 14-year old impersonator discovered by Rudy Vallee, graduated from public school in June . . . Sisters of Ben Bernie and Phil Baker, who operate a milk reducing farm in New York state, claim to have melted 10,000 pounds off of women patrons in a year . . . There are three radios in the home of Roger Wolfe Kahn, millionaire band master; a radio in each of his three airplanes; one in each of his two cars and still another in his speedboat . . . Dave Rubinoff's manager is his brother, Phil . . . Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. There are at least twenty others scattered about the country doing the same sort of a broadcast as The Voice of Experience.

* * *

In five years of broadcasting Gene and Glenn have sung more than 2,000 hymns on the air. They have written several gospel tunes and have published their own hymn book. Several of their songs have become nationally known, including "Tune Jesus Into Your Heart," "Singing His Song of Love" and "When We Drive Down That Golden Street."

* * *

Thumb nail sketch of Jimmy Durante's career: Started in life as a bootblack, became a baker's assistant and then found himself lathering customers in his father's barber shop. It was there while splashing soap into the eyes and ears of the trade that he learned repartee and decided on a stage career. Piano playing engagements in Coney Island honky-tonks brought him in contact with Eddie Jackson and Lou Clayton and the firm of Clayton, Jackson and Durante was formed. They played night clubs and then went into musical comedy. The trio dissolved when Durante became a movie star.

* * *

Fred Waring's Band does an annual business of $1,000,000. Less than 15 years ago Waring was glad to receive $50 a night for his orchestra. At the Capitol theatre, New York, recently Waring collected $20,000 for the week's engagement. The tremendous increase in revenue is attributed directly to his radio success.

Even a more striking demonstration of how radio boosts incomes is the story of Dave Rubinoff. The figures in his case are on file in court as result of the suit for back maintenance money brought by his divorced wife, the former Blanche Moreland, and therefore are reasonably authentic. According to these, Rubinoff was making $20,000 a year when Eddie Cantor started "ribbing" him on the Chase & Sanborn program and then his annual revenue jumped to $260,000!

* * *

Mrs. Joseph Deems Taylor, well known actress and writer under the name of Mary Kennedy, went out to Reno and told a sympathetic judge she was the victim of extreme cruelty. Result: Divorce. And thus went on the rocks the second marriage of Deems Taylor, opera composer, critic, wit and popular broadcaster. The first Mrs. Taylor was the former Jane Anderson of Atlanta. A few years ago Mr. Taylar collaborated with Mary Kennedy in the writing of a child's book, "A Surprise for the Children." The news from Reno was said to be quite a surprise to their 7-year-old daughter, Joan.

* * *

There are plenty of actors out of work, yet one man has been appearing on two programs at the same time in two widely separated studios. Impossible you say. Well, here is how it was done: The actor, Howard Smith, played the court clerk in "The Court of Human Relations" opening on CBS at 8:30 p. m. He opened court there and sped to Radio City to play a part on the Babe Ruth broadcast from 8:45 to 9 p. m. That gave him time to hustle back to 485 Madison Avenue to close the court program at 9:15 o'clock.

* * *

POSTSCRIPTS

Arthur Latour, manager of the CBS Theatre on 44th Street where originate many Columbia feature broadcasts, was a stunt flier in the movies for fifteen years. He quit after a crack-up while making "Hell's Angels" . . . According to Walter Winchell, who is off the air until September, radio companies in Los Angeles play so many recordings that when the announcers go home to dine they start spinning their dinner plates . . . Tony Wons has written but one poem.

"Our Public" Broadcasting

(*Continued from page 57*)

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The one criticism I have is the frequency with which a super-popular song is played. It seems that there could be arranged some sort of supervision that would eliminate this. Often there is no use to switch to another station for one is quite likely to hear the same song.

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They're Office Wives to Radio Idols

(*Continued from page 9*)

his plans." All professionals, she had observed, were like this but none quite as forceful and energetic as P. W.

Miss Bell drops in at the Biltmore to listen to the band and was quite unconcerned when I pointed out that this was a sort of postman's holiday.

Well dressed, intelligent and interesting would seem proper adjectives to suit this young lady who even recovered from the awful experience of being a press agent!

I caught Stoopnagle & Budd at rehearsal. I pointed at the Colonel.

"I want to interview your secretary . . . hello Budd . . . Hahya?"

"Secretary, secretary . . . wait a sec . . ." mused the Colonel on the brink of a gag.

"You remember that woman," chipped in Budd (The other Rover Boy), "That Fanny."

"Which Fanny," began the Col. and corrected himself," You mean Fanny Gladpebble, Budd."

From here the duo plunged into the book of memory and produced without recourse to sleight of hand the following story of a beautiful woman and an idyllic moment in their lives.

FANNY was croquet champion of all Babylon, L. I., when they first saw her charms and muscles as she smote the ball of wood. Over high tea they learned that she was a wow at battledore and shuttlecock and Budd swooned into a game pie. They signed her up on the spot.

They told me that she never came into the office without a sprig of Heart's Ease pinned onto her bosom. Her love for flowers even extended to a daily jar of Phlox . . . "Phlox of flowers, Phlox," the Col. muttered.

Fanny cared but a whit for the wireless. It squealed too much and the music bothered her ears but there was one exception to this . . . she loved Tony Wons. How she loved Tony . . . on the air of course.

It wasn't so bad until she began to talk like him. That was a little more than even the dauntless Rovers could stand and they moved far away.

"A beautiful dream, an idyll of spring gone never to return," chorused the fun-loving lads.

I noticed then that Budd was scratching his head and I bent an ear.

"Colonel," I heard through the bent ear, "Are you sure that it was Fanny Gladpebble who was our secretary?"

"Did we ever have a secretary?" commenced the Col.

I too became an idyll of some sort "gone, never to return"!

Evelyn Langfeldt has been five years with Rudy Vallée. I've known her just as long so it won't be hard to do this one. Evelyn is a swell looker who never forgets her job. Of her boss she says, "He can be brutally frank but he is so sincere that you just can't take offence. He is certainly the greatest artist on the air and I'm not prejudiced." She also feels that very few people know that he has, in addition to the artistic qualities, executive ability of a rare order.

After a day of hard work she likes nothing better than a glass of cold milk, a spot of bridge, a dab at the movies, a slice of the theatre, either, any or both. Likes interviews, doesn't drink, puffs Camels, enjoys going on the road most of all.

She says Ozzie Nelson has a good air band, Joe Penner should have no trouble in selling her a duck and Walter Winchell can invent news items for her anytime. The prettiest secretary in town.

My next interviewee was Miss Dorothy Ross who handles office matters for the firm of Olsen & Shutta. She couldn't think of enough nice things to say about the pair so I prompted her. George was a swell guy and Ethel was charming. She didn't see how any woman could be such a fine artist and at the same time a capable and devoted mother.

She lives at the Windsor, partly I suspect to be able to say good morning to Fred Allen who takes air honors for her. A real out and out movie fan is Miss Ross, bridge can go its own way as far as she's concerned; besides George plays enough for all of them. Likes to travel and remembers several swell trips to the Coast. This was her first interview and she professed to be scared not one bit.

Devoted admirer and aid to Vincent Lopez is Miss Shirley Vogel, the tiniest of them all. He's the shyest person she's ever met and a great many people mistake this for affectation; did I understand? If I didn't I was willing to be convinced I thought and asked her if he could play the piano. When she calmed down she told me that she thought his playing was doing the impossible; it was even getting better.

RADIO and bridge were out but she really could stand an awful lot of Fredric March at one sitting. Dancing, yes, and the boss's experiments in numerology. Lopez, she told me, won't hire a person until he's checked them up in numbers. If the numbers nod he hires 'em but just let them try to see what he found out. Nothing doing! Loves sport clothes, gives martinis the go-by; no Luckies please.

Tiny feet, tiny hands, tiny figger, tiny Miss Vogel!

Mr. Penner's Girl Friday is Faber, Mildred Faber, by name. This pleasingly plump damsel admits to having worked for Rubinoff, the great. This apparently had no ill effects on her for now she toils in an atmosphere of duck feathers. "Toils" is perhaps not the right word, for, according to her, Mr. Penner is definitely the nicest man who ever lived. His disposition is above reproach and he is unfailingly kind and considerate. The same applies to Miss Faber if I'm any judge.

She's a movie hound with time out for a round of bridge anytime, any-

how. Likes Master Benny and Rudy V. as well as George Burns and his friend Gracie Allen. Chesterfields my boy, and keep that fortune teller outside. Blessed with brown hair, green eyes and an utter calm, Miss Faber effortlessly guides a staff of four. Penner has *all* the luck!

Straight from the workshop of a radio appliance inventor came Miss Jeanne Bond to work for Leo Reisman. Miss Bond was minded to say that Mr. Reisman is a talented musician, a brilliant conversationalist and a gentleman of very original viewpoints.

Miss Bond goes in for the flickers and can stand the radio for a length. Tuning the appliances she learned to love she invariably gets Jack Benny. This liking doesn't extend to his product.

Besides these she confesses to a sneaking admiration for: blue eyes, lobster, baritones, Cabell, high heels, Tristan and Isolde, wild strawberries, circuses and pug noses. Happy hunting, Miss Bond!

And so we take leave of the Ladies of the Typewriter. We can do naught but wish them well and pray for mercy at their hands when we wouldst talk to the man who hires them . . . to keep us away, you and I.

But try your luck sometime.

Two Giggles in a Carload of Gags

(*Continued from page* 13)

to do their part of the program, and with grim lips and glittering eyes, the sharp-shooters slipped wraith-like from the room. But before you could say "Peter Ilitch Tschaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite," they returned. Gone was all their boyish laughter, and their beaming faces were wreathed in sets of whiskers that made the mugs of the Smith Brothers look like well-mowed lawns. Ten-gallon hats were upon their heads, their necks bandana-bound, and in their hands they carried cap-pistols, which are all that is necessary to blow out the brains of unsmiling musicians. Bing-bing! spoke the lethal weapons, and again Bing-bing! And I don't mean Crosby.

Slowly, like a dim sun beaming through a fog, smiles spread over the masks of the music men. They read the threat, and decided that there was truth in the ancient adage that a sense of humor is a saving grace. Eventually they laughed. The boys took off their disguises. The rehearsal went on right merrily, with every bloomin' horn-tooter laughing loud at the right places. Personally I was grievously disappointed. It would have been so much more fun to kill the musicians. But we can't have everything, and maybe there'll be better luck next time.

By now me and the boys were buddies, and when Nelson Hesse joined our little group, we all adjourned to the Colonel's apartment to harmonize on "The Mill Stream." I don't mean there's a brook in the flat, that's the name of a song. But on the way over we got to talking about serious things like Fay Wray, whom Budd likes and Stoopy doesn't, and Foo Young Don, which, unlike Miss Wray, is something to eat, and which Stoopnagle adores but Budd can take or leave. Then from Fay we chatted about French fried potatoes, Rudy Vallee, women in general and Fay Webb in particular. From Miss Webb we got around to the Colonel's new invention, a movable knot-hole for base-ball parks.

I suppose all you lives-of-the-party are familiar with the Colonel's past achievements, but I, personally, spent a most illuminating afternoon ruminating over his scientific accomplishments and a bottle which said "Scotch" on the outside. As the hours wore on in such agreeable occupation, I won't be quite sure which of the inventions I really, actually saw, with my own eyes, as the saying goes, and which they told about. But, just for the record, as Governor Stoopnagle would say, let's list a few for posterity.

There were windowless windows which didn't need closing; round dice for those who preferred to play marbles; a stringless violin for zither players; a bottle with the bottom olives on top on account of it being so hard to get the bottom olives off the bottom of the bottle; red, white and blue starch to keep the flag flying when there was no wind; a rungless ladder for washing first floor windows; a revolving globe for tired fish; a nipless catnip for cats afraid of being nipped; a cellophane haystack for needle-finders; an umbrella of identical material so you can see when it rains; a new process for dotting the "I" in alphabet soup, and so far into the night until I signed their guest-book Etaoin Shrdlu.

THERE were lucid moments, however, and in these I learned that both boys are entirely the product of radio. Each has received the usual order by taking on stage and screen engagements after batting .300 along the air-waves. They were, perhaps, the very first to do aerial imitations, and they've mimicked everyone from Coolidge to Crosby to Calloway, and Amos ('n' Andy) to Adams (Evangeline). They departed from the blazed trails, and hewed a distinctive path to popularity, and oddly enough, their nit-wit brand of fun has its greatest following among our more erudite citizens—you know, them wise guys. A Harvard professor, for instance, sounded the soft impeachment that they were his favorite diversion because he didn't have to think.

The boys' material, written by Mr. Taylor, is rather more than it appears to be on the surface. It is both subtle and satirical, for the idea is to spoof anything and everything, but particularly to puncture the pompous stuffed-shirt which abounds in every community. The top-lofty ridiculousness of the Colonel's patter is such as to cause snickers along highways and hamlets—"doesn't he remind you of Uncle Willie?" And the boys are content with



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being gently, albeit satirically, amusing. They don't strive for abdominal hilarity, a slang phrase for belly laughs.

Each is a natural comedian. They can make cracks and gags and puns and nifties as cleverly in casual conversation as they can professionally, and in the beginning of their march to the top, ad-libbing was the rule. They'd just get up to the mike and be funny. Now they must conform to time requirements on national hook-ups, and they find it somewhat irksome. Their brand of nonsense depends largely upon the builder-upper element, for there is rarely an actual climax. It is just a gentle flow of insanity that meets greater appreciation the longer it continues.

Both Mr. Taylor and Mr. Hulick agree that the radio public likes the obvious. And their humor appears to be aimed at the broadside of the proverbial barn. Yet, it is so very obvious that it creates the tantalizing thought, now why didn't we all think of that? The ingenious "disinventions" of Stoopnagle evidence the mind of a real comedian, and maybe the most perfect example is the Colonel's idea for a hookless hook to use in not hanging up your mother-in-law's gown.

AS with most radio folk, the racket isn't so soft a touch as may appear. The labors of Stoopnagle and Budd are far more onerous than they seem to the tuner-inners, for the actual broadcasting isn't a drop in a reservoir compared to the work of rehearsing, and more especially of creating the material. That single half-hour on the air isn't what causes the boys to rate in $25,000 programs.

I've tried to tell you that there's nothing namby-pamby about Budd and Stoopnagle. I've never met a more attractive pair of guys. They're the kind you'd like along for either a fight or a frolic—men's men, with an eye for the ladies. But when it comes to the air-waves they "keep it clean," and never a risque bon mot, or a doubtful situation enters into their continuity. There's no cleaning up of dirty jokes or cloaking of smut under double entendre. Not only do they respect the susceptibilities of their audience, both adult and juvenile, but they have the common sense to realize that bright, out-in-the-open, sun-kissed humor will last longest. There's no reason why, at their present pace, Stoopnagle and Budd shouldn't continue to a place among radio immortals.

One thing you may or may not know, is that the boys play all the parts in their dray-mas. No matter how many of their outlandish characters sound over the microphone, the voices are those of Taylor and Hulick. And another thing is that their favorite persons, the hick creations Hezey and Newton, popularly presumed to be way-down-East folk, aren't New Englanders at all, but speak with the accent of Chautauqua County, up York State.

Both boys would emerge from any mental test with a high I. Q. rating. Not only have they real, basic intelligence, but a scintillating, nimble wittedness which makes them interesting, articulate persons, capable of serious discussion on any topic, as well as entertaining exchangers of persiflage, slang for gay guys when it comes to cracking wise. Of the two, the Colonel impressed me, strangely enough, as being the more worrisome member of the team. You'd guess the other way to look the boys over, but somehow Budd seems to have more of the oh-to-hell-with-it swagger about him. Stoopy frets.

Both boys have been married, and I believe one of 'em is working at it. And just for the fun of it, I'll leave it to you to guess which one. The Colonel has a passion for eggs and boutonneires of carnations, while Budd has the more theatrical penchant for lobster and cornflowers. Both are well dressed—not what Beeway calls "nifty on and off"—but really, well, and that means quietly, apparelled. Stoop favors blue, and Budd sticks to conservative colors as well. Each is really a Colonel, by dispensation of Governor Ruby Lafoon, of Kaintucky, suh. And Stoopnagle is called Colonel and referred to as "the Colonel" by his friends. Budd's just Budd. Mr. Taylor is a little cuckoo over motor-boating, and keeps a craft on the river. Mr. Hulick prefers to take those jumps on horse-back if it's all the same to you. Their favorite persons include Kay Francis and Bill Powell for the Colonel, and Bing Crosby and the aforementioned Fay Wray. The Col. smokes a pipe—but, don't worry Mr. Sponsor—it's the kind of tobacco you put out!

THE chances are I would have learned much more about these lads save for an untoward incident that brought our interview to a close. A nice announcer joined the party, which is in itself an event. This boy was really a swell guy, a metallic sort of chap with a silver voice, a golden smile, iron gray hair, steely blue eyes. Somehow the talk drifted to ancestors, and the broadcaster let it be known that one of his family names was Zell.

"Oh," cracked the Colonel, "you don't mean Paddy Zell!"

I let it pass.

There was no noticeable tension, and the conversation continued with the announcer going higher into the branches of his family tree to recall the name of Milliken.

"That came from Milliken cows," punned the Colonel again.

Well, after all, a guy has to draw the line somewhere, and this, I considered, was as good a place as any. So, not forgetting to drain my glass, I borrowed Budd's cap-pistol and shot Stoopnagle. And thus the tale ends.

HARRY RICHMAN! The man of a dozen careers and a hundred romances comes to you in the September RADIO MIRROR, cleverly pen-pictured in a thrilling personality story by Herb Cruikshank.

Real Tears Gave Her the Blue Notes

(*Continued from page 25*)

in New York and get my things. If you have any sort of an imagination, just picture me in a flimsy dress with a great big floppy hat and a borrowed coat, on a cold mid-winter day standing on a New York dock. Everybody was staring at me. They must have thought I was crazy or just a freak. However, when I met my friends we all had a hearty laugh and I promised myself I would never be late again. I'm not telling whether or not I have kept that promise."

This incident was told to me in Edith Murray's cozy little apartment. Her dark eyes sparkled and her cheeks dimpled as she was reminiscing.

She is dark, well-built and determined which I suppose she inherits from her Spanish father while her good humor and devilish smile was handed to her by her Irish mother.

I asked the inevitable question, "How did you get your break in radio."

"Well," said Miss Murray, "Ole Man Depression came along and jobs became scarce. It was the first time since I had started my career that I found it hard to make both ends meet. After quite a search, I got a job in a Long Island night club. One evening, Irvin Grayson and his wife happened to be there and "discovered" me. They both thought my voice would be effective on the radio. To tell the truth, I was kinda doubtful but after a long period of coaching and practicing on station KNEW, I confidently went to my audition at Columbia, and I don't know how it happened, but I just clicked."

Most of you have heard how Edith Murray did "click." She was voted the most popular blues singer on the Columbia Broadcasting chain.

Edith gets that certain feeling into her songs by making facial expressions. When the song she is singing is sad, her face gets long as an eight-day clock. When the song is peppy her whole face lights up and her entire body moves in rhythm to the music. And when it's a happy song, her face wears one big smile with both dimples showing.

Edith's a busy girl now. Broadcasting, vaudeville engagements, and now the movies. Is she happy? She'll say! Why when she was working on her Paramount "short," the director asked her to cry in one of the scenes and she was so overcome with emotion that she burst into real tears and heartbreaking sobs. This time her tears were for happiness because at last she was beginning to realize her life-long ambition to become a worthwhile star.

Real tears gave Edith Murray the blue notes which made her a star and her *reel* tears launched her on a successful movie career as the latest dispatches say she is now being coached for musical comedy movies.

At last Edith Murray is happy.

The Baron's Such a Liar

(*Continued from page 5*)

"Well, what do you do now that you're out of the Army and there are no more tigers left in Africa?"

"Oh," he said, "I read books."

"Been reading Longfellow?" I asked casually.

"No chust a leetle while," he shot back.

"You've been having a Dickens of a time, eh? Well, I don't believe you are in the least familiar with the classics. Can you name me eleven of Shakespeare's plays?"

"Dot's an easy one," said the Baron, "'Ten Nights in a Bar Room' und 'Der Merchant of Venus'"!

There was no use arguing.

"Where did you get your remarkable education, Baron?" I sparred.

"I vent to correspondence school until they caught me playing hookey. . . ."

"So you played hookey from correspondence school, eh? Do you mind telling me just how that would be accomplished?"

"Sure," said the Baron, "I sent in empty envelopes!"

"I see," I sneered, "and I suppose if you were a farmer you'd raise eggs without hens."

"Vass you dere, Jack? Then how did you know?"

"How did I know what? That you got eggs without hens?"

"Dot's chust what I did, Sharlie, I mean, Jack. I raised ducks!"

"Well, I don't like ducks, and I don't like eggs and I don't like chickens," I said desperately.

"Me, too," the Baron chimed briskly, "mein cousin Hugo's Aunt Minnie got poisoned from eating chicken."

"Croquette?" I erred in asking.

"Not yet, but she's pretty sick chust der same."

I just ignored this and went on:

"I had an Aunt Minnie, poor thing, she was killed in a feud."

"Dot's too bad," he sympathized, "Meinself I vould neffer ride in one of those cheap cars."

I made a lunge for the Baron with my razor, and narrowly escaped slitting my own throat. Now it was the Baron's turn to do some ignoring, and he tried to pacify me.

"Jack," he said, "you know me und you haff been together now for three years, vhy don't we haff a celebration —we'll kill der fatted calf . . ."

"Why murder a poor cow's baby for something that happened three years ago," I said bitterly, and the Baron cracked:

"Jack, you're getting chust like Sharlie, you try to put on der toppers! You know it's der Baron who makes der jokes!"

Well, Sir, the comparison between me and Charlie Hall infuriated me! Im-

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agine the Baron's nerve making such comparisons! I flared up!

"If you want to know the truth, Mr. Baron Munchausen, you don't make the jokes, and neither do I, and neither does your palsy-walsy, Sharlie! All you do is say them. The fellow who makes the jokes is Billy Wells, and he makes 'em right in his Riverside penthouse, and between times he knocks out motion picture scenarios, and has done seven or eight books for George White's "Scandals." If it wasn't for Billy, you wouldn't be on the air, and neither would your cousin Hugo! So what have you got to say about that!"

He looked at me sadly, and shook his head.

"I'm suppressed at you, Jack," he said, "but if you vant for once der truth from der Baron all that stuff is chust another one of your superstitions."

I must have blushed a little, because I have my share of superstitions, and I'm sensitive about them. But I decided to put on a bold face.

"Vass you dere, Baron?" I mimicked, "So how do you know so much about superstitions?"

"Efferybody on Broadway knows dot you chingle like a baby's bank vhen you walk der street. Und efferybody knows dot it is because you haff in der pockets about fifty-five pins und nails, der pencil you used in der school-days, and a lot more chunk. Und efferybody knows dot if some choker spills a box of pins by you, you, schlmeil, got to pick them all up again. Und tell me, plizz, why if some jassack touch you on der ear, you haff to run after him until you touch his ear. Und vhen you get through explaining these things, maybe you tell us vhy der Baron's uniform must got to haff twenty-four medals on der chest. Und then . . ."

"Just a minute, Baron," I said, "I apologize to you. Maybe we're both a little screwy. I'm sure about you, and you seem to be sure about me. I'll admit all you say is true. But I've been in the theatrical business for twenty-four years, and each of those medals stands for one of them. Soon there'll be twenty-five. I admit I carry pins and nails and all sorts of charms in my pockets. But those are for luck, and believe it or not, there have been times when I was minus my luck pieces and ran into misfortune. I'd rather be safe than sorry. So, Baron, we both have our little idiosyncrasies. I'm superstitious, and you're a goddam liar. Let's call it quits. You lay off me, and I'll quit picking on you."

I turned from the mirror to extend the right hand of fellowship and friendship, but to my amazement the familiar face into which I had been gazing had disappeared. The Baron was gone!

Wouldn't you know he'd do that?

Chicago Breezes

(*Continued from page* 51)

It matters not how dark the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll
I am the master of my fate.
I am the captain of my soul.

(ORGAN UP AND FADE AS BACKGROUND)

KELLY: "The master of your fate . . . THE CAPTAIN OF YOUR SOUL . . . Yes . . . my friend—and NOW—LISTEN CLOSELY — WE HAVE GREAT NEWS. A NEW DEAL FOR YOU. Before you do another thing. Right now—you who wrote this letter to the Westerners. Go to your phone. Call Haymarket 7500. Radio Station WLS. Ask for Joe Kelly—or any of the Westerners. They'll tell you THE BIG NEWS . . . The news which you've been waiting to hear. THEY'LL put the sun back in the sky. You're not alone, my friend—for we're all with you . . .

(SONG) MARCHING ALONG TOGETHER (KALAR AND ORGAN)

Within ten minutes the writer of that letter was on the phone. Voice choked with emotion he talked with Announcer Joe Kelly. He went right down to the WLS studios, first making Joe promise to see him all alone. When he arrived Joe told him the sponsor of Westerners broadcasts on WLS were going to give him a job. And the refound man explained . . . the girl he was trying to save from suffering was his sister . . . who had been on the point of selling her fair young body to provide the two of them with food!

LIFE SAVERS? I'LL SAY THEY ARE! They deserve medals. But God will do better than that for these heroes.

* * *

MADAM X

Jolly little Irma Glen, the Chicago organist, has a sponsor for her programs. But you never hear any advertising on her "Lovable Music" concerts. You don't even hear the name of the sponsor. That program is put on for the special benefit of one person—and for the general benefit of all who love organ music. Let's go back to the days when NBC took over WENR. Let's call the sponsor Mme. X. For years she had tuned in Irma Glen's organ concerts. Then NBC took over the station and the Glen concerts were changed to a different time. Now Mme. X lives quite a ways from Chicago. She couldn't hear Irma well at the new time.

So Mme. X got on a train and came to Chicago. She went right up to the WENR studios. She went into the commercial department and signed a contract at the regular rates charged advertisers. She paid well to have Irma back on at the old time . . . the same old time at which Mme. X and Irma had first become acquainted . . . the time during which Mme. X had come to love Irma.

This idea of actually getting to love a person whose work you follow on the air regularly may sound silly. But it

isn't . . . specially if the one you loved most of all in life has passed on . . . and you are lonely in your great house filled with servants. Mme. X had plenty of money . . . but when has money ever overcome loneliness?

You can picture for yourself what happened . . . picture and pity at first then picture and respect at last. Came the death of the loved one. Passed months when life seemed all wrong, the sun no longer smiled, the great house was sepulchral. Developed the interest in Irma Glen's sweet organ concerts. Came the night when Mme. X first found something else in her spot on WENR, something strange—an intruder. She telephoned Chicago . . . and was told Irma would no longer be in that spot. It was almost like a second death.

Following the trip to Chicago . . . the signing of the contract . . . the monthly check which would buy a nice motor car but more important buys Mme. X Irma's organ concerts. If you've ever heard those Thursday night broadcasts called "Lovable Music" you may have noticed how intimate they are . . . just as if Irma was sitting right by you in your own parlor talking and playing. Yes, they are intimate. For Irma is talking to and playing for just one person . . . Mme. X. Of course Irma knows who Mme. X really is. I, too, have met the charming lady. But none of us will ever reveal her identity, spoil the illusion, break up the dream. No, no one would be that heartless.

* * *

SWEET LADY

One of the sweetest ladies in Chicago radio circles is Alice Mock who sings with Eddie Guest, Tom, Dick and Harry and Josef Koestner's orchestra on the Household programs Tuesday nights. She never tells you of the noble little things she does for other people. But sometimes you stumble onto one of them despite her modesty . . .

For instance there was the little girl who broke into print and pictures in Chicago newspapers. She was shining shoes on the loop sidewalks, competing with the street urchins for the nickels. She had tried for months to get a job. Couldn't. Broke. And after all, one must eat even if one must shine shoes on State Street to get the money for food. A few days after her story appeared in the papers this advertisement was printed:

> If the young lady who was shining shoes on Randolph Street will telephone State —— a secretarial position awaits her.
>
> ALICE MOCK.

* * *

MILSTEIN OR MILSTEIN

Carleton Smith, the music critic, Lawrence Tibbett, the singer, and two society ladies were lunching together in Chicago. Conversation turned to radio and one of the ladies remarked on a beautiful violin rendition of "The Flight of the Bumblebee" she had heard broadcast the night before. The other society lady said she too had heard it but didn't think it was so well done . . . that she had heard Nathan Milstein play it much better. The fellow they had heard broadcasting that selection happened to be Milstein himself although his name was kept secret on the broadcast! Something like the case of the artist who, before making his radio debut, had all his friends agree to wire congratulations to the radio station on having procured the services of such an excellent artist. It so happened his program was postponed a while at the last minute . . . but the congratulatory telegrams arrived all the same!

* * *

SEYMOUR SIMONS

Seymour Simons, the WGN and NBC orchestra leader who has been playing from the Blackhawk Cafe is one of the most charming individuals in the band business. He opens his programs by knocking on your door and asking if he and his boys may come in to visit you. It's a quaint and friendly touch which is bound to please. Wonder how many of you know Seymour composed many of the biggest tune hits written in recent years . . . such numbers as "Breezing Along with the Breeze," "Just Like a Gypsy," "Sweetheart of My Student Days," "Tie a Little String Around Your Finger," "All of Me," "The One I Love Can't be Bothered With Me" . . . You'll find a touch of pathos in his songs . . . the result of the death years ago of one whom he loved best of all in the world. It's tough to have your personal feelings aired for public curiosity—to have laughing girls humming and carefree boys whistling ditties written about your personal tragedies—but somehow the boys and girls in the entertainment business often find their sentiments crucified by those who stare at stars.

* * *

BASEBALL FAN

WGN's Announcer and Master of Ceremonies Pierre Andrew took his six year old son to the boy's first baseball game the other afternoon. But the main thing the child was interested in was the butchers who went up and down the aisles of the grandstand selling things. Finally, to keep the boy quiet so he could watch the game, Pierre had to buy him things. . . . First it was peanuts. Then pop corn. Then ice cream and finally lemonade. Pierre hoped he could watch the game in peace then. But no such luck. By then the boy's tummy was full and he was getting sleepy . . . So Pierre had to take him home at the end of the fifth inning!

* * *

EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Pat Flanagan's most embarrassing moment occurred not during a baseball game but on a farm broadcast. Pat was reading a speech by the secretary of agriculture. The studio doors were closed and the corridor guarded . . . supposedly. The door opened and Pat glanced up into the face of a perfectly strange woman.

"Mister, don't you want to buy some hand knitted ties?" she asked en-

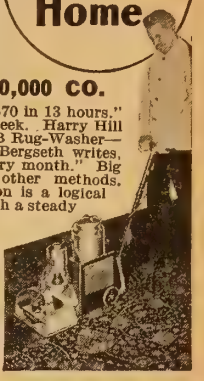
$200 1st Week in Own Business

Profits Pay for Home

Why work for others when you can become independent in a highly profitable business of your own? Many are earning quick, easy profits cleaning carpets and rugs, like new, on customers' floors. Electricity does the work. No shop necessary. Customers REPEAT regularly. Send for booklet.

BACKED BY $58,000,000 CO.

F. E. Bonner writes, "Made $70 in 13 hours." L. A. Eagles took in $200 first week. Harry Hill writes, "Paid for home with H-B Rug-Washer—earned $86 first day." C. R. Bergseth writes, "My profits run about $400 every month." Big profits at prices lower than other methods. Every home, office or institution is a logical customer. *A proven* business with a steady demand for your service.



EASY TERMS!

Free illustrated booklet explains payment plan and tells how you can become prosperous in a permanent, year-around business. Send for it TODAY.

H-B Co., 6298 H-B Building Racine, Wis.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 47, 254 W. 31 St., New York**



NOW-IT'S EASY!

"Banjo-Bill," that red-hot orchestra leader from Peoria, has written his easy new method . . . experts agree it will teach you to play the banjo without expensive lessons. No notes to master—in a short time you can entertain your friends and then earn easy money teaching others! Send $2.50 for complete course, with charts. If not satisfied return in a few days and you'll get your money back.

WILLIAM RICE,
1121 Jackson St., Peoria, Ill.

Love is not blind to Bad skin!



Russian Woman Chemist Develops Formula 89

KRASNO OIL (Formula 89) brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. This delicate oil, scientifically treated with rare Russian herbs, *penetrates, cleanses, nourishes and refines.* You will surprise your friends with your new beauty.

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WIFE WINS FIGHT WITH KIDNEY ACIDS

Sleeps Fine, Feels 10 Years Younger—Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test



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tirely unaware of the fact she was on the air. Pat kept on reading the speech waving her away with his hand and trying to shut her up by signs. But she didn't catch on and before the rattled announcer could figure a way out of it her whole sales talk for the ties had gone out on the Columbia network.

* * *

Choral Director Noble Cain's first job was traveling . . . traveling to the pasture with the cow every day at five cents per travel.

* * *

Eddie Copeland, CBS-WBBM orchestra director, played saxophone with Sousa, Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman and Gus Edwards in years past and did the sax parts in Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and "American in Paris" with the Chicago Symphony last summer.

Mac McCloud of the Sinclair Minstrels has been raising Scottie pups.

* * *

You'll never see Bill Hay without his pipe . . . even in the studio.

* * *

Bob Frost, son of the famous blind astronomer of Yerkes observatory, writes radio scripts in Chicago. The father writes him letters, despite his blindness, on ticker tape which must be unrolled to be read.

* * *

When Julius Rikk and his Royal Hungarian Orchestra opened at the Blackstone Hotel the WGN announcer had a tough time trying to pronounce "Gyonyoru Rozsam." Finally gave up in favor of a free translation "Beautiful Roses."

Because June Meredith's mother died Ireene Wicker, better known as the Singing Lady, took her place on a recent First Nighter broadcast.

* * *

When Clara, Lu and Em discovered they'd written a show several minutes too short Em filled in the time by talking about Junior's tonsils.

* * *

When Irene Beasley got a little rabbit she was afraid her dog, a cocker spaniel, might make it tough on the bunny. But the first thing the pup did was let Bre'r Rabbit eat his dinner.

* * *

A real estate salesman tried to sell Clyde Lucas, Terrace Garden orchestra leader, a dilapidated shack on the strength of all the fun Clyde could have putting it back into shape.

You Ask Her Another

(*Continued from page 26*)

influence in your radio work?

A. Of course, Rudy Vallee.

Q. If you could be somebody else who would you want to be?

A. I don't think I'd want to be anybody else but myself.

Q. Who is your favorite movie actor?

A. Clark Gable.

Q. Who is your favorite movie actress?

A. Joan Crawford.

Q. What is your hobby?

A. I just love going to the movies.

Q. What kind of food do you like best?

A. Mexican Chili.

Q. Are clothes important to you?

A. Very much so.

Q. Do you think, as many women do, that clothes make the woman?

A. Yes, I do, and also her make-up.

Q. What interests you most in a man?

A. His personality.

Q. If you couldn't continue in your radio work what would you do?

A. I'd go back home.

Q. What is the most interesting radio program you ever heard?

A. I can't think of any special one, but the Fleischmann hour always stands out as a most interesting program.

Q. Do you ever get lonely?

A. Hardly ever. My mother and brother are up North with me.

Q. What's your favorite song?

A. Right now it's "When a Woman Loves a man."

Q. What's your favorite sport?

A. I enjoy motor-boating.

Q. Have you reached the height of your ambition?

A. No, not yet. I think I have a long ways to go yet.

Q. Where do you think you're going from here?

A. I think I'm going higher in radio —at least I hope so.

In the Stars' Kitchens

(*Continued from page 4*)

stiff, and salt, and put in tray of refrigerator until it forms a mush. Remove and add peach pulp and lemon juice. Replace in ice chest and allow to finish freezing.

The welcome baritone voice of Phil Duey tells us he likes to putter around his home, but very seldom does this lead to the kitchen range. He knows you will like these Fried Apple Rings, especially when served with pork.

Fried Apple Rings

Core tart apples and pare. Cut into slices, about one-half inch thick. Saute in melted butter, or bacon fat turning the apple ring once. Fry until tender but not broken.

Jack Clemens likes his steak with fried onions, and he also finds Loretta's Cheese Fondue a happy luncheon dish. Jack sings and plays his guitar while Loretta plays the piano.

Cheese Fondue

1 cup scalded milk
1 cup soft stale bread crumbs
¼ pound yellow cheese
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites

Mix the milk, bread crumbs, butter, salt, and yellow cheese cut in small pieces in a bowl; add egg yolks that have been beaten until lemon colored. Beat egg whites until stiff, and cut and fold into the mixture. Put into buttered baking dish and bake from twenty to thirty minutes in a 350° F. oven.

Next month we'll bring you more delectable dishes that have been concocted or tried out by radio celebrities in their culinary moments.

We'll catch the stars in their own kitchens, find out for you just what they eat to keep them in condition through those trying summer hours of rehearsals and at the mikes.

Glistening Hair for Summer Moons

(*Continued from page 48*)

of the hot summer sun.

For evening wear Paris has shown gowns that are of pastel shades that are light and colorful, and our hair is arranged for these fashions. It is kept sleek and simple. The coronet braids are especially flattering, giving height to the tiny girls, and attaining the effect of an ample amount of luxurious tresses. Painted hair for July and August is expected to be very popular.

In arranging your hair in a different style remember to do so according to your personality, coloring, and length of your features. A fashion that may make Ruth Etting more ravishing might be deadly wrong for you, so be certain to attain the best of your charm through your own magnetism.

No matter how pretty your frock, your hair must frame the perfect picture.



Savage excitement for lovely lips!

20¢
AT ALL LEADING 10c STORES

Want excitement? *Real* excitement? The kind that comes when admiring hearts beat to the thrilling tempo of the monsoon? You'll find it . . . for *your* lips . . . in the *iridescent*, savage hues of Savage . . . in the opal-clear, entirely pasteless transparency of the color thus imparted . . . in the never-compromising indelibility of Savage . . . in the utterly vanquishing softness that lips just naturally have, the longer Savage is used! Four really exciting shades . . . Tangerine, Flame, Natural, Blush. Select the one best suited to your own enchantment by actually testing them all at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever Savage is sold.

Large Size Savage in exquisite silver case, at the more exclusive toilet goods counters $2



SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR

In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of Savage Lipstick Stain Remover and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided. SAVAGE . . CHICAGO

SAVAGE

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Don't be a Scarecrow on the beach this summer!

GAIN 5 LBS. IN ONE WEEK OR NO COST!

Kelp-a-Malt—Natural Mineral Concentrate From the Sea . . Free from Drugs . . Rich in FOOD IODINE and Health Building Minerals Adds Firm Flesh—New Strength and Youthful Energy

"IT will be a week this noon since I began using Kelp-a-Malt and I have gained 5 pounds and feel much better."—T. W. H. . . . "Gained 5 pounds the first package. Am very much pleased."—D. E. G. . . . "Had stomach trouble for years. When I take Kelp-a-Malt I have a hearty appetite for everything and suffer no distress. Kelp-a-Malt has banished constipation, which I have had all my life."—W. D. C. . . "Gained 8 pounds with one package of Kelp-a-Malt and feel 100% better"—Mrs. W. J. S.

Just a few of the thousands of actual reports that are flooding in from all over the country telling us how this newer form of food iodine is building firm flesh strengthening the nerves, enriching the blood—nourishing vital glands and making weak, pale, careworn, underweight men and women look and feel years younger.

Scientists have recently discovered that the blood, liver and vital glands of the body contain definite quantities of iodine which heretofore has been difficult to obtain.



"Gains 10 lbs.-Feels Fine"

"Have been underweight for years due to digestive disorders. Gained 10 lbs. in few weeks. Now feel like new person," says

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Supplies Newer Form of FOOD IODINE

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Kelp-a-Malt, only recently discovered, is an amazingly rich source of food iodine along with practically every mineral essential to normal well-being. It is a sea vegetable concentrate taken from the Pacific Ocean and made available in palatable, pleasant-to-take tablet form. Six Kelp-a-Malt tablets provide more food iodine than 486 pounds of spinach, 1,600 pounds of beef, 1,387 pounds of lettuce. Three Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper for rich blood, vitality and strength than a pound of spinach, 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes—more calcium than 6 eggs, more phosphorous than a pound and a half of carrots—sulphur, sodium, potassium and other essential minerals.

Only when you get an adequate amount of these minerals can your food do you any good—can you nourish glands, add weight, strengthen your nerves, increase your vigor, vitality and endurance.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week. Watch your appetite improve, firm flesh appear instead of scrawny hollows. Feel the tireless vigor and vitality it brings you. It not only improves your looks, but your health as well. It corrects sour, acid stomach. Gas, indigestion and all the usual distress commonly experienced by the undernourished and the underweight disappear.

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Radio MIRROR



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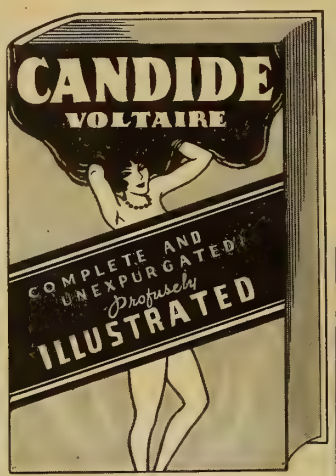
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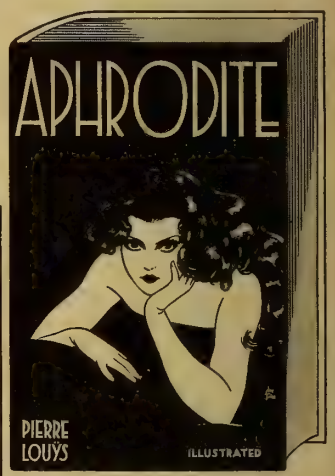
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WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Radio MIRROR

VOL • 2 NO • 5 SEPTEMBER • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

special features



NEXT MONTH—If you've enjoyed the scintillating personality stories Herb Cruikshank has written for RADIO MIRROR, wait until you laugh over his brilliant, hilarious commentary on JOE COOK in next month's issue. They call this stellar comedian the crazy baron of Sleepless Hollow. He trades in madness and it pays him fortunes. Mr. Cruikshank has captured the real human being behind the amusing capers and brings him to you as only he can do it.

He holds the secrets of countless crimes this VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (William Sayle Taylor) whose amazing radio popularity has brought him to the attention of confidence-seeking of millions. Murderers have confessed their killings to him, women their infidelities, and in the October RADIO MIRROR you will read the psychological reasons for this nation-wide confessional.



The Morton Downeys are known as one of radio's happiest couples. His career is her life and together their biggest interest is their little baby. They plan to have a dozen children in their lifetime together. They've kept Junior Downey out of the public eye but they've told all to their friend (and yours), Mike Porter for your RADIO MIRROR.

The best known of all the news commentators, Edwin C. Hill, gives you the human side of the news. And now we give you the HUMAN SIDE OF EDWIN C. HILL, what he does away from the mike, all about his past and his plans in a thrilling story by Rose Heylbut.



They call David Ross, the Puck of radio announcers and there's a quality about this prize-winning announcer which justifies the appellation, a quality which is explained in an interesting pen-portrait of Mr. Ross appearing in the October RADIO MIRROR.

Mrs. Jack Denny, wife of the famous orchestra leader says her husband is a perfect host and she explains just how and why he fills the bill in her own story which will appear in the next issue.



Toby Malone, new recruit to the air comedians continues his adventures and romances with the professor and red-headed Margy through Peter Dixon's thrilling serial, "The Beautiful Stooge."

That's not half of what the October RADIO MIRROR holds in store for its readers. WE HAVE A WONDERFUL SURPRISE WHICH WE WON'T TELL YOU ABOUT UNTIL YOU READ THE OCTOBER NUMBER. It's worth waiting for!

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THOUSANDS ARE *Enthusing* OVER THE *New 1935* MIDWEST-16



Midwest Amazes Friends!
Last night I listened to LSX talk to KFZ and also New York. Then I received KFZ direct. Then I tuned back to LSX and KFZ and heard them plainly. My friends were amazed. Dr. F. C. Naegeli, Devils Lake, N. D.



Marvelous Foreign Reception!
My friends can hardly believe I paid so little for my Midwest 16. My best foreign stations are LSX, Buenos Aires . . . EAQ, Madrid . . . DJA, Germany . . . CSB, England . . . PRAC, Brasil. G. E. Wagner, 2102 Wyoming Street, St. Louis, Mo.



Unequalled Foreign Reception!
My Midwest brings in thrilling programs from England, Germany, Australia, Venezuela, Columbia, Argentina and principal world stations. My friends marvel at its tone, sensitivity, power and selectivity. La Rue Thompson, Box 554, Johnstown, Pa.



Byrd Expedition Direct!
My Midwest 16 is best radio I have ever seen. It pulls stations I could never get before. Foreign reception clear as locals. Secured Spain, South America, England, Cuba, etc. Also get Byrd Expedition direct. J. H. Hudson, Loudon, Tenn.

Thrill to Unequalled World-Wide Performance with this—

Amazing NEW 1935 SUPER *Deluxe* 16-Tube ALL-WAVE Radio

9 TO 2,400 METERS (12,000 MILE TUNING RANGE)

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL



Guaranteed WORLD-WIDE RECEPTION!

BEFORE you buy any radio, write for FREE copy of the new 1935 Midwes "Fifteenth Anniversary' catalog. See for yourself the many reasons why over 110,000 satisfied customers have bought their radios direct from Midwest Laboratories . . . and saved from ⅓ to ½. Learn why Midwest radios out-perform sets costing up to $200 and more. You, too, can make a positive saving of from 30% to 50% by buying this more economical way. Why be content with ordinary so-called "All-Wave", "Dual Wave", "Skip Wave" or "Tri-Wave" receivers when Midwest gives you more wave lengths in today's most perfectly developed 16-tube Super de luxe ALL-WAVE radio that are proven by four years of success . . . that carry an iron-clad guarantee of foreign reception! These bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super selective radios have FIVE distinct wave bands; ultra short, short, medium, broadcast, and long. Their greater all-wave tuning of 9 to 2400 meters (33 megacycles to 125 KC) enables you to tune in stations 12,000 miles away with clear loud speaker reception. Write TODAY for new FREE catalog!

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Now, you can enjoy super American, Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . and derive new delight and new excitement from unequalled world-wide performance. Now, you can enjoy the DX-ing hobby and secure verifications from more of the world's most distant stations. Thrill to the chimes of Big Ben from GSB, London, England . . . tune in on the "Marseillaise" from FYA, Pointoise, France . . . hear sparkling music from EAQ, Madrid, Spain . . . delight in lively tangos from YVIBC, Caracas, Venezuela . . . listen to the call of the Kookaburra bird, from VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts



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The new, big, Midwest 36-page 1935 catalog pictures a complete line of beautiful, artistic de luxe consoles and chassis . . . in four colors . . . a model for every purse. Hand made by master craftsmen, they harmonize beautifully with any furniture arrangement. Write for new FREE catalog today!

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$57.50 with New *Deluxe Auditorium-Type* SPEAKER

. . . LESS TUBES . . .

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Here are a few of Midwest's superior features: Controllable Expansion of Volume-Selectivity-Sensitivity (Micro-Tenuator) . . . Fidel-A-Trol . . . Triple Calibration Plus . . . Pure Silver Wire . . . Ceramic Coil Forms . . . Separate Audio Generator . . . Simplified Tuning Guide Lights . . . Compact Synchronized Band Switch . . . Amplified Automatic Volume Control . . . 7 KC Selectivity . . . Power Driver Stage . . . 16 Latest Type Tubes . . . etc. Read about these and 38 other features in the new FREE Midwest catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Write for FREE catalog.



We will send you copies of letters like those shown at top of page. They'll convince you that Midwest radios are sensational values! Try the Midwest for thirty days before you decide. Midwest gives you triple protection with: A one-year guarantee, foreign reception guarantee, money-back guarantee.

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Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance . . . NOW! . . . while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values . . . No middlemen's profits to pay. You can order your radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy direct this popular way . . . you get 30 days FREE trial . . . as little as $5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for FREE catalog.

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JIMMY MELTON GOES NAUTICAL

"There's nothing like a stiff sea breeze to give you pep," says Jimmy Melton, the popular radio singer, as he and Mrs. Melton start off for a trip on their own "Melody"

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott



GIVING THE LITTLE MAN A BREAK

THE other day an ambitious singer in a small middle-west town, aspiring to a radio career, wrote this magazine, "Why don't the broadcasters and the listening public give the little man a break? What chance has the unknown air artist on the smaller stations and what claims can the smaller local stations throughout the country make as to a regular audience for their studio programs?"

Our answer to that one is: the little man belongs in his little place and should be satisfied. If our inquiring reader means what opportunity has the small-town artist on his local wavelength to reach a coveted place on the big chain broadcasts, then we would say he has the same opportunities which struggling actors in small stock companies have to reach a Broadway play. Perhaps not as much, though there have been many bigtime air entertainers who have served their apprenticeship on obscure little stations just as the Clark Gables have played their seasons in miserable little touring companies before arriving at their success.

The big spots on the air are for those men and women whose talents command the fame which a chain broadcast brings them. Small stations have their right to a place on the ether. There's no doubt but that they do have a localized appeal in the area they cover. And they should emphasize that appeal to their own communities.

But, how many set owners will listen to an unknown Annie Doakes on some single-station broadcast doing her limited and hopeful best with a "Delilah" aria or even "Swanee River" when by a twist of their dials they can tune in Rosa Ponselle glorifying either number? And how many will prefer a struggling young crooner soloing with an unknown maestro's orchestra when on the same evening Bing Crosby will sing out the popular songs in his own inimitable way?

With all the surveys and charts and popularity contests which have been used in an effort to determine the size of radio audiences, the actual number who do listen in to any one broadcast is still a matter of conjecture or a good guess. And what happens to an obscure program on a small station with its limited budget for buying talent when a big broadcast goes on a coast-to-coast hookup isn't much of a hazardous surmise.

There has been considerable discussion in Washington about protecting the rights of the weaker broadcasters, of preventing a monopoly by the big chains. You can't stop the public from preferring entertainment which costs $10,000 a half hour to one that has been put together for fifty or a hundred dollars. There have been many occasions when I have turned to some small station on my set and preferred what I heard over that wavelength to what the big stations were putting on at the moment. But if I wanted dance music I would certainly rather have Lopez or Whiteman or Lombardo than some little four-piece band doing its best from an unheralded suburban dance floor.

On the other hand, I would rather listen to Sam Taub broadcasting a fight over WMCA than to hear Graham McNamee describing the same event on his national chain. That happens to be an exception to the general situation which exists in a comparison between the chains and the smaller individual stations.

The sponsors who appropriate hundreds of thousands of dollars a year would rather engage a big name even if the entertainment is inferior to the reputation than to take a chance on an unknown. And the public, given a choice of listening to Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor or Phil Baker and some hometown John Smith who hasn't arrived will, unless there is a personal interest involved, lends its ears to Jolson or Cantor or Baker.

On the other hand, many of the artists now prominent on the big chains had their humble broadcast beginnings on smaller stations and were built up through a series of sustaining programs before their talents were sold to the sponsors. But, merely because a man or woman appears on some obscure station doesn't mean that he or she couldn't compete with the better known radio performers. All they need is the break.

So that while the big broadcasters have millions to expend on a year's program of air entertainment and the small stations have their tiny individual budgets to scrape along on, the listeners will take the million-dollar entertainment they get for nothing. And if that's any kind of a monopoly then the public makes the most of it.

Julia Shawell

Harry Richman's HUNDRED LOVES



● The Romeo of Broadway who takes hearts, jobs and spotlights with a song, owes it all to radio

BY HERB CRUIKSHANK

THE "Baron of Beechhurst" they call him now. That is, along Broadway. But out in Cincinnati he's still Harry Reichman to the lads who gather at midnight to dunk a doughnut in the aromatic java served at the Manhattan Cafe, colloquially the "Big Top". For they knew Harry before he became either rich or Richman. Knew him when he paraded Fountain Square flirting with the frails. Knew him when he went window-shopping in the Emery Arcade. And when he cruised the shallow Summer waters of the beautiful Ohio aboard the good ship, "Island Queen", with its steam-spouting caliope, its bum band and its candy wheel. Cincinnati, you see, is the Baron's home town. And it remembers him. Indeed, it points with pride to its famous favorite son, now adopted by Manhattan, as it does to Eden Park, the Zoo, the inclined railway and the bridge that leads to Covington.

A lot of good Kentucky Bourbon has floated under that same bridge since Harry set his face toward the rising sun and the Grand canyon of Gotham. It was a long, long trail, and a tough trip. In those days he didn't own a rakish car, a swift yacht or a silver-winged 'plane such as now respond to his whim for travel on land, sea or air. He made the sleeper jumps in a day coach. But he got there just the same. And look where he is now.

Come August tenth Richman will be thirty-nine. But in



● Harry Richman, the other serenader, learned about songs from none other than Mae West

appearance, in manner and in heart, he remains a juvenile. A dashing juvenile, a Broadway juvenile, slender of waist, broad of shoulder, with a ready smile, a quick quip, and only his tired eyes betraying the toll taken through the years of struggle toward the top. There is that about him that suggests the dark hours before dawn. He hasn't the pallor of the midnight men, the bronze of Florida seems permanently planted on his visage. But the consummately tailored clothes, the black soft hat, the blue shirt, the heavy chain bracelet, smack of the night even when the sun shines brightest. Although, of course, when they light the lamps in Elm City, Richman passes up his fifty day-time suits and sports tweeds for the becoming formality of evening wear.

Here appearances are not (*Continued on page 58*)

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HOT and Airy

ON the Atlantic coast, stage stars are becoming increasingly active in radio. On the Pacific, screen stars are likewise dominating the air. It is the East versus the West in a scramble to collect some of the easy money waiting in the studios for theatrical celebrities. But to garner the shekels, you've got to have a big name, sponsors paying scant attention to the less known, no matter what their talent.

And the Big Shots among entertainers are reaping a heavy harvest. Advertisers dig deep into their jeans to satisfy their demands. Whether they step up to the mike and salute listeners with a "Hello, folks of the radio audience it's a pleasure to greet you," or sing a song or do a scene from a new picture or play, sponsors pay plenty.

Mercury has assembled some specific instances of salaries so that you may understand just how costs are advancing on the air. In the words of Bill Hay, avant courier to Amos 'n' Andy, "here they are:"

Katharine Hepburn was offered $2,500 for a single appearance on the "Hall of Fame" period on NBC but refused it. She demanded—and received—$5,000 for her performance.

John Barrymore likewise placed a value of $5,000 upon his soliloquy from "Hamlet"—and got it. Clark Gable was paid $4,000 for the few minutes it took him to present a bit from "Manhattan Melodrama" and Joan Crawford banked a check for $3,500 for doing a scene from "Sadie McKee".

George Arliss is asking $100,000 for a series of thirteen broadcasts and as this issue of RADIO MIRROR goes to press a sponsor is seriously considering him at that fabulous figure. And Jerome Kern, working on an original musical for the air, is said to have declined to do any business with an advertiser until he receives an advance of $50,000. This is big money even for radio where comics have long enjoyed emoluments almost beyond belief.

Meanwhile, to better facilitate the projection of broadcasts from the West Coast, RKO is constructing a $500,000 studio on its movie lot in the heart of Hollywood. It will be the NBC headquarters there, RKO and NBC both being subsidiaries of the Radio Corporation of America. This means that screen stars will more and more come into evidence as ether entertainers. And you can take it from Mercury, sponsors will have to reward the flicker favorites with sums equaling a King's ransom.

* * *

They say autograph collecting is dying out but you wouldn't think so if you saw the signa-

● Jimmy Durante is speechless and mortified as Betty Furness shows him his namesake—the South American toucan



ture-hounds swarming about the radio celebs at the end of every broadcast. About the only star immune from them is Cheerio. He dodges everybody and makes his entrances and exits from the air castles as mysterious as possible. When cornered he inscribes himself merely as Cheerio, keeping strictly in character. Were he to write his real name, it would be Charles K. Field, but he'll be terribly provoked at Mercury for printing it here. Mr. Field came from California to the NBC kilocycles upon the recommendation of Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. Mr. Field is said to be a cousin of the late Eugene Field, the poet.

* * *

GRAPEVINE GOSSIP

Of course you know Ted Husing and the Missus are severing the ties that bind but did you hear that Lennie Hayton is Mrs. Husing's new heart interest? That's one bit of gossip that persists on Radio Row although the wise ones say Lennie is more interested in the lovely Dorothy Pulver, of San Francisco. Hayton, by the by, was dubbed the Mickey Mouse of maestros by Walter Winchell and what do you think happened? Why, admirers all over the country sent the dapper young director oodles of Mickey Mice toys. He donated a truck load of them to a children's hospital.

Coincident with the news from the Coast that Helen Morgan had signed a cinema contract at last came rumors of discord with Buddy Mashke. Mercury hopes this is just one of those Hollywood reports for Helen and Buddy did seem such a devoted couple before going Hollywood. But maybe that phrase "going Hollywood" is the explanation—so many happy marriages are wrecked when that migration occurs.

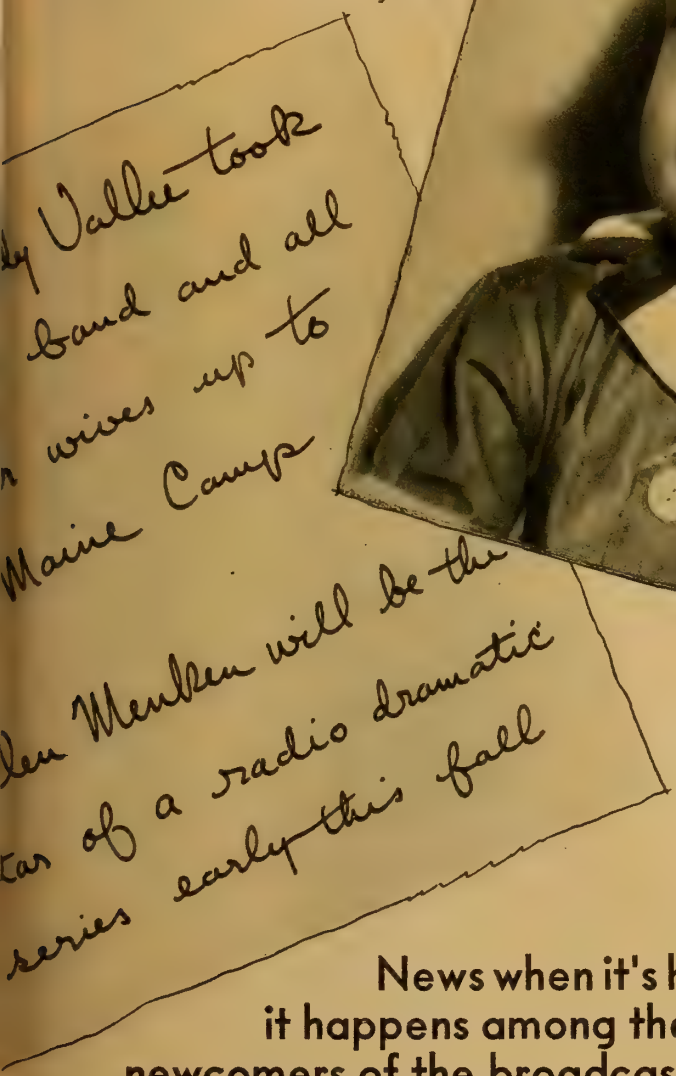
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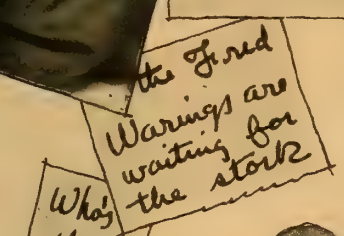
Eleanor Powell, his vocalist,

(Continued on page 60)



● Baby LeRoy, Hollywood's youngest star as he appeared on a Columbia broadcast program from California







News when it's hot, gossip when it happens among the famous and newcomers of the broadcast studios

BY MERCURY

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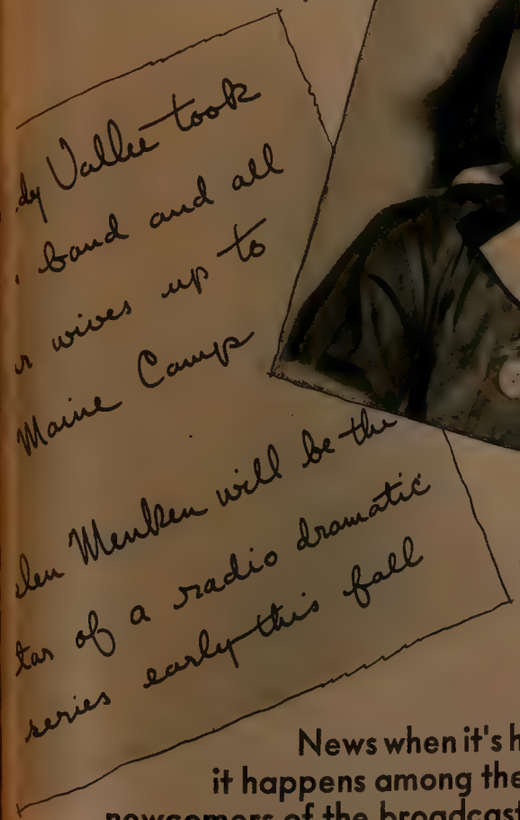
(Continued on page 60)



● Jimmy Durante is speechless and mortified as Betty Furness shows him his namesake—the South American toucan



● Baby LeRoy, Hollywood's youngest star as he appeared on a Columbia broadcast program from California





Jessica Dragonette's LIFE



Jessica of the golden hair wants her radio public to hold its present illusions



Though she's lovely to see, Miss Dragonette dislikes personal appearances

IS A SONG

Born in India, she learned music in a convent, and sang on Broadway before her air success.

By Rose Heylbut

CAN you remember ever having seen any "personal appearances" of Jessica Dragonette in the theatres of your town? The answer is correct; no, you can't. What's more, you aren't likely to see many. Jessica Dragonette doesn't go in for personal appearances. The reason why gives you the key to the character of this wistfully appealing girl who has captured and held the imagination of the vast radio public for seven years. No, there's nothing Garbo-ish about her. She isn't aloof, she isn't the least mysterious, and she's enthusiastically devoted to her hearers. She doesn't want the public to see her, though, because she's afraid of robbing folks of their illusions about her.

After that, you'll probably think that Jessica isn't so easy on the eyes. Nothing could be further from the truth. She is beautiful, in a delicate, almost fairy-like way. She measures five feet two, and weighs not quite one hundred pounds. She has wavy blonde hair with golden lights in it, and hazel eyes which reflect so many colors that she herself describes them as "plaid." Her face is oval, and her features are cameo-like and lovely. And she insists upon hiding these high-powered charms from her millions of listeners, in order that she may *go on being to each of them exactly the sort of person he wants her to be!*

One of her admirers writes to her that he imagines her a tall, voluptuous brunette. Another sees her as a pert harum-scarum with copper curls. A third addresses the handful of her as "Revered Madame." Still another insists that the peculiar charm of her voice and her radio personality could belong only to a mature woman, who has lived and suffered . . . a motherly, Schumann-Heink-ish sort of creature! And instead of resenting these pictures of her, which so clearly rob her of her real self, she'd give up anything rather than destroy them! She wants to be to each of us exactly the sort of human being we most need to complete our picture of her. If we didn't like her, she argues, we wouldn't be making these pictures!

It takes a lot of spiritual insight to realize the importance of this kind of illusion. And there you have Jessica Dragonette. She is capable of imagination herself and respects the quality in others. The only thing in the world she's afraid of is disappointing people. The spiritual quality of her singing isn't "put on"; (*Continued on page 63*)



● Guy, most famous of the Lombardos with his wife, Lily Belle; below, the Lombardo orchestra ready to play one of its inimitable arrangements over the air



Four brothers in a family that deals in romantic melody

RECENTLY the famous Doctor Willem van de Wall staged a demonstration over one of the major networks to expound the fact that musical therapy was a scientific actuality rather than the theory that it was back in the Biblical days when David drove away King Saul's blues with his harp. The effects of brass and strings and woodwinds upon human emotions were clearly shown. If, for instance you listened to Chabirer's sprightly works, gaiety was conjured in your mind. If Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" were played your saddest emotions would be liberated. Your children are likely to become playful upon hearing "The Glow Worm."

In all that scientific discussion nobody said a word about Guy Lombardo's music. But then, nobody said anything about releasing the emotion of romance. Perhaps it is just as well, because really to understand you'd have to see the Gay Lombardos in action—or rather the reaction of their hordes of gay young admirers. You'd have to visit the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, where the twinkling lights of the great city seem miles below; where the soft summer breezes stir the pendant, starry festoons; where shaded lights of many hues seem to filter out from hidden mysterious nooks. In such a setting, the Gay Lombardos belong. They provide for the young and adventurous a strange therapy that the young don't bother to analyze. For the staid scientist, the Lombardo tempos present a weird, almost insoluble mystery. Music may soothe the savage breast but then too, if it's the music of the Gay Lombardos, it stirs a young man's fancy and plays mis-



The gay Lombardos

BY MIKE PORTER



chievous tricks with a girl's heart. Music and soft lights! For there is a psychology in lights too, and who has learned the trick of it better than Guy Lombardo who himself manipulates the magic blends of brilliance and darkness, glows and diffusions, as the melodies fade from one blissful mood to another?

It is a maxim in New York that the young folks flock to wherever the Lombardos may happen to be—to save the necessity of conversation. Talk is useless and words a bother when the spell of the slow, sweet melodies exert their strange hypnosis. Heads tilt to heads, and eyes peer poignantly into eyes as the shadows glide across the polished floor. Of what use then, is conversation? Telepathy has come, and the music is the medium that transmits thought—and such thoughts as one merely remembers when the dance is over, and the gray of morning brings back the soul from its flight.

Carmen, the handsome brother of Guy croons, "Too Many Tears." And sweet young women wipe away a mist from their eyes. The dancers became languid. Some merely walk instead of dance—and then, a mellow blare of saxophones and the tempo speeds. Back to the dance and back into a mood of gaiety, the moonstruck youngsters go, and smile, until the next waltz. The swish of feet slows up; couples sway like willow trees, on almost motionless feet, breathe deeply and shake their heads half futilely as if even they believed that love could not be so sweet.

You see these pictures nightly at the Waldorf. Romance-stricken youth, loving it. The agile generation in the throes of the supreme emotion. You no longer doubt that music exerts an influence on the human breast. The Gay Lombardos are a vogue because of this, perhaps. You could get intoxicated without buying a drink.

Yet, only a few brief years ago, the sophisticated know-it-alls laughed derisively at Guy Lombardo when he brought his orchestra in from the sticks. (*Continued on page 65*)



● Guy, most famous of the Lombardos with his wife, Lily Belle; below, the Lombardo orchestra ready to play one of its inimitable arrangements over the air







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Is Love more JANE



● Jane and her Don enjoy a cup of tea.

● She's an artist who counts love first



IF you want to see a girl, young, beautiful, talented and popular who counts her husband and domestic happiness of much more importance than anything her career can bring her in the way of public adulation, sponsors' checks or footlights contracts, gaze at the picture on this page and behold Jane Froman—who is that girl.

For she's unique and anyone looking upon what Broadway terms the grand experiment, crosses his fingers and hopes sincerely that the future holds nothing for Miss Froman which will disillusion her about her romantically extravagant gesture.

There will be aspiring actresses of the radio, screen and stage who will question her wisdom. But all the various attitudes, criticisms and denunciations will phase the petite and clever-voiced Miss Froman not one bit. She has her Don Ross and that's all she wants. In a sophisticated sphere with its affectations and its skeptics, Jane stands out like a fresh, honest female who has her mate and thanks the gods that be for her happiness.

Theatrical agents who offer her lucrative contracts and are refused, sponsors who can't understand her romanticism and a public which wonders why she hasn't been on more advantageous spots over the radio recently can find the answer in Jane Froman's home. In a modest, well-furnished apartment of Manhattan where she has breakfast for two every morning they'll find the solution to all the puzzles about this star.

Who, but Jane herself, is to say whether she's right or wrong? Sufficient it is to say she'd rather be Mrs. Don Ross and a failure than the greatest singer that ever lived and be Jane Froman without any Don in her life.

It's amazing that in a world where women fight for a chance at the spotlight, where they'll turn a cold shoulder on love and run away from real romance just to hear the compensating sound of audience applause that a girl like Jane can exist and be happy. One can only hope it lasts for her forever. This girl of the middle west with her excellent family connections, a fairly good educational background, beauty, talent and success in a field that offers her money and fame prefers the commendation and companionship of her husband to anything her career brings her.

By MARIS

than Fame to FROMAN?



● Marriage is more than fame to beautiful Jane Froman

You'll hear all around Broadway the softly spoken commiserations. "Too bad about Jane Froman that she's so much in love she's letting her big chances go by". For the facts are that Jane, whether in love or in wisdom or in both, has refused splendid offers which did not include her husband. She believes in him and feels that only in a complete partnership with him is there any real promise of her permanent happiness and success.

Jane thinks that her Don is the most talented, brilliant and attractive man in the world. Unfortunately the public hasn't quite all her enthusiasm about him—nor have the producers. He is a charming man with a cultivated voice that has not the popular appeal of Jane's. There are those who say that Don Ross will never have the success that is possible for his wife but there are others, his advocates, who say it's because he hasn't found his real medium. Jane would be the last one to admit that her husband hasn't the most promising and thrilling voice on the airwaves and Don has a profound faith in his own future.

So that the problem resolves itself down to this. They are happy—probably the most happily married couple in radio. Jane can't keep her eyes, nor her hands, off her tall husband even at rehearsals. And he reciprocates that affection. It's not feigned. You can tell the real from the stage gestures. Each has a career, so far Jane has been more successful if one judges by compensation and new offers. She believes in Don and he believes in himself. Together they are a perfect unit.

Sufficient it is to say that Jane will turn down the most flattering offer which does not include her husband, for the simple reason that she would be miserable if it were otherwise.

Where do they go from here?

If she gives up her career and encourages him in his chosen profession will she ever be sorry? And if she goes higher than he in radio, will he be miserable and how can she be happy? Certainly she can't go on indefinitely with her present attitude.

Jane happens to be a beauty with talent and personality—a combination that's much more in demand than Don Ross' type. She also happens to be a woman, terribly in love and that's why there's a story here.

Both were in the recent Ziegfeld Follies. She was the star—and what a glamorous, scintillating lead she was. He was a singer in the same company. He received excellent billing but the audiences appreciated Jane far more than her husband. Before the show had finished its New York (*Continued on page 67*)

ANNE LANE

Is Love more than Fame to JANE FROMAN?



● Jane and her Don enjoy a cup of tea



● She's an artist who counts love first

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DREAM PHANTOM





The famous of the air get secret romantic ideals. Do

BY ROBERT



● Jimmy Wallington likes the kind of a girl who knows how to wash the dishes and take care of the babies

● Ann Leaf prefers a homely man with brains, personality, loyalty and a sense of humor

● Rudy Vallee's talked about his dream girl so much but claims that he still prefers brunettes

YOU may be the Dream Girl of some famous radio star. Or some First Lady of the Ether may be holding your picture in her heart, although she has never seen you and doesn't even know you exist.

Just as you girls may muse on the stalwart man who waits somewhere in the world for you—or, boys, as you worship a mental image of some girl you have never met—just so do the men and women who have risen to radio fame have their dreams.

And the dreams sometimes DO come true, for a number of them have met and married their Dream Girls or Phantom Lovers. May you be as lucky!

I wanted to know if all men worshiped the same ideal—if all girls yearned for the same plumed knight. So I went to the NBC and the CBS, where I asked dozens of the stars to tell me what sorts of men and women appealed to them most strongly.

Here is what I learned:

Ray Knight, who writes and stars in the Wheatenaville sketches, the doings at Station KUKU, et cetera, said, "I like blondes, not too tall—say about five feet four—and weighing between 110 and 118 pounds. My ideal shouldn't be the wise-cracking sort—rather, a girl who would play straight to me. And I wouldn't want her to have too even a disposition; I'd like to have her give me an argument now and then. Why, a fellow with a disposition like mine would make any normal girl want to fight!"



GIRLS and LOVERS

confidential about their
you fill any of these bills?





EICHBERG

● Alice Joy has been associated with brunettes but says a blonde once left a dent in her heart!

● Lowell Thomas likes women to be tall, beautiful, languorous and they must have soft voices



● Leah Ray's ideal man should be tall, dark and handsome and she says he must have some money



On the other hand, gorgeous little Leah Ray, the songstress, wants her man to have an equable disposition. In addition, he must be tall, dark and handsome—and have some money. Not a lot of money, mind you, for as she says, "money isn't everything", but enough so that he can take a girl to nice places, wear good clothes, and not have to worry. In addition, he must be a real "he-man", and be interested in athletics, and similar masculine pursuits, though he need not be an athlete himself.

Breen and de Rose, the Sweethearts of the Air, are fortunate, for each is the other's ideal. May, for instance, likes dark men with big brown eyes and curly hair, while Peter favors small, dark, plump, vivacious girls.

A connoisseur is Pic Malone, whose private thoughts run to fair-complexioned women with dark red hair, violet eyes, and slim but rounded figures. (As whose don't?) While these specifications are pretty rigid, Pic is a bit nebulous as to disposition. "Would you like her to be serious, gay, intellectual or what?" I asked, and he replied, "Oh, I wouldn't care much about that as long as she was a good skate."

His partner, Pat Padgett, the other half of the Molasses and January team, merely waved his arms in a large gesture, saying, "What sort of women do *I* like best?—*All* women!"

Announcer George Hicks is like that too. He says, "Of course you know I'm married, and therefore out (*Continued on page 67*)

The Beautiful

Continuing the thrilling adventures of a comedian's fight for radio fame and of an unknown redhead's part in his career and romances at one of the big studios



BY PETER DIXON

Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer

THE six members of the program board waited quietly for Beth Hollister to speak. That capable, red-headed young lady didn't rush her words. And, after all, it was merely the fate of Toby Malone that hung in the balance. To the members of the board he was just another comedian. Three of them didn't like him. Three of them thought he was worth a try-out. But what did Beth Hollister think?

She absently smoothed her hair. Then she spoke.

"Gentlemen," she said. "It's on the record that Rudy Vallee was approved by the National Broadcasting Company by a narrow margin of one vote. It's also pretty well known in the business that Phil Lord—good old Seth Parker—wouldn't be on the air today if it had required a unanimous vote on the part of a program committee. The same is true of a lot of stars we all know. Don't forget we couldn't see anything in Kate Smith—and, Parker, it was you who said that Morton Downey wasn't a good bet.

Parker shook his head mournfully. It was one of his most spectacular errors in judgment.

"Gentlemen," Beth continued, after a forgiving smile at Parker, "I think Toby Malone belongs on our air and I'm for him. We'll have to work hard with him but I think listeners are going to like his comedy—and they are going to adore that girl. I hope he appreciates her!"

That settled it. Beth Hollister—Miss Brains herself—had said her say and the other members of the board knew she was right.

Which was why the press department of the Consolidated Broadcasting Company devoted a thousand words of adjectives to the humorous talents of Toby Malone a few days later. CBC had decided to give Toby the works. His first broadcast was set for Friday night of the same week.

Toby was slightly shocked by the suddenness of it all. If you went into a Broadway show there were at least three weeks of rehearsal—sometimes four and five weeks. And even a vaudeville booking was usually a few weeks in advance. But here it was Tuesday and he was to make his air début Friday night.

Toby, Margy and the Professor sat and talked it over in the professor's apartment.

"Listen babe," said Toby addressing Margy, "Now that I've clicked in a big way, you got to give up that restaurant job."

Margy shook her head.

"Not yet," she said. "You're only on the air once a week. In the meantime I'm not saying goodbye to any jobs. I'll have plenty of time to rehearse with you and I'm not deserting three meals a day until things are more certain.

Stooge

PART THREE



● Somehow or another Toby ripped off his tie and opened his collar; his hair was wildly rumpled and he had taken off his coat and thrown it over a chair

Toby was exasperated.

"Now listen," he said. "How will it sound around town, huh, if word gets out that my 'wife' is dealing 'em off the arm in a Fifty-second Street restaurant?"

"First place, Mister Toots," said Margy. "I'm not your wife. In the second place, who is going to know unless you go around telling them? And, in the third place, what I do is strictly my own business."

Toby was shocked. This girl he'd given the great opportunity was talking back to him! Not even a professional and already saying what she'd do and what she wouldn't do. Toby turned to Professor Gus. It was a time for men to hang together.

"Prof," he said. "You tell her!"

"Nope," said Professor Gus. "I never tell women anything. And there's nothing in my contract about it. Say, Toby . . . what is the . . . uh . . . recompense for this great honor of getting on the air?"

"Not much to start," said Toby. "But remember it's just a sustaining. The broadcasting company pays us; not a sponsor!"

"How much is not much," queried the professor.

"Hundred for me . . . fifty for you," said Toby.

"I say . . . you're giving me the best of it, aren't you? . . . our agreement was ten per cent. . . ."

"Listen Prof . . . the radio station said they'd let me have fifty a week for material and I guess that's yours . . . I won't chisel on you. Now hon . . . reckon you can get along on twenty-five a week?" Toby looked at Margy. He had forgotten their brief spat.

"Is that what they said they'd pay me?"

"No . . . I pay you out of my income."

"O. K. Mister. Twenty-five sounds mighty good to me. It won't cramp you?"

"Nope. Well . . . that's settled. Now listen . . . we start the series Friday night at ten o'clock . . . we got to get busy."

The professor explored his pockets and finally found the stub of a pencil. An old envelope came out of another pocket.

"Let's get it all figured out, Toby," he said, "You're on the air from 10:00 to 10:30. That's thirty minutes and a long time to be funny."

"With an orchestra" Toby explained quickly. "I'm supposed to do two six minute spots . . . and that'll be plenty. The orchestra fills in the rest of the time though they may drag in a sister act or a quartet. Wish they would drag in a sister team. I got some swell gags about sisters.

"Can't we use some of the same stuff we used for the audition?"

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"We could but I'd rather sock 'em with a new routine. We can work in the audition stuff in a later script. How about it, prof . . . feel inspired?"

"I wish I had a brandy," said the professor plaintively.

"You're one of those persons who have to have a slight edge on before you can work, I see," said Margy. Her voice wasn't unkind and she made it a statement rather than an accusation.

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The professor looked embarrassed.

"No," he said. "I don't think I am. Let's get busy on the script and I'll have a brandy afterwards."

Margy rewarded him with a real smile. Toby looked first amazed and then pleased.

"Then we get to work," he said. "I got a good one. It's about a waitress—this isn't personal Margy—who uses that bright red polish on her finger nails. And I go into a restaurant, see . . . and almost bite her finger off because I think it's a radish. Think you can build that one up?"

The professor started scribbling.

The script for the first broadcast was turned in to CBC for approval by noon Friday. That afternoon, with the professor sitting on one side and making very slight last minute changes Toby drove Margy through hours of rehearsal.

"It's my big night, hon," he declared. "All the critics will be listenin'. Say, I'll bet I wow 'em too. Cantor, Pearl and Penner will have something to worry about after tonight."

Toby was in the studios a full hour before his broadcast. David Mason was there. Toby was glad to see him. The musicians were all strangers and so was Al Merriman, the production man.

"Glad to hear the audition clicked," Mason said, grinning at Toby. "I think you've got a good act. And your girl is marvelous. Your . . . uh . . . wife?

Toby hesitated.

"On the air, only," he said.

Mason laughed.

"Comedian's luck . . . a wife in the act!" he said. "It's become a radio superstition. Publicity department will eat it up, too. Oh, here's Al Merriman. He's the production man on the show. Ready for a dress rehearsal, Al?"

Merriman fumbled for his stop watch.

"Let's go," he said. "If we do it now we'll have time for a smoke before the show."

The orchestra had not rehearsed with Toby before but this, Merriman explained, was customary. He clicked his stop watch and started the rehearsal.

The gay dance tunes exhilarated Margy. This was show business at last. As she stood before the microphone, waiting for her cue from the control room, her feet beat out little steps. Then, she and Toby were into their lines.

It was a terrible rehearsal. Toby stumbled. He missed important inflections and he saw a musician yawning. Margy sensed his panic and stumbled, too. Nothing sounded funny. Punch lines that had made them chuckle at every previous rehearsal sounded weak and stale now.

By the time he was into the second half of his program, Toby was convinced that his radio career was over before it ever started. Merriman and Mason conferred with frowns in the control room.

The professor, in a folding chair tilted back against the studio wall, drew pictures on the back of one of the innumerable envelopes he carried in his pockets.

Finally it was over. Merriman came from the control room.

"We're all right on time," he said. "About a minute over but we'll cut a chorus from that blues medley. That'll fix it."

Toby looked at him anxiously. Was CBC actually going to put this terrible performance on the air? Perhaps Merriman was just waiting word to cancel the whole show and fill in with the orchestra.

"I thought it sounded pretty bad," Toby said. Radio was doing things to him. He'd never admitted he was bad before.

"Sure," said Merriman cheerfully. "It was lousy, thank goodness. If it had been a good dress rehearsal, I would have been worried. You'll be all right when you go on the air. Smoke? We've got ten minutes."

Toby smoked in the corridor outside the studio. Then he went back in and paced up and down. The musicians ignored him. Somehow or another he ripped off his tie and opened his collar; his hair was wildly rumpled and he had taken off his coat and thrown it over a chair.

Margy sat tense and talked to the professor in low tones. Then Merriman invited the professor into the control room for the broadcast.

"Get a better slant on the material if you hear it as it sounds to the listeners," he said. The red second hand on the big studio clock raced around the dial. In less than two minutes the show was to begin. Musicians raced hurriedly to their places. The air of boredom noticeable at rehearsal was gone. The conductor called a last minute instruction.

"Thirty seconds," Mason said. "Stand by!"

The announcer kept his eyes glued on the clock. One

(*Continued on page 69*)



● "I'm glad you said that, Toby," she shot at him. "Because you can get one of those other girls for the job. I'm through!"

★ Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars ★



L I L L I A N R O T H

● From a successful career in musical comedy, followed by several movie rôles, Lillian Roth has turned her blue voice on the air and is featured on the Mulsified Cocoanut Oil program over CBS

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott

Looking upward toward a promising ether future, attractive Alice Hill at NBC's studios in Chicago, where she is heard with the Princess Pat players.

★

ALICE HILL

Portrait by Maurice Seymour





Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott

JOHNNY GREEN

Johnny Green can afford to laugh with all his success on the radio this season. He used to be a pianist-composer before he organized his own orchestra

★

● EDDIE DUCHIN

Boston's gift to the popular orchestra leaders of the airwaves started his career as a pianist with Leo Reisman and succeeded his boss at the swanky Central Park Casino to become a popular band leader

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson





• MARY PHILLIPS

This pretty miss who is one of the newcomers to the list of featured air artists came out of Providence and got her start at one of Paul Whiteman's auditions. She appears on programs from the NBC studios

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

What made the BLUES

WHEN you stop to think of it, all the blues singers are young. Tamara, Vera Van, Frances Langford, Lee Wiley, Annette Hanshaw, Gertrude Niesen, Vivien Ruth, Ethel Shutta, Connie Gates.

Yet blues singers are not born blues singers. They are made—made by their blue experiences. It is their past mistakes and heartaches and disappointments that have colored their voices to an indigo shade. They are just sopranos or contraltos who have somehow translated their heartache and grief into their songs.

It may be their present unhappiness which they pour forth in plaintive, wistful melody. Or perhaps it is something which happened in the dim past, but which affected them so much that it colored their whole being; changed the quality of their voices. What is it that has made each of these young women a singer of the blues?

Take the case of blonde, svelte Ethel Shutta, George Olsen's wife. She's known as the happiest woman on radio row. Certainly she's got nothing to be blue about, I can hear you say. Perhaps she hasn't now, but ten years ago things were different then.

She was a sensitive, shy girl of eighteen, who just had to become an actress. All her life she had dreamed of playing Juliet, of being a Sarah Bernhardt, or an Eleanor Duse. So Ethel got a job with a stock company which was putting on high-brow shows. This was her chance, she believed. Till they were stranded after two weeks of playing to almost empty houses.

She made the rounds of the high-class booking offices, of the producers in Chicago. They had nothing for a green, inexperienced kid. She swallowed her pride and tried the vaudeville offices. Nothing doing there, either. The weeks slowly crept into months. Her money was exhausted. Still no work. In vain she tried to get a job—any kind of honest work. As a companion, as a waitress. Chicago was cold to her need. She didn't have the experience.



Extreme poverty was the lot of lovely Frances Langford's childhood, but she overcame all handicaps and found fortune in success.





Tamara's early years in Russia, where she escaped from revolutionists, were a bitter time for this singer of sad songs

Left is Connie Gates who found New York a cold, hard place that left her homesick until success found her

She just had to get work. One of the girls she met on her weary round of employment agencies told her they needed girls at the old Orpheum Burlesque House, the toughest theatre in town. When you are hungry, you can't be particular. Ethel applied and got the job.

Each performance was an ordeal. Her ears still burn with shame when she thinks of the jibes of the drunken rowdies who came to watch the show. Or rather, to watch the semi-nude figures as they danced and sang. And the songs she had to sing. She's been around a bit, since those days. She was a Ziegfeld Follies girl. Yet the songs those soubrettes sang still make her sick to the stomach.

It was several months before she got a chance to get into musical comedy. And in those months, her voice acquired some of the loneliness, the ache, the misery and despair that put her on top.

When you look at little blonde, angel-faced Vera Van,

SINGERS BLUE?

In the pasts of the weepy-warblers of the air waves you'll find the reason for their torch songs

BY ETHEL CAREY



Annette Hanshaw had to support her mother and brother after her father's death left them all dependent on her





Above is Lee Wiley who was blind for a whole year; right, Gertrude Niesen was crossed in love before she was eighteen

you wonder how she comes into the ranks of the blues singers. When you meet her family, your wonder grows. Her mother is charming, poised, cultured. She has sheltered her Vera from the hard knocks of the world. Vera looks as if she were made for love. Yet, despite her mother's constant vigilance, Vera has gotten more heartaches in her few years than you and I get in a lifetime. For Vera, brought up to believe everything in life is fair and rosy and just what it seems, has been twice disappointed in love.

She has learned that you can't accept people at their face value. Twice she has been engaged to be married; each time she broke the engagement. On both occasions, her fiance proved himself different from what he had represented. Twice reality has smashed her illusions.

Her second disappointment in love was the real reason why she came East from California, her native state. Now she's afraid of love.

Behind the moaning, intense notes of Frances Langford, the little black-haired, black-eyed singer Rudy Vallee brought from the sticks of Florida, is the memory of an unhappy childhood. Frances' folks were miserably poor; so poor there wasn't a radio in the Langford home. Frances was a normal girl; she loved pretty, feminine clothes, silk stockings, dates with the boys. She couldn't have any of them. She was left out of everything. The earnings of her father, a nursery gardener, were hardly enough for the bare necessities of life, let alone pretty-pretties.

She had always loved to sing. Yet leading the Rip Van Winkle existence of the poor whites in the South, there wasn't one chance in a thousand of her becoming a singer. That one chance came, though through Rudy Vallee. Vallee heard her singing while he was touring the South; gave her a chance to sing with him in New Orleans, and brought her North for an audition. (*Continued on page 70*)

An ether buggy ride

MOVIE stars who talk or warble into microphones on their own Hollywood sets ought to feel at home in a broadcasting studio but take it from Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles, it's an experience that leaves any camera veteran limp. The pair of funmakers who after long careers on the stage, repeated their success in west coast pictures made their radio début on the Hall of Fame hour and will appear in a series of broadcasts over a national hookup this fall.

The "mama and papa" of a dozen hilarious screen comedies have a brand of humor which is definitely suited to the rigid censorial requirements of ether programs and their introduction to a loudspeaker was a happy experiment. They were trembling and nervous but their public couldn't tell so by the material that went into a million loudspeakers.

It was no jocular act, the acute attack of microphone fright that assailed this pair of seasoned troupers the first time they were expected to be amusing over the "raddio." The pleasure, to hear the two of them tell it, was all on the listening side but they must be gluttons for punishment because they're anxious to come back for more.

Ever since the big chains started broadcasting from the west coast studios, more and more sponsors have turned to Hollywood talent for their stellar attractions. And since comedy that is both clean and funny is the most difficult to get over the ether successfully, the Ruggles-Boland combination was seized upon to cool off a sizzling nation with their breezy humor.

Now, the two of them are old hands at meeting new, appalling situations in their professions. Both of them date their humble beginning as professionals back many years to obscure stage dates that would have discouraged any but either of these troupers with their nimble tongues and

How Charlie felt

● When I do a scene for a picture where I take off my clothes and go to bed, I go through the action, taking off shirt, suit and shoes—put on pajamas and climb into bed.

It seems so darn silly to stand in front of that mike in the broadcast station and talk about taking off my clothes, dropping my shoes (which don't make a sound because I didn't take them off anyway) wind a clock that isn't even there, and after I'm all through talking, I'm standing in the same spot, fully clothed and without a sign of a bed to jump into!

It's a most futile feeling, wondering if all the sound effects come in at the right places and just hoping the audience laughed.

Well I suppose one gets used to anything after a while. It wasn't so bad as I expected, when I stop to think about it.







They're hilarious comedians to millions of radio and movie fans, this successful team of Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland

By R. H. ROWAN

with "Mama" and "Papa"

Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in their radio debut diagnose their own case of "mike" fright





Mary and Charlie talk over their etherizing, receive congratulations from friends and gaze in awe at the fearsome microphone which gave them jitters

What Mary said

● My first radio broadcast.

Here we are. Now, where's Charlie Ruggles? Suppose he's late. He never is on the set. Where can he be? It's Charlie's first broadcast, too. Wonder if he's as nervous as I am? There he comes now. He doesn't look nervous.

"Hello, Charlie. It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"M-M-Mary! I'm so glad to see you!" kissing me violently. Imagine, after all these years. Charlie kissing me. Why, he's never so much as put his arm around me before and I don't see him from one picture to the next. He MUST be nervous.

It's time to go. I mustn't let the paper rattle. I mustn't let the paper rattle. This is awful. So many things can happen. And all those people staring. We're being announced. There we go.

facile wit. They studied their manuscript carefully and joked a little too much about their air date to convince anyone of their complacency or confidence.

Bigger stars than they have quaked before the poor little inoffensive mike but these two are of the type who can ad-lib and who give valuable suggestions to their directors in the construction of a laugh-making talkie. Would you think a dose of air would worry them?

But "Mike" took them for a buggy ride that had them shaken up for hours after the echo of their voices had faded from the air. We asked them to jot down their own impressions and reactions and here's what Mary Boland said happened to her when she approached her radio engagement:

"My first radio broadcast!

"It's funny when I've made numerous pictures for Paramount and haven't noticed the microphone on the set since my first picture, how terrifying the thought of a radio mike can be.

"What if I can't remember my lines, or say the wrong thing? There's no chance to call 'cut' and retake it. With millions of people listening in. It's horrible.

"Well, I know my script perfectly, anyway. But I'd better take it along just in case. Here's the broadcasting station. Where is that script? I can't remember a single line. It's in my purse somewhere. Thank goodness, here it is. I mustn't let the paper rattle. They say it makes a terrific booming sound over the air. (*Continued on page 72*)

An ether buggy ride with "Mama" and "Papa"

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By R. H. ROWAN

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE



GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.



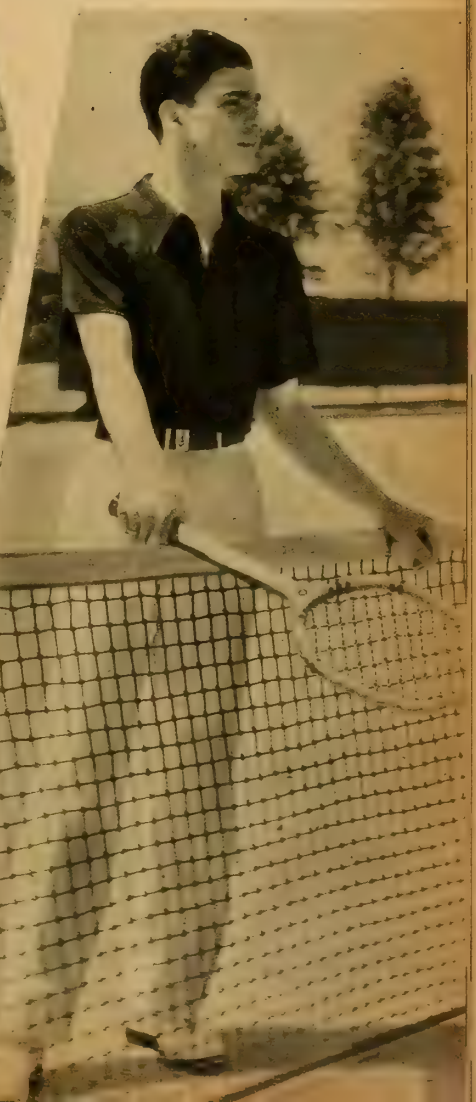
It's Vacation Time

● Amos 'n' Andy take their vacation on a Chicago roof; right, Joe Cook up to old tricks at his estate, "Sleepless Hollow"





● Above, Victor Young, the ork pilot takes time off to snap pretty Fay Wray of the films





● Countess Albani enjoys an icy drink and a cool breeze; right, Bert Parks, CBS announcer, takes his vacation on the tennis courts



Lee AFRAID OF



Lee relinquished love for a chance at radio fame

LEE WILEY'S afraid of love. Afraid of what love might do to her career. She won't risk losing her chances for success. She believes that love might interfere with what she has set out to accomplish.

It was three years ago that Lee Wiley cast love out of her life. Hers was a childhood romance which budded in her native town of Fort Gibson, Oklahoma. The man in the case was a University graduate and was being launched into his father's flourishing business when Lee suddenly decided that she wanted to sing instead of getting married. She had been singing in the village Sunday School, later in concerts at Tulsa and Muskogee, but Lee was ambitious, and that was only the beginning. Lee made up her mind that she never would be content with just settling down in Fort Gibson like the other girls of her set. She had other ideas, and what is more, she was determined to carry them out.

Her father is a retired professor, having taught at the State Normal College of Oklahoma and Lee has had an excellent educational background. She attended Muskogee High School and the University of Oklahoma.

When Lee suddenly made up her mind to leave Fort Gibson, it was quite a surprise to her people and a great shock to the boy who was in love with her. All a lover's persuasion could not change her decision and so Lee said goodbye and bravely ventured East alone and entered the portly gates of New York not knowing what the future had in store for her. Would they treat her kindly, or would she be compelled to return home crushed and disappointed. However, Lee did not for a moment ever think that she would fail. She's made of stronger stuff than that.

Some have said that Lee reached stardom without a local stop, but that is not so. It took three years of plugging and hard work to get where she is now and she feels that her future success in the radio world has only just begun.

This unusual torch singer of deep blues songs is heard on the Kraft program over the NBC-WEAF network each Thursday evening. That exceptionally fine program with the King of Jazz, Paul Whiteman, conducting and the humorous twister of words, Deems Taylor. Her audiences have been stirred and enthused by her unusual voice and dramatic ability. She not only sings but acts all the parts in the musical comedy shorts which are a regular feature of the Kraft Phoenix Cheese program these days.

What has happened to love in the meantime? Has it died, or is it just temporarily lying dormant waiting for its chance? Her Western sweetheart has, tried time and time again to make Lee give up her work, come back home to marry him and live a quiet, loving and peaceful life on the Oklahoma plains. Failing in that,

BY DOR

Wiley's ROMANCE



he has come on to New York and discussed with Lee the probability of his establishing his business here. But Lee Wiley is even more afraid now. She has tasted the thrills of recognition and nothing now is going to interfere with her plans. She says, "I love my work. I'm kept busy from morning 'til late at night with rehearsing and getting ready for each week's new musical comedy revue. I love life. I like to go places and do things, but as for love, I have no time for it, and what is more I'm going to steer clear of it."

Lee's steadfast ambition to achieve greater success has even prompted her to turn down an offer to appear in pictures.

What would you do if a moving picture contract was offered you? Wouldn't you jump at the opportunity of a motion picture career and imagine yourself the recipient of that grand salary that goes with it? I just bet you would.

Well, Miss Wiley turned it down flat. Think of it! And it was the second offer she had received.

When I asked Miss Wiley why she hadn't accepted the picture contract, she replied: "I feel that I have just found the right spot in my role on Paul Whiteman's Music Hall program. Why step out without first making the most of it and getting to the very top? After all, when I've really become a successful radio performer the chances of my becoming a successful movie star would be even more assured."

Lee Wiley impresses you that way. She is very sure about herself. Knows what she wants and intends to get it. Lee is all wrapped up in radio. She lives radio, sleeps, eats and talks radio. Her friends are all radio folks.

The tall thin girl from the plains, lives in a cozy little apartment close to NBC's Fifth Avenue studios. It's sort of a little hideaway place, inconspicuous and hard to find. If you don't know the way, the elevator man will have to guide you to the entrance of her apartment.

At a beautiful white piano one may often see her writing her own musical arrangements and practicing her songs. She has written several compositions among which are "South of My Soul," "Any Time, Any Day, Anywhere" and "My Indian Love Song" which Miss Wiley dedicated to the Campfire Girls. The day I visited Miss Wiley her 'phone rang continuously. My, how it rang! Did she run to the 'phone to answer it? I should say not. She notified her maid to "tell him I'm out," or "tell him to call back later." And no doubt many of them were admirers.

Miss Wiley is at home on a horse, having been practically brought up on one where men are men and women ride horseback However, it was a horse which caused (*Continued on page 73*)



The beautiful Wiley eyes that were blinded for a year

I S A S H E

Alice Faye





● Alice Faye, cool and beautiful in a large pastel straw hat with chiffon flower trimming; left, wearing a simple dark crepe dress with a crisp organdy collar

SINCE pretty blonde Alice Faye who got her first radio chance with Rudy Vallee's programs has been working in Fox Films she's been doing considerable cross-country travelling between pictures and broadcasts. When she comes to New York she brings along a Hollywood wardrobe and when she travels back to the picture studios her luggage contains the results of some Manhattan shopping.

For late summer and early fall, the up-and-coming Alice has chosen from her collection a few garments which she considers most suitable for her type and which she suggests to RADIO MIRROR readers as serviceable and flattering for various occasions.

When she wants to look picturesque at a garden party or an informal dinner she dons a feminine frilly gown of organdy of a soft pastel shade with ruffles on the skirt, edged with a cut-out bias of stiff white organdy. Her hat is a large straw that shades her eyes but shows her gleaming blonde tresses. It matches the dress in color and is trimmed with white chiffon flowers.

For the train trip or any occasion that calls for a suit she selects a two-piece broadcloth with belted coat and wide-lapel collar of light-weight caracul. With this outfit she wears a soft rolled-brim felt



● Miss Faye looking lovely in a ruffled organdy gown of pastel suitable for garden party or informal dance

● Ready for a day in town with navy blue tunic dress, with tucked net trimming and white accessories



hat and a dashing knitted scarf of bright colors.

When she's busy about town in the daytime she prefers a dark silk tunic dress with collar and cuffs of tucked white net and a white hat with bag and shoes to match. Another daytime frock which shows off her slender lines is a simple one-piece model with a billowy collar of organdy that is topped with a small satin bow. Her advice to girls who want to look their best at the end of the summer season and whose clothes must be cool as well as smart, is to wear simple wardrobes that are fresh and feminine, to keep the hair well-groomed and makeup always smooth without being too accentuated.

Migrating from coast to coast in the interests of her career and social inclinations has presented its sartorial problems to Miss Faye. California has been so cool this summer that the attractive little lightweight frocks she purchased in New York have reposed in her closets until she packed for a Manhattan holiday and on her arrival in the East she found that the sort of wardrobe which was ideal for Los Angeles weather was definitely unsuited. So for those who are where the weather man is most kindly disposed she recommends light-weight woolen sports frocks and the clingy satin or crêpe evening clothes. While for those enduring the rising thermometer around New York she advises simple little dresses for daytime which can easily be laundered. Or, if you prefer dark clothes for town keep several collar sets on hand.

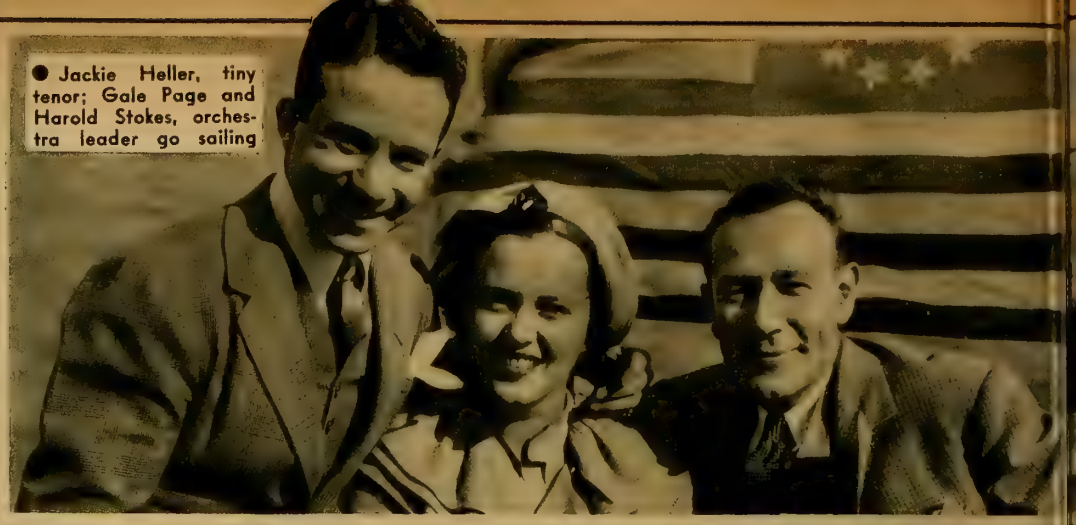




● Miss Faye travels in a black cloth two-piece suit trimmed with lightweight caracul collar; left, note the pert felt hat with its rolled back brim and two contrasting bands

Gets all dressed up

Down to the Sea in



● Jackie Heller, tiny tenor; Gale Page and Harold Stokes, orchestra leader go sailing



● The swashbuckling yachtsman is Curtis Arnall (Buck Rogers of the CBS studios) and he's about to climb the mast



● To the right, Sylvia Froos seated with Andre Baruch on the sunny sands while Pancho, popular Tango pilot looks on



● Fray and Braggiotti, famous piano team take two friends for a short cruise on Lake Michigan



● To the left Vivienne Segal, new recruit to the air waves from the stage, goes in for a dip between broadcasts



● Ozzie Nelson, the ork pilot, and Harriet Hilliard make a romantic twosome on the sands of a Jersey resort



● Here's Gertrude Niesen, perched behind her father with Ralph Wonders, on a fishing trip

Ships and Shorts



● Thar she Blows! But that doesn't frighten Adele Ronson who saw Buck Rogers at the same climbing stunt



● Adele Ronson and Curtis Arnall of the Buck Rogers program study maps on Buck's yacht



● Left, barefoot boy and girl are Frankie Masters, orchestra leader, with Lee Belmont, comparing their catch



● Vera Van is cultivating a mahogany tan on a Long Island Beach when she isn't singing blues into the mike



● To the right are Loretta Poynton, air actress and Cyril Pitts, Chicago radio singer, painting their speed boat



The ork pilot plays an accompaniment for his eight-year-old daughter, Mary Ann, who plays child roles at the Metropolitan Opera

Knocking at Don Bestor's Door





Don Bestor and his daughter when not rehearsing scores together, keep up on radio doings by perusing your own RADIO MIRROR



Breakfast at the Don Bestors, and they're all smiling. Mrs. Bestor was formerly Frankie Klassen, and theirs was a floor-show romance

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On PACIFIC

Latest happenings behind the microphones and gossipy tidbits

"HARRY," his mother calls him. "Bing" is the name by which he is best known. Some mean, irate husbands have been known to throw shoes at the receiving set and mutter something about "just another crooner."

But, girls, you'll just have to begin all over again and learn to call him Don Jose Bing Crosby. 'S a fact. Good old Bing has turned gentleman farmer.

● Curley-haired Barbara Merkley plays her harp on cross country programs on San Francisco's wavelengths



His home over on the edge of Tocula Lake near the edge of Hollywood has been doing fine service. But, now that the youngster is growin' up, and he has a private guard on watch, and people come and go at all hours of the day and night, the place isn't so big after all.

So early this summer Bing up and bought a good sized chunk of the Rancho Santa Fe holdings in San Diego County. It is near the Orange County Line, a two and a half hour ride from Los Angeles, and less than a dozen kilometers from the Pacific ocean.

There are 44 acres all told . . . count 'em. In the early days of the conquistadores the valley was a barren wilderness. In the days of the Spanish land grants thousands of acres were given to Don Mario Osuna. 'Tis said by those who know their history that the ranch buildings once sheltered General Pico's Mexican rangers in the war between Mexico and the United States. In the hey day of romantic California days it became the center for the Estudillos, the Alvarados, Picos, Bandinis and other pioneer social families.

A few years ago a real estate development dubbed the place Rancho Santa Fe and began to sell country estates. Bing not only bought some land, he went the others one better. He bought the part that has the original hacienda of Don Osuna, historic old adobe dwelling that was built in 1840. Don Jose Crosby plans to restore the place to the charm of earlier days with some tile roofs, straw-stuffed dobe bricks, wide verandahs, whitewashed walls and such.

During the warm summer months he has been busy looking the place over, supervising the planting of a few crops, putting up some buildings for the help, and taking some week-end holidays in the rolling valleys and commanding knolls.

Say, Don Crosby, how's chances of a bid to the place before you turn it into a dude ranch or somethin'?

Film chatterers, as this is being written, rush forth into print with the voluntary information that Mrs. Bing is scheduled to add twins to the Crosby roster in the summer. If this really happens while RADIO MIRROR is going to press that new rancho would make a swell nursery, what with kidnaping scares ranging 'round about. A barbed wire fence and a couple of machine guns would do the trick.

* * *

Now that we've told you about a radio singer who has turned gentleman farmer, how about hearing about a gentleman farmer who has turned singer? Who? Enrico Caruso, Jr., son of that beloved opera star of another generation.

This summer young Caruso did three "first nights" over KFWB in Hollywood. It was his first radio singing, his first radio interview and radio talk . . . all in one.

Enrico, now twenty-seven, lived for a time in France and Switzerland and for seven years in England. He made

BY DR. RALPH

the AIRWAVES

among the artists of the air studios along the West Coast

sixteen trips to the United States and for six years lived the life of a gentleman farmer on the Caruso estates near Florence in Italy. And, as hobbies, he played soccer, fenced and raced stock cars.

Three years ago he came to Hollywood and has been studying ever since. As the years go by, he looks more and more like his father . . . strong and robust, with a ruddy complexion and a penchant for developing his vocal ability.

Talkies offered the opportunity at Warner Brothers lot in the spring and he was starred in the Spanish version of Herbert's operetta "The Fortune Teller." He uses Spanish for the picture; English in broadcast and Italian for concert programs.

When you see the picture, remember that he has already made his radio debut, and some of these days you'll hear him on the national networks. Perhaps he has already made plans for a winter broadcast, while lolling on the sands during the summer days by the broad Pacific.

Anyway, he probably will not get microphonitis, which is highbrow for mike fright. A day or so before the KFWB broadcast the station put him on the air with a phoney name just to see how his voice sounded and to guard against possible microphone fright before the radio premiere. It worked.

And I almost forgot to tell you that young Caruso has been studying voice these past few years, and still is, with Adolf de la Huerta, former president of Mexico.

* * *

You've probably heard KNX with its brand new 50,000 watts. In fact you'd have to live in Bali, Pago Pago or some other isolated spot to escape it.

Mrs. Carter's boy, Jack, has been doing impersonations, song-talks and remote control announcing there for lo these many moons.

I think perhaps most people at a distance know him for his mike work at cafe spots but, to mention them by name would be too much of an ad for the eateries.

Anyway, Jack Carter was doing the announcing at an Italian restaurant over KNX not so long ago. Jack used to be an English music hall star and can wear a monocle with the best of 'em. He was waiting between numbers and humming to himself the strains of "You Ought to be in Pictures" and wondering why he wasn't.

Just then he spied a waiter getting a tip that ran into three figures. Seems as though a patron had made a big killing in oil that day and so he rewarded the faithful servitor who slung caviar et al to him.

So Jack rushed out, donned an apron, grabbed a napkin and tray. But, too late. Jack doesn't believe that opportunity knocks but once. He thinks there may be a repeat. So he wants to get on as a relief waiter in between his regular broadcast stints.

L. POWER

Though he was born in New York, KFRC's actor Tom Kelly must be Irish for all four grandparents were born in Dublin. Though only in the thirties, he has been starred in hundreds of plays ranging from the part of the Caliph in "Kismet" to the youthful hero in Tarkington's "Seventeen."

During war days he was in the heavy artillery and later headed the drama department in the Ithaca Conservatory of Music.

● Andy Andrews of Al Pearce's Gang illustrates his favorite signature song, "Personally I Like Spinach"





● Enrico Caruso, Jr., son of the famous singer, made his debut over the air this summer and has been heard several times over KFWB in Hollywood

While he has been heard recently on many drama programs from San Francisco, perhaps his best summer portrayal was the male lead in the CBS Pacific coast program called "Leaders of Tomorrow".

* * *

Clyde Doerr's house at Forest Hills, New York, stands vacant. That is, unless somebody showed up in August with something besides cigar coupons to use as money. And the Doerr saxophone octet, once a prime NBC favorite in New York, knows its leader no more.

It all came about earlier in the summer when Clyde and his wife started off for San Francisco to celebrate their seventeenth wedding anniversary. The better half packed a box of jellies and her hubby in the family chariot, and away they went to celebrate on the spot where they met and were married.

The place was chock full of memories for both of them. So many, in fact, that they stayed there and Clyde took on a music conductor's job with NBC in San Francisco. That is why the Clyde homestead at Forest Hills no longer sways to the resounding of sax moans, and why the octet boys are minus their leader. And it looks as though Clyde wouldn't go back at all, though of course Mrs. D. might exercise the feminine prerogative and change Clyde's mind.

But California is an old stamping ground for Mr. Doerr. He studied music in San Jose, was with Art Hickman's Orchestra in San Francisco and met the future Mrs. Doerr in the bay region during the early days of the war in '17. Later they moved to New York and settled down when he started with NBC.

But, after all, the west is just as much home to them as the east. The Doerr's have a music library in their eastern home valued at $25,000. They are debating how to get it out here on the coast. This ought to be a hot tip for some of the freight departments of bus, railroad and boat lines.

* * *

Salvatore Santaella ought to do some big things in a radio-musical way these fall months.

Ten years ago he made his Los Angeles radio debut over a small station where I was announcing. At that time he was pianist with Carli Elinor's concert orchestra.

In the intervening years he has been in radio and show work, but the last year or so has been beset with all sorts of trouble.

A couple of years ago he sued a young Hollywood lady for the return of some cash and presents. Seems as though, according to the press reports, "Sally" was cruising 'round in his chummy roadster and he waved his hand to a young lady on the street corner. She waved back in return. The court testimony seemed to indicate that each thought they knew the other . . . at least until he stopped the car and she got in.

To make a long story short, in the next few months the music director "loaned" the gal some money and jewelry. Of course she said in court he was an "Indian giver" and wanted 'em back.

The resultant notoriety kind of held Santaella to the background for awhile. Then he and his wife came to the parting of the ways.

Now all that is past and Salvatore Santaella is ready to conquer new worlds and start in all over again. Out here folks forget easily, and of course there is nothing to forgive, so I can safely predict that the senor will soon be back in his old stride again in a radio-musical way.

ON THE PACIFIC

AIR WAVES

Clark Dennis seems to be about the latest "rave" in Southern California for femme eavesdroppers. The good looking lad, who voted this year for the first time, hopped from his home in Flint, Michigan, to Los Angeles with a stop-over in Chicago. In the windy city he did some vocalizing with various orchestras and stations. The first few months in Los Angeles and at KHJ were not so hot for young Mr. Dennis. In fact, though his work was excellent, nobody seemed to give him a tumble.

But, as time went on, he annexed a manager or a publicity man, and things began to pick up. His favorite pose, nonchalantly grasping a cigarette in his fingers and gazing off into space, began to appear in print. And the sweet girl listeners began to give a listen or two.

So lately he has been featured on locals and also on Raymond Paige's cross country California Melodies CBS program from Los Angeles.

Dennis, in my opinion, is just as good a bet for the talkies as was Bing Crosby. After all, Bing is candid and says his break was due to providence. Dennis, with a little coaching and providing the old ego doesn't get the top hand, would be equally as good a find. Once a Chicago life guard during the summer, he likes to swim; has blond wavy hair, tips the scales at about 150 and is almost six feet tall. And, though I don't know whether to believe it or not, 'tis said he answers all his fan mail personally. Anyway, it only costs three cents to find out.

* * *

Ed Lowry used to munch popcorn when he was master of ceremonies for coast stage shows. But that was before the days of microphones, 'n' radio and public address systems. Now he chews gum instead and is making a radio success.

Of course chewing gum isn't a panacea for getting on the air. But, at least in Ed's case, it seems to have helped some.

At the tender age of seventeen Master Lowry was in Gus Edwards' "School Days" company and the same year he was married. Then, as Lowry and Prince, Mr. and Mrs. Lowry did a vodvil tour of their own with a "kid" act.

Now the missus has given up stage life, and Ed has gone over to radio with several NBC programs from 'Frisco to do the m. c. act. What with September here at last, he'll probably have to decide whether he will spend the winter on the air or doing some of those "seven-a-day" in theatres. My guess is that he'll stick with radio, because he's getting sort of fat and lazy and doesn't like to be on the move. Just another sign of approaching old age maybe.



● Dark-eyed Ella Stankevich tickles the ivories for the Russian programs over KGO. She's a graduate of the Moscow Conservatory of Music

* * *

Harry Barris and Loyce Whiteman have all the earmarks of staging a good radio comeback.

Years ago Harry, small, energetic, always up to something or other, was one of the original Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, along with Bing Crosby and Al Rinker.

They did a personal appearance tour that was a knockout. Nobody was on time. They couldn't get along with the house managers. Something was always in the wind and so inevitably the split came.

Then Barris did pretty fair for awhile on chain and in the talkies. But he is excitable, nervous, even temperamental, and rumor hath it that both the chains put up a ban against him two years ago for some reason or other.

Over at KTM, Los Angeles, Loyce Whiteman had the makings of a fair songster, though she wasn't so awfully aggressive. But somebody gave (*Continued on page 73*)

WE HAVE

● SUNDAY



● Yasha Davidoff, NBC's new bass singer, trained his voice in Russia

11:30 A. M. Major Bowes' Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
The father of variety air programs still offering tidbits of philosophy with music.

12:30 P. M. Radio City Music Hall Symphony—Radio City Symphony Orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.
Smoothly paced, well-balanced musical interludes.

1:30 P. M. Little Miss Bab-o's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
The big-voiced baby who's coming along.

2:00 P. M. Gene Arnold and the Commodores. WEAF and associated stations.
And he knows his notes.

3:00 P. M. Detroit Symphony Orchestra with Victor Kolar conducting. Also Wednesday at 9:00 P. M., Thursday at 4:00 P. M. and Saturday at 8:30 P. M. WABC and associated stations.
Symphonic programs for your own front porch.

3:00 P. M. Talkie Picture Time—sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware. (Luxor, Ltd.). WEAF and associated stations.
Movies without a screen

5:15 P. M. David Ross in Poet's Gold with orchestra conducted by Emery Deutch. WABC and associated stations.
Will tell you all about David next month.

5:30 P. M. The Hoover Sentinels Concert—Edward Davies, Baritone; Chicago a Capella choir direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
Of the better sort.

5:30 P. M. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson with Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.
Two favorites holding their own through the heat.

6:30 P. M. Guy Lombardo and his Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra. WEAF and network.
One of the leaders getting better all the time.

7:00 P. M. Silken Strings—Charles Previn and his orchchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.
All in the cause of smoothly-encased legs.

7:45 P. M. The Fitch Program—Irene Beasley, contralto. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
There's Dixie melody in her voice.

8:00 P. M. Chase and Sanborn Hour—Jimmy Durante, comedian, and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase and Sanborn Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.
Schnozzola with a dose of hot monologues.

● Ruth Robin, pretty singer, is heard with Charles Barnet's orchestra



8:00 P. M. George Jessel's Variety Hour. WABC and associated stations.
Jessel has certainly improved since his last series.

9:00 P. M. Manhattan Merry-Go-Round — Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Jacques Renard; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Pleasantly pleasing without too much excitement.

9:00 P. M. Gulf Headliners—Will Rogers; the Pickens Sisters; The Revelers Quartet; Al Goodman and his orchestra. (Gulf Refining Company). WJZ and associated stations.
An old lariat swinger taking enough rope.

9:00 P. M. Ward's Family Theatre, with Guest Stars, James Melton and Josef Pasternack's Orchestra. (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Jimmy's voice and good company.

9:30 P. M. American Album of Familiar Music—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, Soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer Aspirin). WEAF and associated stations.
A familiar aggregation who'll please you.

9:30 P. M. Tastyeast Theatre—one-act play with Tom Powers and Leona Hogarth; Marion Parsonet, director. WJZ and associated stations.
You furnish the footlights and just tune in.

9:30 P. M. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Ford Motor Company) WABC and associated stations.

EASTERN DAYLIGHT

WITH US—

Our old friend and he's in a class by himself.

10:00 P. M. Hall of Fame, guest artists; orchestra direction of Nat Shilkret. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.): WEAF and associated stations.

They're always thinking up pleasant surprises.

10:00 P. M. Madame Schumann-Heink and Harvey Hays. (Gerber & Co., Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

A grand old lady in a good spot.

10:00 P. M. Wayne King's Orchestra. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). Also Monday. WABC and associated stations.

The waltz monarch and it's so soothing.

10:30 P. M. "Forty-Five Minutes In Hollywood". (The Borden Company). WABC and associated stations.

An ether ride to cinema city.

11:15 P. M. Little Jack Little and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

The tiny singer grown up into an ork pilot.

12:15 A. M. Russ Columbo, baritone; Jimmy Grier's orchestra—from Hollywood. WEAF and network.

He's back again to enchant the romantic ones.



● Vivienne Segal, recruited from stage stardom, is heard with Abe Lyman

● MONDAY

10:00 A. M. Breen and de Rose—vocal and instrumental duo. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

A pair of veterans who still hold their public.

10:15 A. M. Bill and Ginger. (C. F. Mueller Company). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

A bright spot for Monday morning.

10:15 A. M. Clara, Lu 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

Those inimitable gossips who'll fit into any neighborhood.

5:30 P. M. The Singing Lady—Nursery jingles, songs and stories. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Call the kiddies.

5:30 P. M. Jack Armstrong—All American Boy. Daily except Sunday. (General Mills, Inc.—Wheaties). WABC and associated stations.

One of those little acorns growing into strong oaks.

5:45 P. M. Little Orphan Annie—Childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, Allan Baruck. Daily except Sunday. (Wander Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Who said Annie doesn't live here any more?

5:45 P. M. The Oxol Feature—with Gordon, Dave and Bunny. Also Wednesday. (J. L. Prescott Co.). WABC and associated stations.

A new trio trying to keep bright promises.

● Victor Young, popular director-composer on several programs



6:15 P. M. Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Hecker H-O Cereals). WABC and associated stations.

More bait for juvenile ears.

6:45 P. M. Dixie Circus—Uncle Bob Sherwood and Frank Novak's Orchestra. (Dixie Drinking Cups). WABC and associated stations.

The grand dad of the sawdust comedians.

7:15 P. M. Gene and Glenn—Comedy sketch Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

They're very, very good at last.

7:30 P. M. The Molle Show—Shirley Howard and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, Piano; Tony Callucci, guitar. Also Wednesday and Thursday. (Molle Shaving Cream). WEAF and associated stations.

A vaudeville show for the listening.

7:45 P. M. Frank Buck—dramatized jungle adventures—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WJZ and associated stations.

You can hear the lions roar.

7:45 P. M. Boake Carter—Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

An Oxford accent on New York headlines.

8:00 P. M. Kate Smith and orchestra conducted by Jack Miller. (Also

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday Programs Continued on Page 74

SAVING TIME



In the

Some of your favorite stars give you recipes they try out in their own kitchens when they want to keep cool and well nourished through the warmest months of vacation

● "Surprise!" says Charles Winninger (Cap'n Henry), away from the microphone, so you guess what he's roasting in his own kitchen oven

MANY of the radio stars are still on vacations, and will return to the air this fall. While away from the microphone they have not forgotten their friends in Radio Mirror Homemaking Department, and many new and unusual dishes are being perfected by your favorite cooks. When they come back to the ethereal waves you may enjoy their new programs, but in the meantime try these food suggestions in your home.

This month Connie Gates tells how she frys Fresh Tomatoes; Kate Smith, whose Chocolate Cake was claimed by all, gives the recipe for making the grandest Baking Powder Biscuits you have ever eaten; Andre Baruch shows the art of frying Blue Fish; and Phil Cook prepares an unusual Three Fruit Cocktail for your next dinner party, and many other new and delicious foods.

Sally Singer whose voice you like to hear over the NBC network tells you the secret of her White Cake that you will also like very well.

White Cake

1 cup sugar
½ cup crisco
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 egg whites
⅔ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon salt

Cream the sugar and crisco. Stir in alternately the flour and dry ingredients with the milk. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten frothy but not too dry. Add vanilla, and pour into greased layer cake pans, bake in 350° F. oven until delicately browned.

Adele Ronson, the Wilma Deering in Buck Rogers of the 25th Century program makes a very delightful Chocolate Cream Pudding.

Chocolate Cream Pudding

2 cups scalded milk
5 tablespoons cornstarch
⅓ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup cold milk
1½ squares of unsweetened chocolate
3 egg whites
1 teaspoon vanilla

Scald milk with chocolate, add cornstarch, sugar, and salt diluted with cold milk. Cook over hot water 20 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened; cool slightly; add to egg whites, beaten stiff but not dry; then add vanilla. Chill and serve with cream.

You enjoy Connie Gates' warbling tones over the CBS network and we promise you her Fried Fresh Tomatoes will be as well received in your homes.

Fried Fresh Tomatoes

5 tomatoes salt pepper

Slice the tomatoes in thin slices, or long pieces, season with salt and pepper. Place in hot buttered pan and fry slowly until slightly browned. A grand vegetable with meat

Stars' Kitchens

loaf, or a good luncheon for the children with home made biscuits, milk, and fruit.

Kate Smith is not only one of the most popular singers of the air, but she is also an exceptionally fine cook. Even her Baking Powder Biscuits are the best you have ever eaten, and this month Kate gives us her own recipe.

Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups white flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
4 tablespoons crisco
¾ to 1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening with finger tips or cut in with two knives. Add liquid and mix to a soft dough. Stir the milk in gradually. Toss onto a floured board, pat into shape and cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a hot oven 450° F. until delicately browned. Brush over each biscuit with milk, before placing pan in the oven to have biscuits brown well.

Little Jack Little, whose voice can't come over the ether waves any too often for many of you fans, wants you to try his Baked Chicken with Tomato Sauce.

Baked Chicken With Tomato Sauce

Butter well a baking dish; arrange in this layers of sliced chicken that has been previously cooked, boiled rice, and tomato sauce. Cover these with buttered crumbs, and bake in a hot oven 400° F. until crumbs are nicely browned, and the chicken, rice, and the tomato sauce are very hot.

Andre Baruch, who is the best cook among the men for the month of September, makes Fried Blue Fish as only an expert might do. His formula is simply followed and you may easily become efficient in the art of frying fish.

Fried Blue Fish

Clean, and wipe the fish as dry as possible. Sprinkle with salt, dip in flour, egg and crumbs. Use an oil to fry the fish to avoid unpleasant fumes, and decrease the possibility of burning. Tartare Sauce, or Hollandaise Sauce is particularly tasty with Blue Fish.

Ted Fiorito, the West Coast maestro does equally marvelous feats with his cooking, as with that very popular orchestra of his. This recipe for Sand Tarts is well liked by the radio entertainers.

Sand Tarts

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1¾ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg white
½ cup blanched almonds
1¼ teaspoons sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

Cream butter, add sugar slowly, egg and flour, sifted with the baking powder. Chill, roll about 1/6 of an inch thick, and shape with doughnut cutter. Brush over with egg white, sprinkle with the mixed sugar and cinnamon; split the almonds and arrange several pieces on each cooky. Place on a buttered sheet, and bake in a 325° F. oven about eight minutes.

If you like to serve unusual fruit cocktails for the first course of your dinner, the very eminent star, Phil Cook, gives this Three Fruit Cocktail.

Three Fruit Cocktail

5 tablespoons grapefruit juice
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar syrup
Salt
½ cup charged water
Crushed ice
Mint

Mix the ingredients in a cocktail shaker; put crushed ice in the cocktail glasses, pour in mixture and serve immediately. Garnish each cocktail with a few tiny sprigs of mint. This makes about four cocktails.

● Kate Smith admits she likes to eat what she cooks herself but so does everybody who visits her. She's queen of cooks



DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

Labor Day Luncheon



Courtesy of Ovington's

● Simplicity marks this perfectly appointed luncheon table with cool glass for the last summer holiday

THIS is the final day of our summer holiday, and so we shall have an especially gala time. Our entertaining for this season will end with a delightfully cool, and refreshing luncheon for Labor Day. Every course is cold and simply served, so that a large group of friends may enjoy your hospitality without causing great fuss and work.

The luncheon is a most informal meal, with a bowl of garden flowers on the table for the centerpiece, or a well-arranged bowl of fresh fruits may be used for your country or shore home if no flowers are available. A colorful, cool luncheon cloth and napkins with dishes and silverware of a simple pattern are quite correct.

Our service of the foods is most important. The salad should be attractively arranged on the lettuce, and the Meringue Glace perfectly browned and well shaped. In the summer, more than at any other time of the year, the appeal to the eye is very important and light food combinations are more readily chosen than a heavy five- or six-course meal.

We have planned this Labor Day luncheon with all of these points in mind, and your guests will greatly appreciate the thoughtfulness of your entertaining and you will be pleased at its success.

This menu may be used for a luncheon or omit the iced consommé and serve in the evening with an ice instead of the Meringue Glace for late refreshments. It's not only what you make but how you (*Continued on page 77*)



● Honey Deane, NBC's sweet singer, considers well-groomed hands most important to any women's appearance

THE LURE OF *Lovely Hands*

WE are attracted to a woman with a beautiful face. Correct attire is undoubtedly one of her greatest assets, her perfect coiffure is indeed her crowning glory, but without lovely hands and nails she is lacking in one of the most natural and charming features of feminine beauty.

We suggest a comparatively easy method to beautify the hands, and also to maintain their youthfulness. There are several lotions to prevent redness and chapping that will keep the hands soft, smooth, and white. A milk or almond cream is one of the greatest natural preservatives. If your cuticle is not as exquisitely conditioned as you desire, a cream may be applied every night to correct it. Elizabeth Arden shows an interesting pair of soft rubber, carefully fitted gloves to be worn all night that will make the hands especially soft and white. If you are annoyed by wrinkled elbows well fitted straps will make the elbows smooth and white.

Now that the hands are well cared for the nails may be just as simply shaped and taken care of. Nail biting is an atrocious habit, and drastic measures must be used to avoid this habit becoming permanent. For children, or persons biting the nails after a severe strain, they should be painted with tincture of aloes, or wrapped in bandages.

Another undesirable feature that is common to the nails is white spots which may be removed and no longer mar the beauty of your nails. (*Continued on page* 78)

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

BY CHASE GILES

CHICAGO

MABEL ALBERTSON has a cat named Daisy. Mabel is the leading lady of Phil Baker's Friday night Armour Hours over the National Broadcasting Company's networks. The cat is slightly nuts. Mabel was telling some of her friends about the feline. Said Mabel: "He—I found out he was a he after I'd named him Daisy—he jumps straight up and down in the air. He drinks ginger ale—and anything stronger whenever he can get it. He insists upon one night a week out and when he rolls home along toward dawn he's usually growling ferociously or purring contentedly. If he's growling he stops along the way to chase all the loose dogs up trees. I have to keep him in the house most of the time . . . just to protect the dogs in the neighborhood, y'know. I had a long argument with him before I finally agreed to let him have that one night a week out. Now, early Sunday mornings he comes steaming up the walk singing the feline version of 'Sweet Adeline' and reeling from fire plug to lamp post."

In the background of the gang to which Mabel was telling the story was a stranger. Quietly he listened. Quietly he pulled a card from his pocket. He wrote something on the card, handed it to Mabel. Mabel read:

Officers of the
BURLINGTON LIARS' CLUB
after due consideration of evidence
submitted do declare that
MABEL ALBERTSON
is a full fledged LIAR, entitled to
every consideration from LIARS everywhere.
(Signed) O. C. Hulett, President.

"Liar's Club?" said Mabel. "Well, I declare. But that's true. My cat really does all those crazy things."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Hulett, reaching for the card. He brought out a different card from his pocket. He wrote Mabel's name on it. Gravely he handed it to her. She read it. It was the same as the first card . . . except it had an added line on it:

"HONORARY MEMBER OF OUR CLUB FOR LIFE"!

* * *

LOBSTER VS. ICE CREAM

Ted Weems and his band who have been playing of late at the Palmer House in Chicago were on tour when this story occurred. They checked into Scranton, Pa., to play a date. Mr. and Mrs. Weems went down to dinner. Eleanor is Mrs. Weems' first name but Ted and her intimates call her Emmie Schmaltz instead. Emmie ate a big lobster dinner. For dessert she ordered ice cream.

"O, don't do that, Emmie", said Ted. "Don't you know lobster and ice cream make people ill?"

The waiter butted in as waiters will. "Oh.

● Ray Perkins, popular broadcaster, looks over Shanghai Streets at the World's Fair



BREEZES

Latest gossip and news along the Middle West ether lanes

no, Mr. Weems," he said. "We serve that combination a lot. Why, most of our banquets are lobster dinners and everyone has ice cream for dessert. I never heard of anyone at any of those banquets getting sick from it."

So Eleanor had her ice cream. Ted went to work and Mrs. Weems went up to their rooms in the hotel. An orchestra man's wife leads a pretty lonely life when the band is on tour. Usually they don't know people in the towns where the band is playing. There's no place to go, not much to do. They read, write letters and lay around the hotel rooms. Eleanor picked up a magazine and started to read.

All of a sudden she felt dizzy, terribly dizzy. The chair she was sitting in started to rock. She looked up. The bed was weaving up and down. On the walls the pictures started to dance a macabre. The floor was billowing like the waves of the sea.

"Oh, oh," thought Eleanor, "lobster and ice cream!"

She staggered to the telephone and ordered a bottle of magnesia, a big bottle. When it came she drank the whole thing. She wondered if she was in for a swell case of food poisoning there in the hotel room in a strange town. The band was to pack up and move on to the next date early the next morning. Wouldn't it be great if she had to stay there in the hotel or move into the local hospital!

The attack of dizziness seemed to pass. Gradually things became normal again. The pictures stopped dancing, the floor became a floor again, the bed stopped trying to take off. And Eleanor heaved a sigh of relief. But she made a promise to herself right then and there . . . never again would she eat lobster and ice cream at the same meal again.

She was drowsing over her magazine when Ted returned to their rooms, the Weems work for the evening done. He burst into the room.

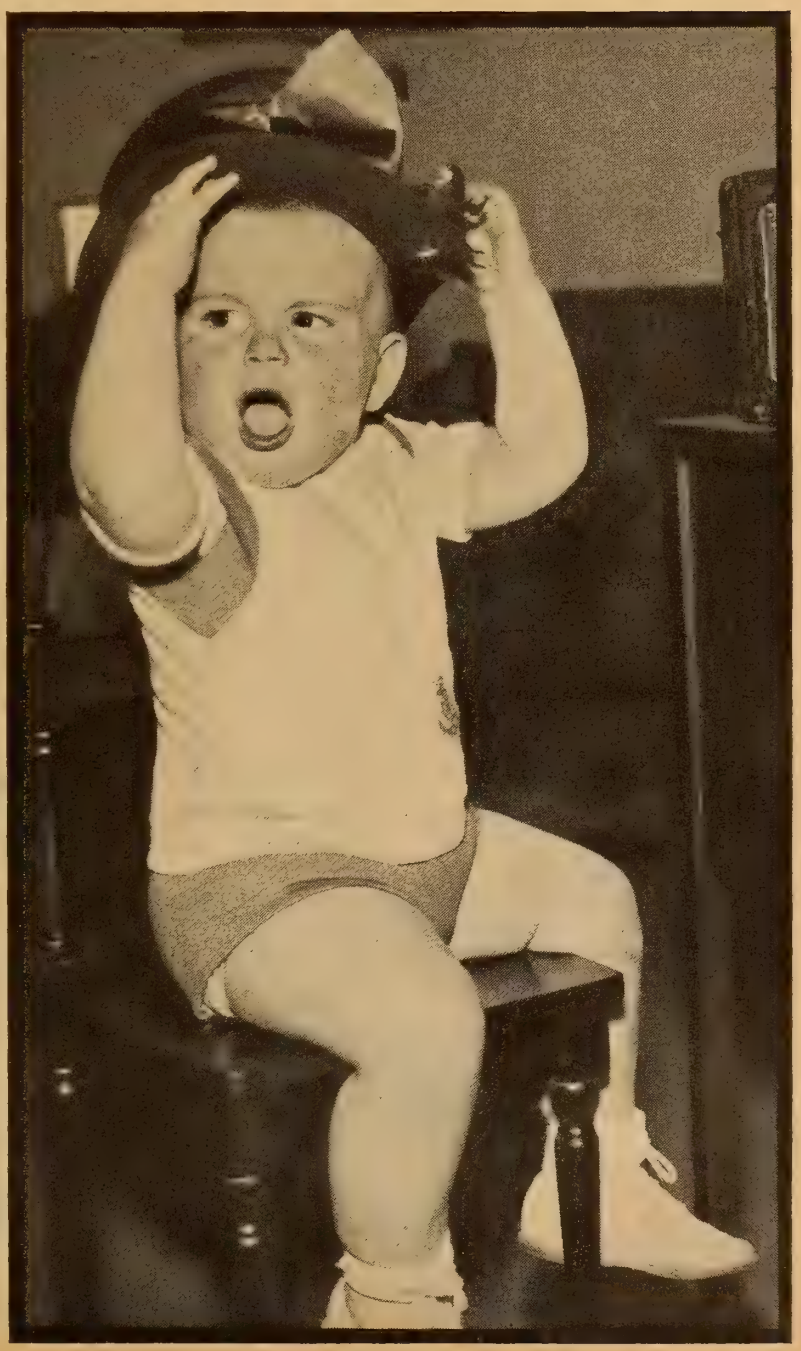
"Hi, there, Emmie," said Ted. "Say, what did you think of our swell earthquake?"

* * *

TOPSY AND EVA

Wonder if you knew that the Duncan Sisters of "Topsy and Eva" fame were among the first stage people ever to broadcast? No? Well, they were. And it happened right here in Chicago back in 1924. The Duncans were playing "Topsy and Eva" at the Garrick Theater. KYW ran lines into the theater building and fitted them up with a little radio studio right there. The Duncans went on the air afternoons between the matinee and the evening show. Before the broadcasts began the show was slowly dying. After they started broadcasting it became an immediate hit. Here are a couple of stage people who will always swear by—not at—radio. No one can kid them into thinking radio hurts the stage. They saw it make their own show a success when all else failed. (*Continued on page* 000)

● Tiny George Roen, actor of "Today's Children" is only eighteen months old



What do you want to know about your favorite Radio stars? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City

HOW old is Tom Waring? Is he Married?—L. S., Baltimore.

He's single and thirty-one. Does that make you happy?

What is Mary Lou's real name? Is She married? What is her address?—Dorothea R., Lisbon, Me.

Muriel Wilson and she's not married. Write her at the National Broadcasting Co., Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Will you please tell me how long we'll have to do without our dear friend, Bing Crosby on the air? Bridgeport sure will be lonesome for his Monday night programs?—Jeane C., Bridgeport.

He'll be back in the fall. Give poor Bing a break. He's been working hard and needs the rest.

Why doesn't Russ Columbo broadcast any more? Does he expect to resume his broadcasting?—M. Y., Reading, Pa.

He's on the air now, singing from the Los Angeles studios.

Our club would appreciate your telling us where to write to get a photograph of the tenor, Richard Barry who sings on the air and makes Victor records?—The Cauldrons.

Care of Henry Busse's Orchestra, Columbia Studios, Chicago.

Kindly let me know what programs James Wallington announces as he is my favorite announcer. I am a great admirer of this magazine, Radio Mirror.—Mrs. L. E. H., Queens Village, L. I.

Jimmy and R. M. both thank you. He announces the Fleischmann Hour, "Let's Listen to Harris", the Hudson program, Chase and Sanborn with Eddie Cantor and Lowell Thomas.

Will you kindly tell me who Betty is on the Betty & Bob program. Is she married?—C. E. S., Springfield, Mass.

Beatrice Churchill and she's still "Miss".

Radio Mirror certainly was great this month. I like the new features very much, especially "What Do You Want to Know?" Well, here's what I want to know. When and where was Don Ameche born? Is he married? To whom?—Lucille D., Rochester, N. Y.

He was born in Kenosha, Wisc. on May 31, 1908 and he's married to Honore Prendergast. Come again, Lucille.

Who plays the role of Spencer Dean in "Crime Clues"?—Ruth B. M., Baltimore, Md.

Edward Reese.

Please tell me something about Lanny Ross's brother. I am very interested. Are Conrad Thibault and Annette Hanshaw engaged?—R. S., Brooklyn.

Lanny's younger brother is Winston, a stage actor in London who once played here in "Mrs. Moonlight". He's good looking too. No, Conrad and Annette Hanshaw are not engaged.

I am very fond of Lanny Ross and would like to know if he's as good-looking in real life as he is in his pictures? Is he going to make any more movies?—Doris G., Wenonah, N. J. Does Lanny Ross have false teeth? Where can I get a picture of him? When is Enric Madriguera on the air?—I. O. V., Mo.

The girls think Lanny's even better looking than his photograph and we'll take their word for it. He's going to make "College Humor" for Paramount. Goodness, no—he has beautiful even white teeth. Write him at NBC Studios, New York or at his own office, 598 Madison avenue, New York. Madriguera's gone to Europe and will return to the air in the fall. Now that takes care of the thirty or forty other inquirers on these two subjects.

Could you please tell us the age of Tiny Ruffner and Captain Henry?—C. D. and C. B., New Orleans, La.

Tiny's just thirty-five and Captain Henry is past sixty.

Be an angel and tell me about Ray Heatherton, will you?—Virginia G., Stamford, Conn.

We can't promise to be an angel, exactly but we'll tell you about Ray. He was born in Jersey City on June 1, 1909, he's not married, charming and handsome and likes riding.

Will you please give me a short biography of Annette Hanshaw and Jessica Dragonette?—E. Horton, Chicago.

You can read all about Jessica in this issue and we think it is a good story. As to Annette she's a native New Yorker born on October 18, 1910. She's descended from an old West Virginia family and inherits her musical ability from her father. She was educated in a convent, studied art at the National Academy of Design. She never studied music and can't read a note but won a commercial without an audition—through her phonograph records. She likes





WANT TO KNOW?

chocolate pudding, evening clothes, Dorothy Parker's poetry, cooking, dancing, movies, expensive perfumes, Eugene O'Neill and her brother, Frankie. She dislikes thunder, bugs, black walnuts, green, diets and public appearances. Now isn't that enough?

How can I direct a letter to Rudy Vallee? What is Will Osborne's theme song?—D. McM., Brooklyn.

Mr. Vallee's office is at 111 West 57th Street, New York and Will Osborne's theme song is "Lover".

To settle an argument will you please tell me the maiden name of Mrs. Morton Downey and where Morton met her?—T. R., St. Louis.

She was Barbara Bennett, sister to Constance and Joan. They met while they were working together in one of the nearly musical sound pictures made in New York.

To whom is Fred Waring married and have they any children?—Harriet L., Seattle, Wash.

To Evalyn Nair, a dancer. They're expecting a blessed event soon.

Have George Burns and Gracie Allen any children?—Fred S., Santa Barbara.

No, but they're planning to adopt one.

Were George Olsen and Ethel Shutta ever married before they married each other?—Helen B., Austin, Tex.

Ethel was married and divorced. It was George's first marriage.

I heard that Kate Smith is married but that she doesn't want her public to know it. Is that true?—J. L., Detroit.

If Kate were happily married she wouldn't keep it a secret. No, she's single and don't you believe anything else.

I have read several conflicting stories about Ruth Etting's husband and want you to tell us the truth because we'll believe what you say.—Irene H., Minneapolis.

Aren't you the flatterer, Irene! Ruth is married to Colonel Moe Snyder, a former Chicago politician who is now managing Ruth's business affairs and doing a good job of it, too.

When will George Hall and his orchestra be back in New York and on the air? Will Loretta Lee be with them?—J. L., East Paterson, N. J.

They're back this month and Miss Lee's still warbling with them.

Was Ted Husing's wife a radio performer and have they any children?—D. C., Philadelphia.

No, she is not a professional. They have a daughter, nine years old.

Where is Eddie Cantor this summer and will he be back on the air?—George D., Boston.

He's out in Hollywood, making a picture for Sam Goldwyn and he'll be back on the radio this fall.

I heard Dolores Del Rio on the air and want to know if that's her real name or if she took it for her movie career?—Norma C., Portland, Me.

Her first husband was named Jaimee Del Rio. He died in Europe. She used her own first name and her marriage name for her movie work.

Is it true that Rosemary and Priscilla Lane are sisters to the other Lane Sister team I used to see on the stage?—Frances Q., San Francisco.

There are five Lane sisters all together. Lola who's now a movie star and Lolita used to be known on the stage as the Lane Sisters. Now the younger Priscilla and Rosemary are teaming together. And they're all beautiful.

Where can I address a letter to Ruth Etting now?—Margaret G., Haverstraw.

At the R-K-O Studios in Hollywood.

Can you please tell me something about Jackie Heller? His age? Is he married?—Eve and Betty, East Haven, Conn.

He was born May 1, 1908 and is single. Ben Bernie gave him his first big air chance and he's been climbing upward each season.

Who are Betty and Bob and does Bob play on the First Nighter program? I think they both are grand.—J. L. M. L., Portland, Ore.

Beatrice Churchill plays Betty and Don Ameche is Bob. Yes, Ameche is leading man on all "First Nighter" programs.

Is the Ted Webb on Fred Allen's "Hour of Smiles" the same one who announces over WNEW, Newark?—Ellen E. C., Bridgehampton, L. I.

Theodore Webb on the "Hour of Smiles" does not announce on any station.

By the oracle, who'll try to tell you all the things you've been wanting to know about broadcast stars, programs and personalities

"OUR PUBLIC"

TUNE IN!

The tired business man who rests comfortably in his favorite chair and tunes in on his pet broadcasts; the isolated invalid to whom her radio is her only contact with the outside world; the highbrows who want operas and lectures; the younger generation crying for more of Lombardo, Crosby and Fred Waring—they're all handing out their plaudits and making their complaints this month.

If criticism, sincerely and honestly written is any indication then the radio executives should be satisfied that their listeners all over the country are as keenly and actively concerned with their ether entertainment as when their receivers were a first novelty. The thousands of letters from every state in the union, from Canada, Hawaii, from Bermuda and Mexico all testify to the importance of air programs in the everyday life of countless citizens.

We asked for it and we got it—an avalanche of opinions, covering every feature of broadcasting. They've panned the artists and praised them; they've criticized the ether bosses and complimented some of the sponsors.

AND WE WELCOME IT! In fact we invite them to go further and say exactly what they think about all the individual broadcasters and the various programs to which they listen.

It's the only way we can find out just what the public thinks of its air entertainment.

Remember this is your department—it belongs to every reader of RADIO MIRROR, the spot where you speak your mind, and don't be afraid of the truth. Also, don't hesitate to ask for what you don't see in your RADIO MIRROR. It's your magazine and we want you to like it!

Not only are we anxious to have your opinions but we'll pay you for them. The best letter of criticism or commendation on radio programs, or for suggestions on how to improve radio broadcasting will receive TWENTY DOLLARS; the second best, TEN DOLLARS and the next five ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Letters are to contain not more than 200 words and should be addressed to CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

This month's prize letters are:

$20.00 PRIZE

Radio would be just about perfect if the following annoyances could be banished from the air waves:

The lady who sobs on the shoulder of a defenseless microphone.

The man who recites his song instead of singing it. (This one should be tarred and feathered).

The emotional actress who emotes "Pawst" for past when she is fully aware we know her real name is Minnie Putz.

The crackling paper as the promising political aspirant turns page after page of his parrot-speech.

The sickening pause, during which the hero is supposed to be osculating the heroine.

Queries and answers where speakers are reading their parts.

Infants, who tax one's nervous system with their addresses to Mammas and Papas and Cousin Sophies on the air.

RADIO MIRROR stands at the mecca in its field.

BARBARA CECRLE,
Chicago, Ill.

$10.00 PRIZE

These fussbudgets who are always and forever kicking about advertising talk over the radio give me a pain.

They are asked to listen to a few minutes advertising in return for many, many minutes of genuine entertainment. And they squawk—wildly and loudly.

All right—but where would our splendid programs of today be without the backing of these same advertisers. How could we listen to the highest priced comedians and singers—the great symphonies of the world—opera—the voices of science and medicine and education—if it were not for these few minutes advertising talk the sponsor so apologetically inserts in his program.

I, for one, am always willing to listen to their little say—however boring it might be—for I understand that they must get something in return for what they give, and that something is our attention for just a few moments.

It's fair and square, isn't it? They give you what you want; good, splendid radio entertainment, and you give them what they want: a few minutes indulgence and attention.

Now for just a few words about RADIO MIRROR. Of course I like it—who wouldn't. It's the finest magazine of its kind—a regular Who's Who of Radioland, a program guide, and fiction entertainment, all in one. Keep up the good work in bringing us the latest in the radio world and its people.

CARL MOORE,
Eureka, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

We, at my home, are great lovers of music. The radio has finally provided us with the variety and quality of musical entertainment that an assiduously wound-up phonograph and a much-punished baby grand never could supply. We enjoy each program intensely, popular and high-brow, and the galaxy of artists that is brought to us.

But . . . would it be possible for announcers to give us information about a presentation *after* we have judged it, rather than before? In the case of an artist, we may not wax attentive until we discover we are attracted to his style. And in the presentation of musical numbers, it would be something of a mental gymnastic to attempt to "hold" each title in mind until we determine whether or not it pleases.

As an amateur musician, I often would like to purchase the sheet music or recording of a new discovery. But, alas, its title and composer, are gone, too soon!

So, to sum up, I believe that following up a performance with an identification would lead to greater audience appreciation and intelligence. And after all, isn't that the artistic aim of radio?

DOROTHY D. WILLETTE,
Minneapolis, Minn.

$1.00 PRIZE

This is my third copy of the RADIO MIRROR. Last month I intended to write and ask you for some less well-known Eastern talent, and a little more of our own beloved stars and announcers, and lo! and behold, this month I received it without asking!

I'm a rabid radio fan, and my personal opinion is, that if the kickers would look around their dials practically any time of the day or night, they would find anything they were looking for! I think the studios are putting a fine, well balanced broadcast on the air every day, and still keep on improving day by day.

The RADIO MIRROR has their improvement in, as far as I am concerned, so put my name on your list of satisfied customers and permanent readers, please!

MRS. VERN S. BROUSE,
Chicago, Ill.

BROADCASTING

$1.00 PRIZE

I am curious to know how many ardent fans like myself would like to hear educational programs arranged for busy adults who love music (not Jazz), but who have neither time nor opportunity to study? Such programs, scheduled for the evening to include office people, should cover the motives and melodies that make up classical music, and should pave the way for keener appreciation of good music. Most music lovers take this art for granted, and music is scheduled for those who already are familiar with it. Anyone who has acquired his entire musical education from the radio as I have done will thoroughly enjoy a weekly program which lays the foundation for true appreciation of heavier music.

And why must radio stations observe daylight saving time? We who live on the Pacific Coast find that all our favorite programs from the east are off the air by the time we are able to settle down for a comfortable evening.

H. A. Isaac,
Portland, Oregon.

$1.00 PRIZE

Personally, I like the advertising when it is not overdone. There are many wonderful products that I knew nothing about that I discovered by listening to radio programs. I sent for samples or investigated, and am now using many things which have become indispensable to me and my family. I am grateful that so many artists in every line, whom I would have known only by name, have been introduced to me in this way. The same thing is true of speakers, music, news events, etc. A listener can always tune off, and get an electrical transcription or something worthwhile, when he gets tired of a program.

My chief criticisms are: 1—Loud, noisy voices; 2—Long introductions to a program. I like the programs that start right in, like "Amos 'n' Andy", for instance, or a Wayne King program; 3—Chestnut jokes; 4—Raucous laughter; 5—Wasted time in too much wisecracking, which might go over well on a vaudeville program, but is lost on the airways.

Miss Emeroi C. Stacy,
Portland, Oregon.

$1.00 PRIZE

I do research work and a recent survey was in regard to radio data.

The opinion seems to prevail that interesting programs may be dialed at almost any time, but that there is a dearth of Saturday evening entertainment for a quiet home folk who do not dance.

Jazz, blues singers, and boop-a-doopers received the "blackest eyes," and some family heads complained that their children were so intent on the children's programs at the dinner hour that it interfered with their eating.

Musical programs are most popular for busy hours because people like being entertained without trying to catch words. Forenoon broadcasts, however, seem practically wasted, afternoons slightly better, but from six o'clock on is the great listening-in period.

A radio feature desired by many women is a series of talks by wives of prominent men, about their husbands' home lives.

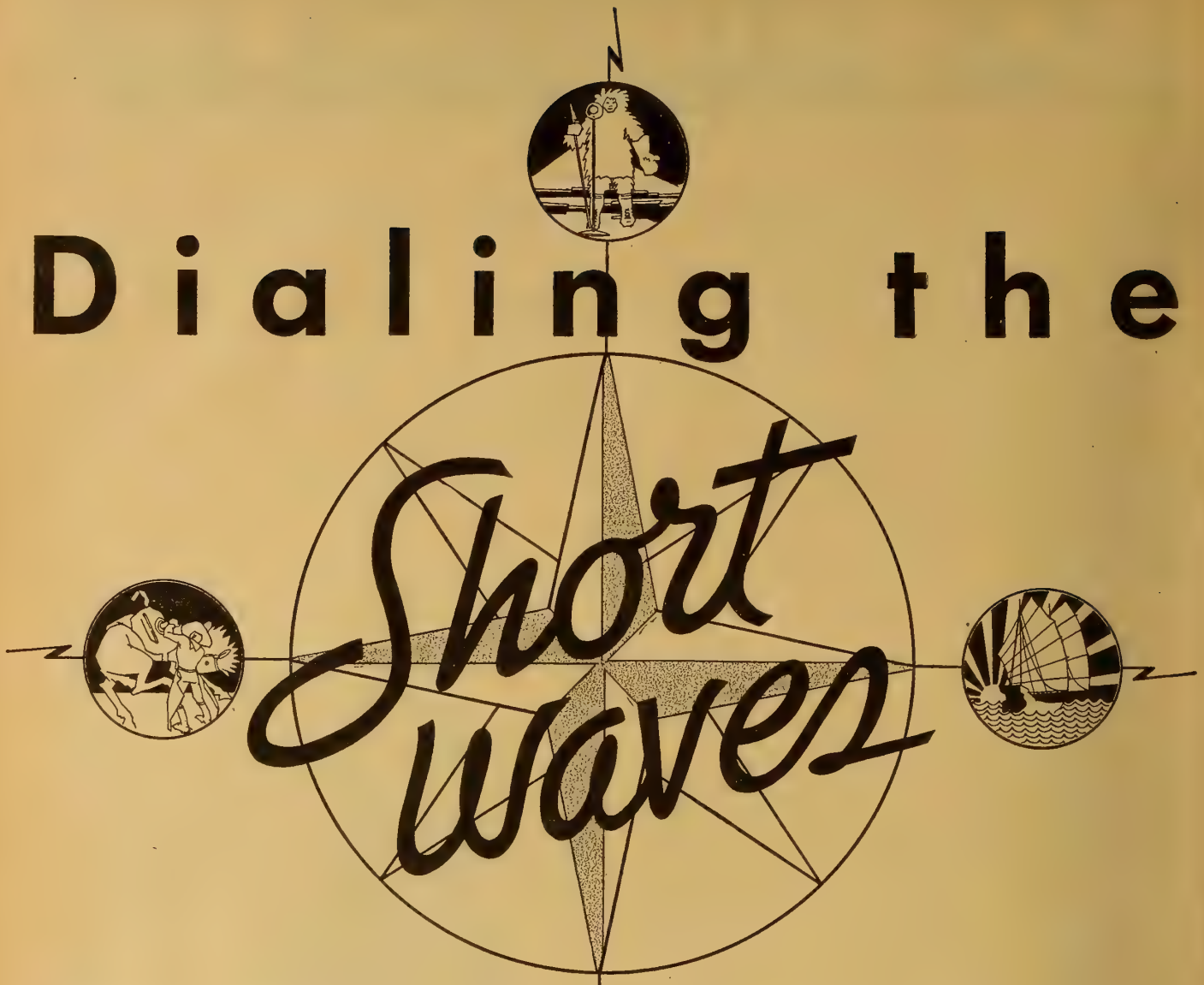
"A radio education for a thin dime" is the way a friend of mine expressed his delight over Radio Mirror. It spotlights the most interesting events and the most charming people on the air, and to me it is a rendezvous where I meet the radio world face to face.

Tracy E. Ruppe,
Mifflinburg, Pa.

● Johnnie Davis and "Poley" McClintock make their living playing in Fred Waring's band, but here they're just horses to Priscilla Lane's "giddyap"



Dialing the Short Waves



IF members of your family complain when you sit up until 5:00 A. M., you can at least point with pride to the fact that you're in mighty good company.

Among the members of the Short Wave Fraternity are the son of a former President of the United States, a world-famous aviator, an internationally known inventor, one of America's leading surgeons, a financial genius, any number of radio and stage stars, several diplomats, the greatest living writer of detective stories, the foremost authority on etiquette, and nearly everybody who has bought a radio set since all-wave receivers were first put on the market.

The Short Wave Fraternity, of which you are a member—you wouldn't be reading this department if you weren't—includes the most interesting group of people in the world. Let's take a glance at a few of the more prominent men and women who find enjoyment and relaxation in pulling in signals from the far corners of the earth. Many of them, incidentally, are real, dyed-in-the wool "hams", owning their own licensed amateur stations, through which they can talk to other short wave enthusiasts in all parts of the world.

First we find Herbert Hoover, Junior, son of the former President of the United States.

He is not only a short wave listener, but is an amateur as well, operating a transmitter from his home in California. But the Hoovers are too well known to warrant a repetition of Herbert Junior's biography here. Maybe you'll pick him up some night, though.

In the meantime, let's meet one of the other "hams" (the term by which amateurs refer to each other).

Perhaps the most famous is Frank Hawks, the aviator, who flew from California to New York in twelve hours, twenty-five minutes and three seconds, establishing a world's record for the trip, on August 13, 1930.

Chief Hawks—for he was made an honorary chief of the Sioux Indians a year after his record-breaking flight—should have had his fill of speedy travel, for he has hurled himself from city to city in his racing plane, establishing more point-to-point records than any other man in the history of aviation. But no; he rides the air even when not flying, for he is an ardent short wave fan, operating transmitter and receiver.

Hawks was born in Marshalltown, Iowa, on March 28, 1897, and entered the United States Air Service, where he served as an instructor until 1919, when he left to become adviser on aviation for the Texas Company—the same concern that sponsors Ed Wynn in his Fire Chief broadcasts. The (*Continued on page* 80)

$500.00

SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER

SIXTY-SEVEN CASH PRIZES FOR WINNING ENTRIES

HERE is the second set of scrambled personality composite pictures. Reassembling and identifying them will take you two-thirds through the contest when you add them to last month's pictures. If you entered last month you need no further information. If you did not enter last month you still have ample time to get into the money. Read the rules carefully. Then unscramble the four composites below. Put the resulting pictures aside until the final set is published next month. In the meantime, if you are a new reader of RADIO MIRROR and did not see last month's issue, send a request to the address in Rule 6 and Set No. 1 will be forwarded to you gratis. Solve it as you have this month's set and you will be on even terms with the field. Don't miss this opportunity to pick up some easy money. Your chance to win is excellent. If you can use some extra cash get into this game right now!

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$200.00
SECOND PRIZE	100.00
FIVE PRIZES, *Each* $10.00	50.00
TEN PRIZES, *Each* $5.00	50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, *Each* $2.00	100.00
TOTAL 67 PRIZES	$500.00

THE RULES

1 Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a set of composite pictures of well-known radio personalities.

2 Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3 For the nearest correctly assembled, named and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits RADIO MIRROR will award $500.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4 Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.

5 Below each portrait write the name of the person it represents.

6 When your entry is complete send it by first-class mail to SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST, RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7 No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8 Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9 All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 15, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

SET No. 2



Name .....

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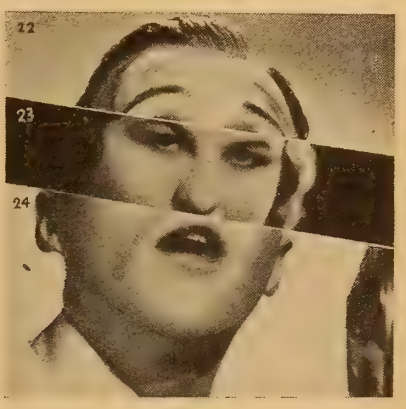
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Name .....

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WATCH FOR THE FINAL COMPOSITES NEXT MONTH!

Harry Richman's Hundred Loves

(*Continued from page 7*)

deceptive, for Harry's claim to fame rests distinctly with the night clubs. He has starred in plays and pictures, and his rousing songs have sent thrilling quivers along the air waves. But his success dates from the days, and nights, of the Club Wigwam. And the greatest monument to his achievement is the Club Richman, the only night spot ever named for an entertainer. It was Harry's own club, and although he doesn't work there any more, the lights still blaze through the night in unending tribute to a boy who made good.

Perhaps his career had its actual genesis in the kid days when a music-loving family forced its young hopeful through the childish tortures of piano practice. Such trifles affect life. At four he was running those scales. And he ran 'em for years afterward. In school he pounded out the march music to which the other youngsters trooped into the auditorium. From such small beginnings Richman grew. If it hadn't been for that do-re-mi business Harry might have been a truck-driver, a lifeguard, a clothing salesman, or, by preference, a pugilist. He has delved a little into each occupation. Then, again, he might have completed the electrical engineering course which he took at the Ohio Mechanics Institute. As it was he wearied of this routine, and was discovered by the family pawing the ivories of a dance hall music box. That was the blow-off, and when the smoke cleared, Harry didn't live there any more.

HE tried Chicago, and teamed with a fiddler called Remington. Things seemed on the up-beat when a booker got the combination twenty bucks for three days work. And this soft touch was followed by an even more lucrative engagement. Fifty a week for twelve weeks! The boys were in the money. And Harry's heart was freed of the fear that he might have to return to Cincy and the job of driving a delivery truck for a Mr. Cohen, who was in the shoe business.

But somehow or other Richman and Remington failed to slay 'em, or even to lay 'em in the aisles. Briefly, the team failed to arouse the enthusiasm of the yokels on the tiny-time circuit. They stayed away from the theatres in great numbers. The act was cancelled. The team split up. Harry still wanted to be a piano player. But at the moment it seemed expedient that he give his undivided attention to the job he seecured in the cloak and suit industry. Then about this time, things got all noisy on the Western Front, and Richman changed from job to gob. He joined the Navy. But he didn't see the world. He sang his way through the war, for Uncle Sam decided that Harry'd be a bigger help as a singer than a shooter. And Uncle Sam was right.

After the Armistice, Bert Lytell, mustered out of the Army, continued to serve his country in a Los Angeles Victory Loan drive. Bert was in command of a regulation Army tank enthusing the citizenry with sufficient patriotic fervor to make them shell out their shekels. Let Bert tell it:

"Our tank sold more Victory Bonds than any of the others for the simple reason that we had a singing sailor aboard. This boy wowed 'em wherever and whenever he appeared. Dressed in his sailor's uniform he climbed on the tank and sang "The Rose of No Man's Land" and others of the war songs. When he got through, gosh, how the money rolled in! Years later I met and recognized the lad. His name was, and is, Harry Richman."

So Harry did his bit. And finally found himself again in mufti, still with a hankering for the life of a professional entertainer. He haunted the booking offices and was a regular caller at the music publishing houses. But his efforts weren't ravingly successful, until, back in 1921, he happened to visit the offices of the music publisher, William K. Harris, in Chicago, and there he met a girl who started him once again on the up-beat. The blonde had been a lady weight-lifter in vaudeville, until she decided that possessing both brain and brawn, it was far more sensible to use her head than her hands. So she established herself in another routine which called for the presence of a piano player who could sing during her costume changes and play opposite her in a couple of skits. Harry got the job, and during that year and the one following he toured the Keith Circuit with Mae West.

He hit New York with radio just beginning to emerge from obscurity, and as a singer over Station WHN he won a certain popularity with the crystal set air-fans. These were the days when Nils Grantlund, "NTG", saw the possibilities of fame and fortune snatched from the ether, and used, quite literally, to run through the streets dragging talent to his microphone. That was how Helen Morgan got her start. And Harry Richman, too. He warbled for hours each day. And never got a cent. That went on for four years. But during the long months he laid the foundation for the career that was to reward him so liberally later. Now, as you know, his 1934-35 contracts star him over the NBC network of twenty-six stations at plenty of pennies per broadcast.

NOT only has Harry developed into a vaudeville headliner in his own right, but he is a "Follies" star, and was featured in two editions of the "Scandals". In "Putting on the Ritz" he took his fling at films, and with his Hollywood experience came the romance that shadowed any of Harry's many amours with beautiful babies in the black boldface type of the public prints. This, of course, was the incident with Clara Bow, the blazing "Brooklyn Bonfire." Now the true details may be told.

Richman was big on Broadway. And he had his own following among the radio ravers and the phonograph platter players. But to the film fans he was only a name, and not a name that set the gals gurgling. They weren't familiar with the Richman brand of spell-binding. So, said the movie men, something must be done to make Harry a household word. And as the old softies of the cinema believe implicitly that all the world loves a lover, they set out to headline Richman as a Romeo. This wasn't too difficult, for it is a role that Harry loves to play, and plays it well, at that. But every travelling salesman must have his farmer's daughter. And right there was where the curvacious, titian-tressed Clara came on the scene.

It began as a press-agent stunt. But the producers hadn't figured on the flint and steel combination of Bow and Richman. Before they knew it a real spark of love kindled into a blazing romance that hit every page-one in the country. Clara's theme song was, "I'm Just Mad About Harry, and Harry's Wild About Me." And it was true. When they were separated the long distance wires buzzed, and the Telephone Company paid its dividends. When they met following absences, there were fervid embraces while cameras clicked. When they were together, there were heat waves in both New York and California. It was genuine. And marks one of Richman's closest contacts with matrimony.

BUT that kind of sizzling romance doesn't thrive too well when hearts and lips are parted by three thousand miles of trans-continental scenery. And the blow-off came in a manner naively described by a bulletin far too precious to be omitted from this chronicle. It says:

"Then one day Richman picked up his morning newspaper, and there he read that Clara Bow had married. *That was his first intimation that all was not going well!*"

So much for the love affair of Rex Bell and Clara Bow, happily wed, and now anticipating the arrival of a little Tinker Bell, or Jungle Bell, or whatever their youngster may be christened. But, all the same, Clara hasn't forgotten Harry. Nor Harry Clara. Even with Rex around she lauds the loving of her ex-Lothario. And Harry still can sigh and get a far-away look in his eye when Clara's name is mentioned. It was, they agree, beautiful while it lasted. No broken hearts, and no regrets.

In those days, particularly, there was an odd triangle, and the third angle of it was Max Rosenblum, the clever, carefree, playboy champion known in prize-ring parlance as "Smacksie Maxie". The boys were great pals, and Clara fitted in fine with their fun. Wherever Harry and Clara went Maxie was sure to go. And when Richman was working, it would be Rosenblum who squired Clara. Harry has always wanted to be a pugilist. Max would swop his champ's crown to be an entertainer. As a matter of fact, he plans right now to toss it in the air to be

scrambled for by the contenders while he devotes himself to a stage and screen career. He and Harry used to box together. And to this day, Maxie's imitation of Harry singing his "Vagabond Song", remains not only the star piece of the Rosenblum repertoire, but is the best, bar none, of the Richman mimicries.

Recently Harry has been doing some remunerative barn-storming in the hot spots of Chicago and the swank winter resorts of Miami. No greater tribute to his flaming, magnetic artistry could be offered than that unconsciously provided by a star-team that returned to New York after a not too successful engagement in the Everglade State. There's always an alibi for a flop, and this one was:

"No, it wasn't so good, but what do you expect, we had Harry Richman for competition!"

With the Beechhurst manor, the Southern estate, the 'plane, the car, the yacht, all the fame and fortune that is Richman's, perhaps you think his $4,000 bed is indeed a bed of roses, and that the mirrored ceilings of his boudoir reflect only happy hours. To be sure, Harry's life has its moments. But it isn't all skittles and beer, nor for that matter, champagne and caviar.

IN addition to his broadcasting contract, Harry is bringing all of Broadway, and the snobby Avenues to the East, as well, over the bridge to the palisade-perched rendezvous of Ben Marden's "Riviera", a night-club where chic sophistication blossoms amid rural surroundings. There, as at the hameau in old Versailles, the belles and beaux of the Main Stem play at being rustics and quaff their wine from the modern equivalents of the old oaken bucket. And Harry is the Number One attraction.

By the time the revellers are ready to call it a night, every rooster on the Jersey side has greeted the dawn. And before Richman can catch some shut-eye, the subways are crowded with us working class. There's no dreaming till dusk schedule, either. For rehearsals must be held in the great, empty studios of Radio City. Records must be made, and a thousand and one details essential to the occupancy of stardom's pinnacle demand attention. On the nights of the actual broadcast, there's a mad dash from the club to the studio with sirens screaming through the night. And with his last note still throbbing on the air, Harry's rushing back to his clamoring public. Real rest, actual leisure, is unknown to him. It's not such a sinecure. Not so soft a touch.

But maybe rest and quietude have no place in Richman's colorful career. For color is what Harry has nothing else but. He radiates personality, and is possessed of an electrically magnetic power. He has the dash and swagger of a real Broadway buccaneer. Color is part of his entire scheme of things. It shows in the way he sells a song. And it is reflected in the gaudy hues he affects in everything from neckwear to the paint-job on his motor-car. He's full of wise-cracking gaiety for the



Posed by professional model

New discovery adds solid flesh quick..!

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty.

TODAY you don't have to remain "skinny" and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*



Mr. Irvin Echard

14 lbs. quick

"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.*

Mrs. W. K. King

11 lbs. in 3 weeks

"I was very weak and thin, my skin was yellow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and my skin is lovely." *Mrs. W. K. King, Hampton, Va.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 229, Atlanta, Ga.

I thought I was different



I know better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

A Midnight Dilemma

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

I Make a Discovery!

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years—that a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think *you* are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!
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EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

boys, and he's a mean whisperer of sweet nothings into receptive feminine ears.

You might never suspect it, but beneath this hard, worldly veneer, the man is sensitive, soft-hearted and far-sighted. He can be easily hurt, easily affected. His private charities are many, and always the cause is deserving. And for the future there's a million dollar trust fund. They won't be playing benefits for H. Richman. Not ever.

He abhors fat and keeps himself trim with gymnasium work-outs and such sensible, moderate exercise as is offered on the golf links. Golf, he deems, is a half-way mark between bridge and tennis, to which he is not addicted. He's a push-over for "the bite", as the request for a loan is termed along the Street. But he expects repayment. He's a sucker for auction sales, too, with a particular penchant for ivory elephants. The possession of these as luck tokens is among his superstitions, and another is fishing from the port side of a boat, and the port side only.

His fan mail runs into the thousands, and most of the letters are from women. He's a violin player and an eater-upper of vegetable salads. His first pair of long trousers and his first salary arrived simultaneously. Although he never took a vocal lesson in his life, the late Enrico Caruso was so impressed by both his voice and personality that he urged him to study opera abroad. He has a radio in every room of the Beechhurst place, and its spacious closets are crammed with clothes and shoes and walking sticks by the score. Beside Mae West he played piano for the Dolly Sisters. He's written songs, and some of them have been as good as "Walking My Baby Back Home".

The late Otto Kahn once telephoned him an offer to buy his night-club lock, stock and barrel for his son, Roger Wolfe Kahn, and Harry thought it was a gag. He says he wants to get married. But he never does. And he advises girls not to marry actors, which may be in self defense. He won't return to Hollywood, he says. Rather generously, he credits radio with his success. He owns a book. In fact, quite a library, well bound. One of his early shows was called, "Have You Seen Stella?" Nobody had, and nobody gave a damn. Perhaps the most favored of his hobbies is the collection of firearms accumulated over a period of years. And if a Mr. J. Dillinger reads this he'll learn that Harry would greatly appreciate the wooden gun with which he played that little joke in Indiana. That is, if Mr. Dillinger has quite finished with it. It was Harry, by the way, who believes Dillinger deserves credit for teaching the kiddies of America to play with wooden pistols instead of real ones.

Hot and Airy

(*Continued from page 9*)

is now first in the affections of Abe Lyman, the band man . . . Don Bigelow and Dorothy Dodd have become very congenial companions . . . Grace Hayes, the warbler and the former Mrs. Charles Foy, is scheduled to marry Newell Chase, her accompanist, early next year . . . Dick Powell is squiring Mary Brian . . . Irene Beasley and a certain Chicago steel magnate are very much thisway about each other . . . And George Givot is plotting to make Marcella Napp, assistant casting director of MGM, the Grik Hambassadress.

* * *

There is some sort of a regulation forbidding the use of broadcasting stations for personal messages but that didn't stop Conductor Freddy Martin from popping the question while courting the lady who now presides over the Martin menage. It is one of the most interesting radio romances that Mercury has heard. First, you must understand that Freddy was a very diffident lover. He wanted, oh so much, to ask Lillian, whom he met while playing on the Hotel Bossert roof in Brooklyn, to be his wife but lacked the courage. So he hit upon an idea. He phoned one night requesting her to tune in on his program, listen especially to the second, fourth and sixth numbers and then wire him her reactions. The second number was "I Love You", the fourth "Will You Be Mine?" and the sixth "There's a Preacher Man Waiting". The significance, of course, was at once grasped by Lillian, who dispatched a telegram merely containing the title of another song. It was "You Name The Date and Place and I'll Be There."

* * *

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

Rudy Vallee is more of a musician than some people give him credit. He plays not only all the saxophones but also the clarinet and piano . . . Although he is no gum-chewer other times, "Lazy Bill" Huggins always faces the mike with a big quid of gum in his cheek for luck . . . Frank Parker has a gun once used by General Custer in fighting the Indians. William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") came into possession of the historic weapon upon Custer's death and he in turn presented it to E. W. Fish, the artist, who recently gave it to Parker . . . Evelyn Morror, the New England sculptress, has made a bust of Paul Keast, the CBS baritone . . . Ruth Etting is a very practical person. She junked every piece of machinery possible on her Nebraska farm that employment might be given to more men . . . Joe Penner, upon returning to the airlanes in the autumn, will use scripts prepared by Parke Levy, author of his motion picture . . . Jimmy Kemper has parted with his tonsils . . . Elliot Shaw, of The Revelers, made his debut as a boy soprano in a church in, so help me, What Cheer, Iowa . . . The Four Eton Boys have joined the colony of radio artists living at Lake Hopatcong, N. J., this summer . . . Ed Wynn, aided and abetted by Graham Mc-

Namee, resumes his Fire Chief frivolities early in September . . . Rhoda Arnold, the contralto frequently heard in duets with Charles Carlile, is the daughter of John Jacob Arnold, the Chicago banker.

By the death of a distant relative Howard White, of the Landt Trio and White, came into a legacy of $45. But the lawyer settling the estate put in a bill for $52 covering the expense of locating White, who declined to be the beneficiary under those circumstances.

* * *

Wonder if you know that years ago Vincent Lopez and Jimmy Durante both worked in a Brooklyn honky-tonk run by Al Capone, then known as Al Brown . . . Reference to Durante reminds that he and Dave Rubinoff didn't hit it off like Cantor and Rubinoff did. The man with the fiddle thought that Jimmy should rib him like Cantor did and resented not being razzed, if you can beat that . . . Reggie Childs, the bandman, was christened Reginald Victor McKenzie Childs by his English parents. He is a direct descendant of the late Sir William McKenzie.

* * *

For months dance band leaders have been chafing at the bit because they couldn't add to their instruments the vibroharp which Don Bestor has been employing so skillfully. Six months more and Bestor's exclusive rights to it expire and then you can expect every dance orchestra on the air performing on vibroharps. This instrument looks like a piano, sounds like a combination of organ, harpsichord and chimes and is operated by electrical air pressure. Bestor discovered it in a funeral parlor in upstate New York!

* * *

Will Rogers has at least one trait in common with the late Flo Ziegfeld. He seldom, if ever, writes a letter but is one of the best friends the Postal and Western Union ever had.

* * *

SPEAKING OF QUOTES

By a strange coincidence there came to Mercury's desk one hot day this summer a dozen more or less philosophical observations from radio celebrities. Most of them sounding reminiscent, the suspicion was born that books of quotations were being widely consulted by broadcasters—or their press agents. Here are a few samples and if "Hot and Airy" readers recognize any of their favorites among them don't blame Mercury.

Wilfred Glenn, of The Revelers: "There's always a critic around the corner willing to spike the wine of success with razzberry juice".

Max Baer, heavyweight champion of the world: "Fame is like a lady's painted face—it seems more beautiful viewed from a distance."

Phil Duey, of The Men About Town: "One first-class enemy is worth five fifth-rate friends in New York."

Elliot Shaw, of The Revelers: "Success is the best medicine for curing the headache of obscurity".

Gene, of Gene and Glenn: "Sometimes too much of the old oil will grease a guy's own skids".



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FACTORY PRICES

You'll thrill at the FACTORY PRICES in this NEW, FREE Kalamazoo Catalog—just out. You'll marvel at the beautiful new Porcelain Enamel Ranges and Heaters—*new styles, new features, new colors.*

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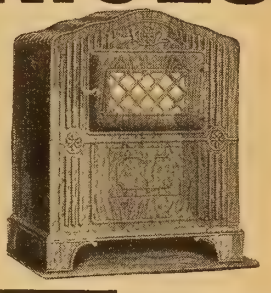
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Maybelline Eyelash Darkener instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but . . . insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations . . . for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

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Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Glenn, of ditto: "Everybody along Broadway beats his own drum loudly and continuously to drown out the catcalls".

Frank Parker, the tenor: "The only reason most people give away advice is because it isn't worth anything."

Frank Black, NBC's general musical director: "There's a lesson in the fact that every discarded pile of ashes was once a lustrous flame admired by all".

* * *

Russ Columbo, whose overnight success went to his head and resulted in his suspension from the air for two years, is back on the NBC channels. Now 27, Russ is said to have acquired considerable wisdom in the interval. His experience in Hollywood, too, should cause him to think twice before going on one of those temperamental sprees. They accomplished nothing but retarded the success of a really talented entertainer and a most likeable personality when he is himself.

* * *

A newspaper in the mid-West recently referred to the maestro of the Chevrolet program as "the late Victor Young". The editor was promptly advised of the error by Victor in these words: "That line referring to me as 'The late Victor Young' must have sent a thrill of joy through many a worthy home. Though I am loath to spoil sport, common candor compels me to state that I am still very much alive."

* * *

ODDS AND ENDS

Male readers skip this item: "Googie" being George Burns' pet name for Gracie Allen, she has "Googie" embroidered on all her undies, so help me! . . . The man they call "Tiny" Ruffner on the Show Boat and Maria Certo Matinee programs on NBC stands six feet seven in his socks and is built accordingly. His real name is Edmund Birch Ruffner and he is a favorite son of Crawfordsville, Indiana . . . Ruth Robin, vocalist with Charlie Barnet's Cocoanut Grove orchestra, is a sister of Leo Robin, the song writer . . . What's in a name? When they sing on the Rudy Vallee variety period, Marshall Smith, Del Porter and Ray Johnson are the Three Country Gentlemen. With Reggie Child's orchestra they are the Three Youngsters.

The father of Betty Rice, 9-year-old star of CBS's Dixie Circus, is the chief equestrian with the Hagenbeck Wallace circus. Her grandmother was Effie Dutton, famous bareback rider with P. T. Barnum a half century ago . . . Somebody should advise broadcasters that it was Noah, not Daniel, Webster who compiled the dictionary. Twice in one week Mercury heard radio speakers quote definitions from "Daniel" Webster's lexicon . . . The Beale Street Boys, Negro singers, two years ago were waiters in a Memphis, Tenn., hotel . . . In a survey of a 100,000 rural residents conducted by a farm journal Amos 'n' Andy ranked first in listener interest by a comfortable majority . . . The boys, now enjoying their first vacation in four years, return to the airlines in mid September.

Guy Lombardo's 7-year-old daughter, Rose Marie, took first prize in a school singing contest at London, Ontario, and the bandman is prouder of that than his new commercial on NBC . . . Which reminds that Baby Rose Marie was so named by her father, Frank Conroy, the actor, because she was born the same night the Hammerstein musical production, "Rose Marie," was produced in New York . . . Mark Warnow, Charles Carlile and Ted Husing are driving up to the Columbia studios these days in brand new cars.

* * *

Ray Perkins has had a hard time trying to make up his mind whether or not he wants to be a broadcaster. He made his radio debut in 1926 over WJZ but quit to become advertising solicitor for a New York magazine. Then he went to Hollywood as head of the Warner Brothers' musical department. While there he wrote a number of songs for the pictures, among them "Under the Texas Moon" and "Lady Luck." In 1930 he returned to broadcasting and at the moment is appearing on several programs; but that is no assurance a sudden whim won't take him away to an entirely new line of endeavor.

* * *

Harry Richman, night club entertainer extravagantly exploited by the New York columnists, features a large portrait of himself on his personal stationery. He must believe his notices.

* * *

Gertrude Berg, for her own amusement and her own motion picture camera, has made a two-reel film of The Goldbergs. But she won't let Hollywood make a movie version of the radio serial for love nor money.

* * *

Conductor Don Bigelow plays a piccolo now but time was when he manipulated the drums. He switched to the small flute because it cost so much to transport the percussion instruments around the country. Bigelow is the only bandleader playing the piccolo as a solo instrument.

* * *

The Men About Town are going in strong for that anonymous singer thing. Frank Luther started it by becoming "Your Lover" on the National networks. Now Jack Parker is doing the same thing—he's "The Tin-Type Tenor." Any day now you can expect Phil Duey, the remaining member of the trio, to blossom forth as "The Singing Schoolmaster"—or something.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor recently observed their 20th wedding anniversary by throwing a big party in Hollywood. Among the guests were Eddie Buzzell and his fiancee, Sally Clarke. To say nothing of the whole Cantor clan. But Buzzell was there under sufferance, Ida Cantor having relented at the last minute in her determination to exclude him from the festivities. The reason was that Buzzell shortly before the party pulled a faux pas. He took the two eldest Cantor girls to a night club and while they were there the place was raided by the police! The Cantor kids enjoyed it but Ida was furious.

Jessica Dragonette's Life Is a Song

(*Continued from page* 11)

neither is it accidental. It's the best possible expression of herself.

Jessica Dragonette is her real name, except that there's a Valentina between the two, put there because she made her positively first appearance on the world's stage on St. Valentine's Day. She was born in Calcutta, in far-off India, of American parents. She lived there until she was six, and still has vivid memories of bazaars and palm trees and temple bells and quaintly dressed women with burning eyes. When she was six, her family came back home, and Jessica was sent to school, to St. Mary's Convent, in Lakewood, New Jersey. The school occupies the magnificent residence of the late George Gould, *Georgian* Court. There she learned French, music, sewing, polite behavior, and the lives of the saints. There she became the favorite of the gentle nuns, who soon saw that the child had unusual musical gifts, and taught her piano before her hands were big enough to stretch an octave. And there, too, she first sang.

FOR a time, Jessica cherished the hope of becoming a nun herself. But as she tasted the strange rapture that swept over her as she sang in the choir at Mass, she knew that her best hope of service lay in developing the gift within her. And that is what you hear in her singing . . . the desire of a deeply mystic nature to serve art and people with the same devotion that marks the life of a nun.

At seventeen, Jessica was graduated from St. Mary's, and made her way to New York, to study music seriously and try her luck in the world. And then came days of work, and struggles that would have disheartened anyone but a person animated by an unshakable faith. The story goes that Jessica once had a job in a women's quartette, directed by Roxy. The job wasn't full time . . . and neither was the pay. And Jessica had no other work. Finally, Roxy noticed that she looked wan and drawn . . . as though she mightn't be having enough to eat! Not knowing the mettle of the tiny blonde soprano, he offered to help her, beyond her salary. And there and then, Jessica left the room and never returned. She won't accept anything she hasn't earned. It's easier for her to give than to take, anyway.

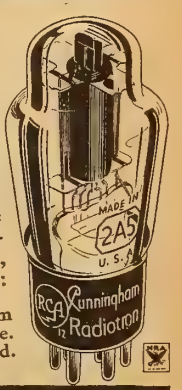
When she was eighteen, and studying only a month, she tried out for the only solo part in the great Max Reinhardt's production of *The Miracle* . . . you remember the spectacle; Rosamond Pinchot and Lady Diana Manners alternated in the rôle of The Nun. The solo part was An Angel's Voice, and called for a contralto singer, never to be seen by the audience and pour out heavenly music from a box at the top of the house, over the stage clouds. Jessica tried out as a contralto, and was turned down in less time than it takes to tell it. The next day she came



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TODAY'S Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes are one of science's greatest contributions to the joy of radio. Why not get *all* the pleasure of today's fine programs? Replace worn tubes with these remarkable new ones. For true-to-life reception a radio tube must be sensitive enough to pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. In RCA Radio Tubes you get such "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Have your service man test your tubes today. Replace those that are worn with the only tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give these 5 improvements:

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RCA Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

back, and tried out again, as a natural soprano. The great Reinhardt was dumbfounded . . . partly at the daring of this unknown young candidate, who didn't sing as a contralto ought to, and partly at the glorious freshness of the voice. And that time he sent the other applicants home, and hired Jessica on the spot.

Possibly that first invisible job was prophetic that the young singer was destined to score her greatest success invisibly, with an unseen audience. Jessica sang her Angel's music, and the great of Broadway, who knew nothing of invisible singers and cared less, began to ask who this girl was. The great Chaliapin witnessed the performance, and then rushed to embrace Reinhardt, congratulating him not upon the production, but on having discovered "one of the purest voices of the age."

BY the time *The Miracle* had ended its run, the unseen singer had made a place for herself. Offers began pouring in. Before she was twenty, she sang the prima donna rôle of *Kathie* in *The Student Prince*. Then came a featured part in *The Grand Street Follies* where Jessica was praised not only for singing and acting, but for her clever gift of mimicry. By that time she was well started on the highroad of stage success. The glamorous and well-paying field of musical comedy was beckoning to her. And then she was invited to sing an audition at NBC.

Jessica accepted the invitation, she tells you, simply as "an experience." This new thing, radio, was arousing a lot of attention, and a young singer ought to know what it was all about. Then, after the audition, she was signed up to appear in a series of musical comedies NBC was putting on. Her first appearance was a terrible disappointment. There she was, in a closed-in little room, with only an unresponsive black "mike" to sing to. She tells you she felt positively foolish, trying to smile and act at that microphone. And when she'd finished, there wasn't a sound; not a handclap, not the least wave of feeling from people, to let her know she'd done well. She sneaked out of that studio silently, crushed. She felt she'd made a horrible mess of it.

And then, the next day, mail reached her. Letters poured in by the thousands, from old and young, rich and poor, high and humble, all over the country! No theatre in the world could hold a fractional part of the audience that had listened to her and then told her about it in a personal way! The rest of the story belongs to you as much as to Jessica Dragonette.

With a brilliant stage career looming ahead of her, she deliberately turned her back on the footlights, and gave her attention to the new thing, radio, that was young as she was young. She did so because she was deeply impressed by the vast scope of the thing, and the chance it offered for reaching people in a personal way. She tells you that at first she thought of radio as "a theatre without a last row." But she's changed her mind about that. It isn't a theatre at all. It's a pass-key into people's homes. That is where she visualizes her listeners; that is where she wants to meet them.

Yes, she spends a lot of time thinking about her listeners. She answers all her vast fan mail herself. And the letters she gets reveal the fact that Jessica Dragonette is more than just another voice to those listeners. She is strangely close to them . . . or maybe not so strangely. That "certain thing" in her singing enters people's hearts; does something chemical to their very souls.

For instance . . . A society leader wrote to Jessica that she had listened to her over the air for the first time on the "recommendation" of the garage mechanic who repaired her car. Jessica wrote back promptly, asking who the garage man was, and then sent him a letter of warm thanks. An old bookbinder in Indiana listens to her every week, and sends her a gold star, for good behavior when her singing pleases him most. She eagerly awaits those gold stars, and if a week passes without one, she writes to ask what she has done that's wrong. A farmer's wife in Tennessee wrote that she had named a new blooded calf *Jessica*, "In honor of the grandest voice on the air." Our Jessica at once wanted to do something really fine for this namesake of hers, and went out to buy her a bell. Finding it difficult to locate an honest-to-goodness cow-bell along Broadway, she finally ordered one made specially. And then when she went to call for the bell, and the maker found out who she was, he wouldn't take a penny of payment for it! But the best of all, perhaps, is the coffin-maker out in Denver, who sent her a huge picture frame, weighing seven pounds, which he had cast for her out of coffin metal! He made two frames, he wrote; one he kept for her picture, and the other he sent her, "as a little souvenir."

THE MORTON DOWNEYS' DOZEN CHILDREN!

Morton and Barbara Downey plan to have twelve offsprings as a family group. The only domestic member of the famous BENNETT SISTERS tells about her home life with one of radio's most popular singers in the OCTOBER issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Maybe there's a laugh back of stories like that, but there's something else again behind the laugh. Something significant. It means that Jessica Dragonette "gets you" through a definitely appealing personality, that lets you glimpse the simple, human warmth in her, at the same time it touches a responsive chord in you. And that's perhaps the greatest power in the world, voice or no voice.

There's a great deal more to Jessica than good looks and glorious singing. She's immensely in earnest about things. She has studied and mastered the purely technical side of radio; she feels she can do a more co-operative job when she knows exactly what the control man wants. When you see her at her work, "singing up" to the microphone, and stepping back ever so slightly for the high notes, you're watching the results of expert study. Since her radio début, she has sung, acted, recited, played Shakespeare and modern comedy, performed popular ballads, and classic songs in seven languages, including Hungarian. She has a repertoire of over six hundred songs, and can give six months of programs without once repeating. She is the first air artist to do both singing and talking; she allows no "doubling" in the spoken parts. The public may call her "The Jenny Lind of the Air," but to studio officials, she is "The Handy Girl of Radio."

She lives well, but not ostentatiously, in an upper-floor apartment overlooking the river. She makes her home with her sister. On her desk lie two dolls; a Biblical seven-branched candle-stick; a book on sculpture; a box of standard-brand chocolates, the kind you take home to Mother; a well-worn volume of poems . . . and *no* picture of herself. There's no picture of herself in the whole living-room. She is deeply fond of poetry and has written . . . and published . . . a great deal of it herself. She loves reading, music, horse-back riding, talking to people, going to plays, bowling, and eating raw carrots. The only things she really dislikes are meanness, caviar, and having to refuse to do anything at all that may be asked of her. She is deeply and sincerely religious. She hasn't married, because she's had no time for it. Someday, though, she wants to marry, and then she will devote herself to homemaking as whole-heartedly as she now gives herself to her work. And she expects to go into the movies! At first the idea worried her. Her listeners would get a good look at her, and then they'd be disappointed at not finding her tall, dark, fat, carrotty, dignified, flippant, classical, motherly, or tough. But it won't be so bad, she thinks, because she'll be "in character" anyway, and you have plenty of nice illusions about screen people. She has 'em herself, so she knows.

SHE believes that people are all fundamentally romantic. She doesn't drink or smoke, and she isn't what Greenwich Villagers call "modern" in her ideas about life and living. But she has a grand sense of humor. Her favorite play is *Peter Pan* and she wants somebody to make it into an opera, for her to sing. Her favorite classical piece is Schubert's *Ave Maria*. Her ambition, she tells you, is to be "a really outstanding singer." And just so that you don't go away with the idea that she's exclusively spiritual, she roller-skates and skips rope on the roof of her apartment house, and takes dancing lessons, and just loves pretty clothes! Jessica Dragonette is a regular girl. You'd like her, just as much as you do her singing.

The Gay Lombardos

(*Continued from page 13*)

They told him New York wanted hot tunes. Guy told them he didn't know how to play hot tunes. And they answered that he'd better go back to the sticks. That was in the fall of 1929.

But before you can understand how the then twenty-six-year-old band leader felt, we shall have to turn back the pages a bit. It was nearly six years ago that the Lombardos drifted into New York from Chicago with their simple music that Broadway promptly dubbed as "corny." Guy was, and still is a handsome, personable chap, and so are his brothers. In fact all ten members of the band are pretty snappy looking lads. But they constituted just another band. Their leader was just another target for the song-pluggers. The pokey melodies didn't take New York by storm any more than Guy Lombardo had expected. The truth of the matter is that cold, cruel Gotham bent, if any at all, a frigid, unresponsive ear. Then it was that an old-timer stepped up to Guy and said:

"SON, you seem to be a pretty nice feller. Well, then, let me give you a bit of friendly advice. I know Broadway and the crowd in this town. Get rid of that slow music and get hot. Give it to 'em fast and sizzling."

Guy answered him simply.

"We don't know that stuff," he said. "If New York doesn't want us—well, then we'll go back to Chicago."

I saw that same old-timer at the Waldorf the other night. He was dancing with a girl ten years younger than himself. His eyes were closed, and his expression reminded me of a calf.

About that time, Rudy Vallee, who seems to have an oracular sense that tells him what the public will want, was featuring, or perhaps annoying, the public with a new slow kind of music. Lombardo knew that, but he believed that his own technique was different. It certainly had an individual touch. And he had Chicago and Cleveland behind him. They "went for" his music in those places, and maybe New York would get around to it, eventually. And meanwhile he tried doing the rich orchestrations that had characterized Vincent Lopez. It was no soap. He just couldn't. Then he tried for the fire of B. A. Rolfe, who was going hells bells at that period. But the band just couldn't "give."

"I'm a fool for trying that stuff," Guy told himself. "I'm going to stick to the slow, sweet and simple."

Is he glad today? Is the town glad? Would an average weekly paycheck of $8,000 make you glad? Would you like to own (and be able to maintain) a yacht? Two homes, one at a beach, the other on Riverside Drive? That's what the slow sweet and simple got Guy. And he deserves it all, because he's a hard working lad who plays hard, too. Otherwise he must have cracked up long ago.

Ten years the Lombardos have been going the slow, sweet and simple. And I know personally of at least ten other bands that have been trying to echo the Lombardos. The funny part of it is, the slow music of Lombardo is as difficult for imitators as the intricate orchestrations and flashy rhythms were for the Lombardos. When I tell you that Lombardo has as many imitators as Wayne King, you can understand the popularity of adding machines.

"Ten years?" you ask—and remember that Lombardo wasn't heard of that long ago. But it has been ten years. As a matter of fact, the band never has changed its personnel since a decade ago when the orchestra was formed in London, Ontario—the proud native habitat of the Lombardo tribe. There are four Lombardos in the band, but there were originally only three. That was the only change—and it wasn't a change; it was an addition. The brothers are Guy, Carmen, Lebert and Victor. They bear a marked resemblance. With the other members of the band, the three eldest were playing slow, sweet and simple melodies ten years ago—and more, at London Collegiate Institute. The other members of the band are Fred Kreitzer, pianist; Francis Henry, banjo; George Gowans, drummer; James Dillon, trombone; Ben Davies, tuba; Fred Higman, saxophone and Larry Owens, saxophone. Carmen leads the sax section, Lebert plays trumpet and Victor another saxophone. You will see how highly the sax is regarded.

And doubtless, you will be incredulous when you are told that the sax section usually plays out of tune, to produce the unusual Lombardo effect. Out of tune and startlingly vibrato. I have written of this before and have received thousands of indignant letters from Lombardo fans who have accused me of trying to libel Mr. Guy Lombardo and do him injury. (To offset a similar occurrence, I hasten now to say that Guy is one of my best pals and that I think, in the capacity of a radio critic that he has about the swellest dance band in the world). Once I told a music critic about the Lombardos playing out of tune, and the fellow replied:

"MY God, don't let him ever get back in tune. And pass the word around to the other orchestra leaders, will you?"

Lebert Lombardo is just a kid. He knows nothing of the early struggles of the band, for he did not join it until it had attained its peak popularity in New York. Lebert had wanted to be a drummer, had became one, but he found an old horn at home, left there by Carmen, and one day, when Guy was spending a holiday with his folks, he heard Lebert playing—and signed him up, after getting rid of Lebert's drums.

The father of these musical boys deserves a big hand, and is largely responsible for the orchestra. Strangely enough, he is not a musician himself. But being a son of Italy, he believed that all of his children should learn to



Illustration and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

Got Hay Fever?

Here's way to avoid rubbing already sore nose; way to avoid washing soiled handkerchiefs.

NOT having a *cure* for Hay Fever, we offer you fellow sufferers the next best thing—relief from a tender, inflamed, sore nose!

During Hay Fever time, wet, sticky handkerchiefs aggravate your nose membranes. You end this irritation by using Kleenex! These super-absorbent, strong tissues are actually softer than finest linen, positively soothing. You use a clean, dry tissue every time! Yet Kleenex now costs so little everyone can afford it. And here's good news for women . . . the use of Kleenex ends washing endless dozens of soiled handkerchiefs.

Kleenex makes the ideal handkerchief during colds, too. It instantly disposes of germs so you don't reinfect yourself. Also use Kleenex to blot up all dirt and impurities in removing face creams and cosmetics. Sold by all drug, dry goods and department stores.



KLEENEX *Disposable* Tissues

play some instrument. All did except Guy's young sister, who wrote him the other day that her favorite band was Ben Bernie's. Papa Lombardo had intended music in his home merely as a happy pastime. But it soon grew out of hand. Guy took up fiddle. But if you ever catch him playing it, instead of using it for a baton, please wire me. It will be front page news. Carmen started out with a flute, but the nice shiny saxophones got him.

The orchestra was somehow formed in the school, and long before anybody thought of graduating, an opportunity came. The boys, all eleven of them were invited to go on a tour. They accepted and booked themselves for a trip on the Keith time, and later over the old Pantages route. Somehow or other, the band wound up in Cleveland, —just a bunch of frightened and bewildered kids. And somehow they got a job at the Claremont, a night resort. Even at that stage, not one of them had definitely decided to make a career out of music. They worked twelve hours steadily each day and night in Cleveland, and were getting ready for a wholesale nervous breakdown when Guy called a council to decide whether they should go on with the show or go home and find regular jobs.

GUY lectured them and told them, without believing it himself that he believed the job in Cleveland was an opportunity. They voted to remain, and they stuck there for four years. They went from the Claremont to the Lake Shore, and then to the Music Box. By this time, 1927 had rolled around and the lads had gained enough confidence and sufficient knowledge of the music business to know that a band should move around. So they packed up and took a chance on Chicago. This was a historic move, but they didn't know it when they went into the Granada. The Granada, if you don't already know, is a supper club eight miles from the Loop District, and at that time, not much of a success. When the Lombardos opened there, the staggering presence of four couples on the dance floor had thrown the proprietor into a frenzy of optimism. Weeks went by and nothing much happened. Guy still thinks the four couples were the same every night, and at that time, he suspected they were members of the proprietor's family.

The band wasn't clicking—and nobody knew it better than Guy. He wanted to get out, but the proprietor and he became friendly, and Guy suddenly was aware that his boss was broke. There was nothing in the world to stop Guy from walking out—but he and the boss, now friends, felt a certain loyalty to each other. Guy promised to stay. Years later, the same proprietor went on the rocks, or was about to. Lombardo was in New York, a great success. But he cancelled everything except his radio contracts and went back to the Granada and played for six weeks—and won back the Granada's business, without taking a cent for the favor.

But of course, the Lombardos were no such magicians in the earlier days. Things at the Granada hit a new low, and then Lombardo began to think about radio. He went to the boss and pleaded for a radio wire. If they could broadcast from the place somebody would hear the orchestra, and maybe pay a visit.

"Or," said the boss, "they may hear it and stay away forever."

But WBBM was approached. Somewhat reluctantly the station's head men spent their own money. They felt sort of sorry for Lombardo, but they were impressed by his personality. That was a Columbia station, and Lombardo never forgot Columbia for it. He is not with Columbia now, but he would have been with NBC three years ago but for a vow he made in Chicago. He would stay with Columbia until it became a major, established network, And he did.

The orchestra went on the air. The old therapy got in its work. Curious patrons began dropping in at the Granada. It wasn't very long before the ropes were up almost every night. Lombardo had clicked. The young folks enjoyed the strange hypnosis of the young Canadians' music. And then of a sudden, a shoe concern hired the band for a local commercial broadcast. And after that, Mr. Wrigley employed the boys to advertise his chewing gum. The breaks were beginning to come, and in the next four years much was heard about the Gay Lombardos, but New York hadn't reacted very kindly.

Then some foresighted member of the Music Corporation of America, which handles orchestra bookings button-holed Guy Lombardo on the street one day, and high-pressured him. The result was that the Lombardos found themselves some weeks later in New York, and attached to the grill of the Roosevelt Hotel. It was then that the old timer, having heard the band, got Guy into a corner, and advised him to give it to the New Yorkers, fast and hot.

But the college kids began drifting into the Roosevelt. The slow, sweet and simple did something to them. Lombardo became a vogue. He went on the air for a diamond store, via WABC. Then came the Robert Burns series, to which was added later, Burns and Allen.

This is the first season Guy Lombardo has been in New York—and not at the Roosevelt. It seems like the break in tradition. And Guy is now with the National Broadcasting Company, and with a commercial sponsor —Plough, who recently employed the Vincent Lopez band. That's the story of the Gay Lombardos to date.

And, I almost forgot. Yes, Guy is happily married. So is Carmen, and so is Lebert. Carmen has written a number of smash song-hits. He usually collaborates with Little Jack Little. Kreitzer, the pianist, is a champion tennis player. Guy is a fisherman, and tackles swordfish off Montauk Point, from the prow of his boat, the "Tempo."



This is Stoopnagle and Budd racing around in their own little speedboat and the craft, carrying the two gag and gadget men actually runs. This is the way they get a suntan and some new ideas for their broadcasts.

Is Love More Than Fame to Jane Froman?

(*Continued from page* 15)

engagement, Jane had a nervous breakdown which concluded her own and her husband's contract. She recovered rapidly and emerged from the experience still happy in her husband's love.

She's really Jane Froman. It's no microphone name. She'll be twenty-five on November 10 and to those who know her she's one of the grandest girls who ever found success on the radio.

Music was no accident with her. Her mother was Anna Barcafer, piano soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and she was taught as a baby the importance of those do-re-mi's (and that's not the Broadway slang for payroll checks). Several of her relatives were singers of comparative importance and one of her cousins was the late William Woodin who was a composer of note besides being Secretary of the Treasury. In spite of her composing and imposing relatives Jane came from a family of modest means, not too modest to give her a substantial background, however. Her early aspirations led to writing and ultimately her collegiate training was along those lines, too. She enrolled in the journalism course at the University of Missouri. But somehow or other in spite of the fact that she distinguished herself in the course her happiest collegiate moments were beside the grand piano in the auditorium. So that before she had a chance to try her talents as a sob-sister she was side-tracked to music. She sang in operettas and musical comedies at the school and after her graduation attended the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati.

Fate moves in devious ways. It was at a party in Cincinnati that a man from WLW heard Jane sing, invited her to broadcast from the station. She had never before attempted popular songs but instinctively she felt it was the type of program she should choose. So she jazzed up all her selections. And that's how her radio career began.

Eventually the road led to the New York studios—and to Don Ross. In Manhattan, she was outstanding because women singers for the air were chosen on their vocal merits. But she had a beautiful face and figure as well as a lovely voice. She was photographed frequently for publicity purposes and even those who didn't see her photographs enjoyed her vocal broadcasts anyway.

Jane, a few years ago and alone, was on top of the world. She met Don Ross who was also a radio singer. They fell madly in love with each other and married. They're as much in love now as the first day they met. They have an attractive home and they don't have many friends. It's almost an imposition to ask them to join a crowd. They seem so perfectly content to be alone—together.

Radio is getting to be like Hollywood. The Jack Bennys pal around with Burns and Allen. The Jack Pearls and Fred Allens chum together. The announcers go to openings with air stars and the sopranos are proud to be seen in the company of important executives. But Jane Froman and Don Ross are sufficient unto themselves.

Not that they shirk any rehearsals or obligations. She's intensely interested in anything professionally only when it concerns both of them and he's equally serious about making good for Jane. She has the edge on him, by reputation. It would be foolish not to admit that. She's a big, popular name who can get booking on any chain or in any theater. He has a pleasant voice and a personality that Jane swears is perfect. Unfortunately she's only one in a million and very much in love.

You can't help wondering what's going to happen. Can you?

Dream Girls and Phantom Lovers

(*Continued from page* 17)

of circulation. But my wife's a nice girl, so I can safely say I like 'em all."

Equally lucky is Gordon Graham, of the Funnyboners, who has married his dream girl. Gordon goes into ecstasies when he describes the Missus, and who can blame him? She is a tall, slender blonde, with blue eyes, a willowy figure and a swell sense of humor. "Best of all," says Gordon, "she never interrupts me when I'm telling a story. She always acts as though every joke is new." Lucky Gordon!

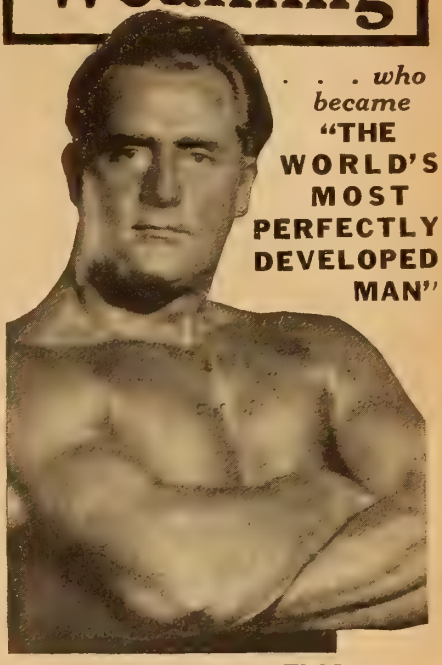
Now here's a girl, Jessica Dragonette, star of the Cities' Service broadcasts, who is hard to please. Her dream man is a composite type, highly interesting and, as she puts it, "a one-man Love Parade". To keep her interested he would have to be helpless and need mothering — sometimes; strong and masterful—sometimes; interested in music and art—sometimes; interested in sports—sometimes; and sometimes a combination of John Gilbert, Clark Gable, Rudy Valentino and the other great lovers, retaining the best features of each.

She has had many masculine friends who met some of her ideals, but she has always said to herself, "If I married one man, what would I do with the rest?"

On the other hand, Frederic William Wile, the Washington newscaster, is easily suited. "I like," says he, "snappy, good-looking dames, who may be anywhere from nineteen to forty years old, provided, of course, that they combine intelligence with beauty, and have something on their minds besides their hair!"

Girls! Do you admire Alexander the Great, Teddy Roosevelt, Lincoln, Caesar and Napoleon? Have you a weakness for chicken soup with lots and lots of noodles, tomato soup with whipped cream, fried chicken, lobster a

The 97-lb. Weakling



. . . who became "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN"

By CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of the title: "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," won in open competition in the only national and international contests held during the past 15 years

THEY used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I weighed only 97 pounds. I was a sickly scarecrow. Then I discovered *Dynamic Tension*. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I make you this amazing offer: *At my own risk* I'll give you PROOF *in just seven days that my* same method can make *you* over into a NEW MAN of giant power and energy!

No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, steel-like muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? *Give me just 7 days!* I can PROVE that *Dynamic Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or contraptions that may strain your heart or other vital organs—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE - MAN! In just a few minutes a day!

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail coupon or a postal card NOW for my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about *Dynamic Tension*. Shows actual photos. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy *today*. Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 92-J, 133 East 23rd Street, New York City.



FREE BOOK

Gamble a stamp today. Mail coupon for a free copy of my new book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It shows you from actual photos how I have developed my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. Where shall I send your copy? Write your name and address plainly on the coupon. Mail it today to me personally.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 92-J,
133 East 23rd Street, New York City

I want the proof that your system of Dynamic Tension will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
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Address.....

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la Newburgh, lilies of the valley and sapphires? Do you hate people who say "Guess who this is?" when they telephone you, and have you a loathing for turnips, pekes and dial phones? Do you get a kick out of reading Mark Twain, Corey Ford, Frank Sullivan and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle?

If you can answer an enthusiastic "Yes!" to all these questions, then radio holds a man who has been searching for you. He is none other than that philosopher—that great lover—that dashing Romeo, viveur and friend of the oppressed—Colonel Lemuel T. Stoopnagle, who, by the way, was being the rather serious F. Chase Taylor when he made up this list of likes, and said that he preferred girls whose tastes were similar to his. But if you detest sapphires and like turnips, the Colonel is not for you.

PLAIN men appeal to Ann Leaf, the "mitey" organist, who has no fondness for the handsome ones, which gives you and me a break, brother. "Good looking men," says Anne, "are too conceited, and I could never fall for one. Give me a homely man every time—one with personality, brains, wit and a sense of humor. I like the type that writes."

Now Anne!

Is there a clinging vine in the house? If so, Arthur Godfrey (Uncle Arthur on CBS children's programs) loves you, and believes that there are all too few of you in this world. "I like intensely feminine girls." Arthur will tell you, "neither too forward nor too conservative, but sensibly conventional. I prefer them to be cultured, intellectual, poised and understanding, and while they need not be beautiful, they should be physically fit."

"Does marriage bar me from having an ideal?" asks Alice Joy, who then proceeds to answer her own question with a loud "No!" Alice confesses that she has always been associated with brunettes, but says that a blond man once left an awful dent in her heart. We'll spare you the details, but whether you're light or dark, you'd still have a chance.

The specifications laid down by Tony Wons are practically impossible to fill, for Tony wants a girl to do two things: i.e., always mind her own business and always agree with him. Sounds pretty tiresome, if you ask me.

Interesting, young-looking blondes who, as he puts it, are "thin in the ankle and hip", appeal to Ted Husing, star sports announcer. But this is not enough to snare the elusive Husing heart. She must also, "constantly look as though she had just completed her toilette, and must have a good disposition, though not to be one of the sort that's always laughing. Above all," Ted concluded, "she must have the lure of Mae West—at least as far as I'm concerned."

Ex-army officers, from buck privates to generals, have that certain something which vocalist Vera Van craves. They have the military carriage without which no man can be completely perfect in Vera's eyes. If, added to this, a man is tall, courteous, immaculately clad, sincere and jolly—well, Vera is interested.

Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone were together when I third-degreed them. "Jack's my ideal man," said Mary, "for I like 'em tall and dark; amusing, yet able to be serious once in a while." Jack said, "I like tall, thin, serious girls, with charm. They must be understanding and appreciative, and they must like babies. Mary is the grandest girl I ever knew, and while she's not tall, I wouldn't change her for the tallest, thinnest, darkest girl in the world."

Jimmy Wallington wouldn't swap, either. He's married to a 95-pound blonde, who's only an inch over five-feet tall. But, after her, come girls who can wash dishes and who like kids. Dark girls, of the distinctively American type, about five feet six inches tall, and weighing between 120 and 130 pounds. Not pretty girls, mind you, but "just a plain, clean, honest girl—one who's a good sport," says Jeems.

Voices mean a lot to Lowell Thomas, who likes women to be tall, beautiful and languorous, with soft voices. She should be agreeable—willing to go anywhere—uncomplaining—a good listener and a good athlete, but not too good. (Lowell wouldn't like a girl who could beat him at sports.) "My wife," he says, "fills the bill exactly."

RUDY VALLEE'S statement was one of the most conservative, for all he said was, "I have no particular preference among women, though I have usually preferred brunettes."

Well, Fay was a brunette and Faye is a blonde, so write your own ticket.

Bright women—bright but sincere—are the sort who appeal to Guy Bates Post, leading man of the Roses and Drums program. "I'll discuss *anything* at the proper time," he says, "but people who are always analytical bore me. I like to get some fun out of life—and you can't have fun if you're always arguing."

But, when radio stars begin discussing their favorites of the opposite sex, what could result but an argument? So let's just take a few of the others and, in a few words, sum up their dreams.

Nat Shilkret, the orchestra leader, likes women who are sympathetic, intelligent and easy on the eyes; Jimmy Melton says that as long as they're very feminine they'll do; Nino Martini prefers girls who are neither too carefree nor too dreamy, and "who know how to conduct themselves"; Phil Harris has a yen for those of the sort Nino suggests, but adds that they should please look like Constance Bennett; another ork-pilot, Jacques Renard, goes for tall, thin brunettes, who are good cooks and know how to take care of a house, and Bunny Coughlin, the third Funnyboner, says, "I like all sorts of girls except those with pink hair. And don't laugh; I've seen some. Tall girls are preferred but not too tall for I don't want to have to climb onto a chair to kiss 'em."

BOAKE CARTER, news commentator, likes girls who have plenty of personality and depth of character; Bing Crosby likes to listen and has a predilection for girls who are easy conversationalists, good raconteurs, and have a well developed sense of humor (but Bing is out of circulation); Emery Deutsch says only that they should be simple and unaffected, while Morton Downey sums his ideal up in just one word:—"Brainy".

Sandra Phillips, the pianist, wants her man to have charm above everything else, by which she means he must have an interesting character and a magnetic personality; Donna ("Marge" of Myrt and Marge) Damerel likes all dark men. Helen Pickens craves brunettes with gray eyes, Sister Jane likes all "nice" men, and Patti's mind is open. She says she hasn't given any thought to it, but she'll know what man she likes when she meets him. Jean Sargent agrees entirely with Jane Pickens.

Ted Fiorito, another bandmaster likes intelligent girls who are alert and good talkers—but only if they know when to keep still. Tenor Ben Alley likes blue-eyed blondes. George Burns insists on a sense of humor, as does Gracie Allen. The Easy Aces (Jane and Goodman Ace) say the same.

John White, the warbler, merely grins and says, "My wife suits me!"

And all that's only part of the story. There are dozens and dozens of other radio boys and girls, whose tastes differ just as much as those we've mentioned.

MEET RADIO'S CRAZIEST STAR

They call Joe Cook the "Crazy Man of Sleepless Hollow" and you'll learn why in next month's RADIO MIRROR when Herb Cruikshank takes you along with him through the years of Joe Cook's successful career which eventually brought him to millions of radio listeners.

The Beautiful Stooge

(*Continued from page 20*)

hand was up-raised.

"We got it" he said, meaning the network was now linked with that particular studio.

Then, quietly, he turned to his microphone.

"Consolidated presents Toby Malone, himself, with Gene Lottman's orchestra."

The conductor's baton swept down and music filled the studio. The program was on the air.

In three minutes Toby knew he'd be on the air! This was even worse than an audition. All his friends would be listening. All the critics would be listening. A million people would be listening—and he hadn't even got a smile out of a single musician, when he'd rehearsed his jokes. Then he lost his fear. He'd show them. The music began to do things to him. He grinned at Lottman and Lottman, over his waving arms, grinned back.

Suddenly there was dead silence. Toby felt a gentle push. Margy was beside him, shoving him toward the microphone and Merriman in the control room was making frantic signals.

MASON finished a brief announcement and swung around to look anxiously at Toby. Mason knew the comedian was terribly nervous and he'd seen some strange things happen when stage folks made their radio debuts.

Toby thought for a moment he wouldn't be able to speak. Margy's arm went around his waist. She almost cuddled up to him and then she spoke. After that it was easy.

Toby heard a subdued snicker from a musician. Then there was an unexpected roar of laughter from the orchestra. This hadn't been rehearsed! It was the real stuff! Toby hadn't seen Merriman, the production man, signal the musicians to laugh at the right time.

His six minutes at the mike ended before he realized it and when he came back for his second comedy spot, Toby had become a radio performer. It happens like that!

The newspaper critics weren't unkind to Toby. Some of them liked him, though two referred to him as 'just another comedian'. Broadway friends told him he was terrific and let it go at that.

The day after his broadcast, Toby went by the studios and tried to be casual when he asked if there were any letters for him. He wasn't a bit casual when he was told there were not.

"But fan mail" he said. "I was on the air last night."

"Oh" the hostess said. "You won't get your audience mail for a couple of days."

Toby came back Monday.

"Mail for you," said the hostess. She smiled pleasantly and handed Toby a small pack of letters. He counted them before he realized what he was doing. There were fourteen.

The hostess noticed he was disappointed.

"Not bad for a first broadcast," she said.

"But," Toby said. "I thought radio artists got thousands of letters after every broadcast."

The girl at the desk laughed.

"They'd like you to believe that," she said. "Matter of fact, unless there is some free premium offer or something to attract mail, there aren't so many letters. You'll get more after you've been on the air awhile—but don't expect thousands until you have a sponsor who wants to give away an automobile."

Toby took the fourteen letters into a quiet corner and read them. Five of them requested either a photograph or an autograph or both. Two were from almost forgotten friends who had heard him on the air and wanted him to get them auditions. The rest, with one exception, said they liked his program. The one exception declared in no uncertain terms that he was awful and should be barred from the air.

Four weeks later Toby was receiving more than a hundred letters after each broadcast.

"You're picking up an audience," David Mason said during a rehearsal.

"Just give me time," said Toby, who had been just a little more sure of himself since the arrival of a hundred letters all at once. I've got the stuff and it's just a matter of time before we get a big sponsor.

Professor Gus had been looking over the letters.

"They think well of Margy, don't they?" he commented.

Toby glanced at him.

"Huh?"

"More than half these letters are raves about Mrs. Toots," Gus continued.

Margy wasn't in the studio at the moment.

"OH, the kid is good," Toby said wisely. "Of course, I got her when she didn't have any training at all, so I was able to teach her things the right way. She's a pretty good stooge."

"She's good all right," David Mason said, nodding thoughtfully. "So good that Ray Greet wants to use her."

Toby looked at him sharply.

"Who is this guy, Greet? What does he want with her?"

"He directs the Studio Guild. They do the good plays every Thursday night," Mason explained. "He thinks Margy is a natural actress and he plans to use her in the very near future."

"He'd better talk to me about it," Toby said seriously. He frowned. It hadn't occurred to him that Margy might find other jobs.

"Have you got Margy under contract?"

"Oh sure," said Toby. Then he remembered he hadn't.

Margy appeared suddenly. She was smiling, flushed and excited.

"Toby," she called as she ran across

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the studio. "Guess, what's happened!"

"Is it a gag?"

"No. It's not a gag. But I'm going to play on the Studio Guild program next Thursday night . . ."

"Going high brow, huh, kid?"

"It's not high brow. It's what I've always wanted to do. And it doesn't interfere with our work at all. Isn't it grand?"

"I suppose it's all right. O.K. You can do it!"

Margy's eyes snapped.

"Oh, Mr. Malone says I can do it. Thank you for your kind permission. But you might as well know right now that I'd do it anyway. You aren't my boss all the time, Toby . . . and you aren't my husband . . . and, one more thing, if you don't deny those reports that we're secretly married, you'll have to find someone else to work with you."

Toby flared.

"Listen here, young lady . . . you won't get anywhere taking that attitude. I took you when you were a nobody . . . just a waitress—and in four weeks . . . why . . . you're getting almost as much fan mail as I am. I did that for you . . . and you ought to be grateful."

Professor Gus decided it was time to do something.

"Listen," he said. "We've got to rehearse. You can argue that out later."

Toby made one mistake right then. He decided to have the last word.

"O.K. I'm not saying you aren't good, Margy. You are. But there are plenty of other girls just as good and plenty of them would like to have your job!"

Margy, who had started over to pick up a script, whirled as Toby spoke. Her eyes were really blazing and there was more than a hint of tears. The girl was mad through and through. "I'm glad you said that, Toby," she shot at him. "Because you can get one of those other girls for the job. I'm through!"

TOBY was shocked into immobility. Then he started after Margy.

"No use trying to talk to her now," the Professor said. "These red-headed women do have their moments. She may get over it but I must say, Toby, you acted like a complete damn fool."

"Can you imagine that!" exclaimed Toby. "After all I've done—"

He was interrupted by Al Merriman.

"Good news, Toby," Merriman called. "You audition for National Cigars Thursday. And from what the sales department tells me, the account is in the bag."

Toby promptly forgot Margy.

"Audition! Boy! I had a hunch it was coming. What's the dope, Al?

"You'll have two days to rehearse. Then they'll pipe the audition at eight o'clock Thursday night to a dinner of the board of directors of National Tobacco. Looks good, mister."

Toby whooped.

"Good! Man, I'll slay 'em!"

Gus was doing some heavy thinking.

"Wait a minute, Toby," he said. "Eight o'clock Thursday night. Isn't that the time of the Studio Guild broadcast?"

Toby didn't get the connection.

"That's the program Margy is going to be on," the professor continued. "Same time as your audition. What will you do?"

Toby looked a bit worried.

"Oh, she'll get over her peeve," he declared. "We needn't worry about that!"

"But suppose she doesn't?" the professor muttered, half to himself.

Is this a real parting of the ways for Toby and Margy? If the redhead leaves him flat, what will Toby do on Thursday night and which side will the professor take? Toby's career is at stake but then so are the futures of all three people in this thrilling drama that takes you behind the scenes in the big studios. Don't miss next month's installment of this exciting, romantic serial.

What Made the Blue Singers Blue?

(*Continued from page 27*)

Now everything is rosy. Still the memory of those sad, poverty-stricken days is reflected in her songs.

Two and a half years ago, dark-haired Vivien Ruth made her debut over a New Jersey station. She wasn't a blues singer then, just a darn good contralto. And she wowed them. "That girl's going places," the officials said. She seemed to be skipping steps on her way up, too. For exactly one month later she stepped into big time with her first broadcast over the Columbia network.

But somehow the prophets had guessed wrong. That sometimes happens, you know. For Vivien's voice did not fulfill its promise. After a while, the radio moguls shook their heads and forgot all about her.

Now Vivien happens to have her share of brains behind that pert head of hers. She felt she knew the trouble. She needed expert training to bring out the power and beauty of her voice. She was convinced she could make the grade.

SHE got a job as stenographer during the day. She had to earn money for the best vocal lessons she could get. Never mind what people said; how they pointed her out as a girl who had failed. Never mind her blasted career.

For two and a half years the fans didn't hear her. She was off the air. During those long, weary months she slaved and worked and slaved some more. Every moment she could spare from her job was spent with her music.

You hear her now with the Happy Wonder Bakers Program. And what a comeback she staged! The wise guys on radio row are predicting great things again. This time, Vivien vows, they will come true. Now you know why her singing is a little different.

What about dark, tempestuous Lee Wiley? You'd think if you were in your early twenties, a success on the air, gaining new laurels daily, you'd be happy, wouldn't you? Not if you had Lee Wiley's cross to bear.

When Lee was seventeen her eyesight failed her. For a whole year, she was blind. She couldn't see the sun, the flowers, the trees. She couldn't see her family and friends. Everything was darkness, cold and desolate. She, who had always been the ringleader in everything, felt a has-been. She hated the help of her sister, who piloted her around. She couldn't stand the ill-disguised pity of her friends who called to see her.

The doctor despaired of curing her blindness. She thought she would never get well. There was, she discovered, one release from her misery—one opiate that blindness did not deny her. Singing. Somehow, when she poured her heart out in sweet, vibrant tones she forgot her misfortune. Forgot everything. There was a new tone, her friends discovered, a new timbre to her voice. It had mellowed and become richer and more appealing through suffering.

Today Lee Wiley's eyesight has been restored. But her voice still retains its round, full, throaty tones, full of passion and suffering.

What makes Annette Hanshaw, the frail, blue-eyed Dresden-china-like doll, so blue? Why does she sing those low, moaning numbers over the Maxwell House Showboat? She has had her share of heartache, too.

When Annette was seventeen, her father died. He had taught her all she knows of singing; they were very close to each other. Every song she knew was tied up with memories of the good times they shared together.

But his sudden death wasn't all. After his estate was settled, it was discovered that there was nothing left. And Annette had a mother and little brother. It was up to her to support them. But how?

SHE had never worked before; she had never been forced to face the world. What could she do? The only ability she might be able to market was her voice. She had sung only for her family, yet she knew that she could sing. But Annette was shy and timid, retiring. She just couldn't face strange men and ask them for a job.

Then Lady Luck stepped in. Friends, knowing of her plight, offered her the chance to sing at private parties. An official from a recording company heard her and signed her up to make victrola records. Her voice registered perfectly. From making records she graduated into radio work. She's been on the Show Boat Program for two years. Some of the unhappiness and fear of a timid child, suddenly confronted with a responsibility which seemed too great for her slim shoulders,

remains in her tones. It's there even now.

They haven't proven too great for plucky Annette, however: she supports her mother in grand style and is sending her kid brother through medical school.

Every girl dreams of romance. Exotic Gertrude Niesen, with her gray-green eyes with their long black lashes, her fair skin and dark, curly hair, was no exception to the rule. Her romance came when she was eighteen. He was a Princeton student, tall, dark and handsome, the son of a wealthy South American rancher. They met one summer in the country and romanced under moonlit skies. It was not the usual summer romance; it lasted for three years.

Were it not for his moody, temperamental, jealous disposition, they would probably be the average married couple now. His unreasonable jealousy made life impossible for her. Time and again he provoked a quarrel merely because she greeted a boy she knew. He criticized her girl friends and objected to her going out with them. He wanted to keep her all to himself.

AT first, Gertrude was flattered by his adoration, but after a while his close watch on her every moment became irksome. She realized that life would be impossible with one of his temperament. She broke the engagement.

When she sings the "Boulevard of Broken Dreams", in her husky, vibrant contralto, is she thinking of her own broken romance?

Have you ever been homesick? Have you ever felt yourself lost, unwanted, a stranger in a strange land? Then you'll appreciate how Connie Gates, featured on "Presenting Mark Warnow" Program, felt when she came to New York from Cleveland. There's nothing aggressive about Connie. She's quiet, simple and self-effacing.

But something inside her would not let her rest; kept pushing her forward. You have a voice, this inner being kept saying, Why not use it? Why not go to New York instead of sleeping your life away here?

She came East. She knew no one. She was desperately homesick. It was the first time she was separated from her folks. She found that the city of New York was the loneliest spot in the world; no one noticed her. But Connie refused to give up and go home. She vowed she wouldn't go home, even for a visit, till she'd made good. She got her chance and made the grade. Still she is homesick.

Maybe you hear some of that longing, some of that desire for peace and quiet and understanding in her lovely voice. And maybe that is why "Lonesome" is her favorite melody, and the one she sings best.

Today Tamara, the striking-looking Russian singer is on a coast-to-coast network. Everyone who listens in on her broadcast, catches the haunting, sorrowful tones of her voice, like the low rumble of an organ. There's a reason.

It dates back to the time when Tamara was a little girl in Russia. It was during the time of the Soviet upheaval. The family was separated from the father. Tamara, her mother and little brother suffered almost unbelievable hardships. Sleepless nights spent in damp cellars, trembling in fear as cannon balls burst overhead. Endless days of flight from one town to another, hungry and exhausted, in a desperate effort to escape the hordes of bands who prowled over the countryside pillaging and robbing.

They finally escaped into Poland. But their joy was short-lived. They were arrested and ordered to prison.

It was little Tamara, following her mother's instructions who found the lawyer who finally secured the release of her mother and brother and arranged for their passage to America.

America indeed proved the promised land.



Believe it or not Walter Winchell hands Ben Bernie a medal as pretty Ruth Etting looks on when the trio meet in a Chicago studio.

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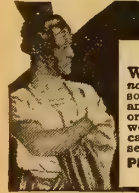
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An Ether Buggy Ride with "Mama" and "Papa"

(*Continued from page 29*)

"Here we are. Now, where's Charlie Ruggles? Suppose he's late. He never is on the set. Where can he be? It's Charlie's first broadcast too. Wonder if he's as nervous as I am? There he comes now. He doesn't look nervous.

"Hello, Charlie. It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"'M-m-m-mary! I'm so glad to see you', kissing me, violently. Why, he's never so much as put his arms around me before and I don't see him from one picture to the next. He MUST be nervous.

"It's time to go on. I mustn't let the paper rattle. I MUSTN'T let the paper rattle. This is awful. So many things can happen. And all those people staring. We're being announced. There we go.

"Well it's over. I didn't forget anything, anyway. 'It was nice, wasn't it, Charlie?' I quavered. 'Nice,' replied Charlie, 'Mary, you're a darling! You were grand!' And with that he kissed me again—still shaking from head to foot from the ordeal.

"I'm still puzzled over that particular type of nervousness. I do hope he's recovered by now."

And that was Mary, the Microphone Girl. Imagine it! Mary Boland who'd had them rolling in the aisles for months in New York with her hilarious conversations and frolicking in "Cradle Snatchers"; the same Miss Boland who was just as funny and even more clever in "The Vinegar Tree"; the actress who is known to all her friends as the life of the party. She's never at a loss for a quip or a smart answer whether she's asking her boss for more money or giving her friends some good advice about husbands. There's something inconsistent and capricious about a mechanical contrivance in a quiet, big studio that gives a famous star the jitters and leaves an unknown aspirant poised and composed.

What about Charlie Ruggles? His career goes back as far as Mary's and boasts of many, many comedy seasons equally successful. Not only can he say humorous lines like nobody else in his business but he can write them, too. When he first went out to join the movie ranks he made the transcontinental trip by motor, driving his own car. His diary of that trip was a riot. He made fun of all sorts of situations, and yet a bus ride to a radio studio and a short interlude in the company of "Mike" gave him an attack of nerves that practically sent him down to Palm Springs for a weekend's recuperation. Here's Charlie's own commentary on what happened to him when he was introduced to a listening world as a new radio star. In Charlie's own words he preserved for RADIO MIRROR readers, this is what happened in the Ruggles mind that night.

"Well, there shouldn't be anything difficult about a broadcast. After all, I've made plenty of motion pictures with a mike hanging right over my head all the time. The one at the broadcasting station IS different, though, It looks like a big, black eye. It's just a little bit belligerent, if you ask me.

"Anyway, I'm glad Mary Boland is on the program with me. We've worked so much together, it should be a cinch. The skit is pretty good, too.

"The only thing that confuses me is the sound effects. When I drop a spoon to get some sort of an effect, somehow or other I like to hear the thing drop. But no, the broadcast man says that's out. It wouldn't sound like a spoon over the air. The man in the orchestra has to drop it for me. It's very difficult. I have to keep an eye on the man to find out when I really drop the spoon! I see him go through the motions, but there's not a sound. It's really weird.

"Then there's another thing. When I do a scene for a picture where I take my clothes off and go to bed, I go through the action, taking off shirt, suit and shoes—put on pajamas and climb into bed.

"It seems so darned silly to stand in front of that mike in the broadcast station and talk about taking off my clothes, dropping my shoes (which don't make a sound because I didn't take them off anyway), wind a clock that isn't even there and after I'm all through talking, I'm standing in the same spot, fully clothed and without a sign of a bed to jump into!

"It's a most futile feeling, wondering if all the sound effects come in at the right places and just hoping the audience laughed.

"Well I suppose one gets used to anything after a while. It wasn't as bad as I expected, when I stop to think about it. At any rate the man at the broadcasting station said it was swell, which was a relief. Anything might have happened, really—especially with those peculiar arrangements about the sound effects.

"When I go on the next program I must work out something realistic with the manager of the station. When I drop a spoon, I really want to drop it—if it's only made out of paper mache. I can't do all the acting with my tongue."

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO RAMONA!

At least that's what the talented artist who's been heard on the Paul Whiteman programs has to say about herself. But RADIO MIRROR tells you differently in an intimate, informal study of RAMONA in next month's issue.

Lee Wiley's Afraid of Romance

(*Continued from page 33*)

her one very long weary year of misery. This one particular balky animal threw her off one day with the result that the optical nerve became completely paralyzed and Miss Wiley was totally blind for one whole year. Perhaps the sad, blue tones were born during that year of suffering, the misery in not knowing whether she would ever be able to see again. So far as Lee can remember, this has been the only suffering she has endured in her young life. Lee mentioned that she would like to speak to that young lady who so recently regained her vision after being blind for about fifteen years. She would like to compare notes. No doubt Lee will.

Lee's eyes are brown and so is her hair. Although she is tall she weighs about 115 pounds. She is very thin and is particularly fond of tailored clothes. She says she dislikes to wear evening clothes and feels most comfortable in a loose-fitting blouse and a suit with deep pockets where her hands can find a hiding place. She is particular about the cut and fit of her suits and has them made by an exclusive man's tailor who caters to many of the celebrities from the stage, screen, radio and sports world. I have seen Miss Wiley in both evening clothes and tailored clothes and I must say she looks best in a well-fitted suit but she also looks charming in evening dress.

Although Lee is the calm and perfect hostess at home, she changes before the microphone. She is tense, nervous and excited until the broadcast is over. I have even heard that she has been seen tearing a handkerchief into shreds during a broadcast. After the performance, she relaxes and once more becomes her own vivacious and charming self.

Like most all other actors and actresses, Lee Wiley insists that she isn't superstitious. No, not much, but just let her see a hat on a bed or meet a black cat and then watch that temperament bubble.

By way of casual mention, I could say that Will Rogers, that popular cowboy actor of both the stage and screen, is distantly related to Miss Wiley on her mother's side. Miss Wiley although honored by this distant relationship has more than once been riled by a rumor that her success is due to Mr. Rogers, because the true fact is, that Lee Wiley has never met the famous rope-twirling, wordy actor.

Can Lee Wiley continue to keep love in the background? Especially when one is as attractive and as charming as she? Love is a funny thing. No one knows just what it may bring. But will Lee Wiley find out that the glory of a successful career does not always bring happiness?

On the Pacific Air Waves

(*Continued from page 43*)

her a good-sized shove and she moved over to KFWB, the Ambassador Grove, and finally the chain.

One fine day, right after she had taken an apartment for the winter with Dorothy Dee (Zimmerman), KTM organist, she walked out and married Harry Barris. Though they had been seen together once in awhile, nobody thought it was serious until the actual marriage.

But these past two years have been bad ones for the couple. Earlier this summer they got a chance for a comeback with Barris wielding the baton for a San Francisco night club spot (over NBC) and Loyce singing.

Though perhaps temperamentally of excitable dispositions they have both gotten along well in private life. Preliminaries seem to say that the networks have withdrawn their ban and the couple will once more soar to popularity . . . if not on one chain or city, then on another. And, perchance, the boy may have the time and inclination to do some more composing. Of course you remember his earlier song hits . . . "I Surrender Dear," "It Must Be True" and "It Was So Beautiful."

* * *

"Andy" Andrews has long been a stellar attraction with NBC coast audiences. Of course you know all that. But probably you don't know that he was christened as Orville Andrews, Jr. in his home town of Lincoln, Nebraska.

"Andy" in rapid succession, took lessons on the piano, cornet and trombone. But he wanted a banjo so he could sing, too.

Orville, Sr., had different ideas. So Junior got a job as a grave digger and earned $80. for his first banjo. He earned his way through the state university by singing at banquets and stag affairs.

Ten years ago he made his radio debut at KFAB in Lincoln. Since college days he has been with hotel orchestras and in recent years on coast radio.

Back in '25 he married Vera Alber, of Greely, Colorado, when he was singing with a band in Estes Park. By the time September rolls around there will be an addition to the Andrews family for, as this is written, Andy is passing the cigars around to the scribes. "Just a new Spanish custom," says Andy, "I'm passing the stogies out now and will have some real seegars to pass out when the youngster arrives."

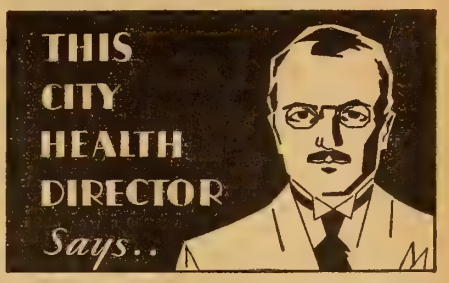
* * *

Mary Rosetti, prize female singer at KNX, is goin' to town these days.

Believe it or not, her father really was a travelling salesman (William Pearce) and the family hearthstone was at Mt. Vernon, New York.

She made her radio debut over WEBH in Chicago back in 1925, studied, travelled and worked until she signed up with KNX two or three years ago.

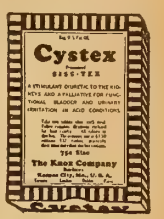
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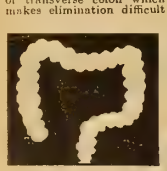


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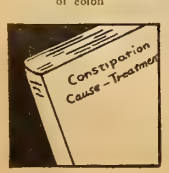
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Showing normal condition of colon



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I'm not divulging any special secret when I tell you her first paid singing job out here was in a Charlotte Greenwood musical show as "one of the ladies of the ensemble" at the princely and magnificent salary of $45 a week.

Still under thirty, beautiful and charming in an evening gown, she is a widow with a young son just about four years old.

Her first recollection of Sunday school picnics at the beach is a lasting one. She likes to take a nap in the middle of the afternoon; doesn't like poetry; has no ambition to compose a song; is nuts over Ed Wynn's buffoonery; eats rissoto; rebels at washing dishes and can't remember people's names.

If I've left anything out, send stamped addressed envelope for further particulars and I'll consult the "knows all, sees all and tells nothing" department.

* * *

Georgia Fifield has been doing drama bits on four NBC transcontinentals originating in Hollywood during the summer. Besides this she has been taking the femme parts in KNX's Watanabe and Archie sketches.

Now she has taken on an additional and new task in directing a series of transcription programs. Just as this is being written, she is directing Anna Q. Nilsson and Viola Dana in the wax series.

Rumor hath it that the lovely Georgia will soon clamber up the church steps again for the second marriage. So far she has neither affirmed or denied it. I think she is one of the kind who will take the step and keep it a secret for a few months and then burst into the limelight with the good news.

* * *

The summer series of "Symphonies Under the Stars" in the famed Hollywood Bowl has been a unique musical venture this summer with the musicians underwriting it as a cooperative movement. When the musicians saw the bowl might be dark for the summer because of lack of funds, they dug into their welfare fund for money to get it going and depended on the profits for their pay.

J. Howard Johnson, member of the original radio Orpheus Four Male Quartet . . . half a ton of melody on anybody's hoof . . . used Southern California stations to ballyhoo the summer symphonies as a civic proposition. Many radio stars contributed their time and talent to call attention, over the air, to the symphonies, and some of the radio-music directors took turns waving the baton in the bowl as guest conductors. Twenty-four stations from El Centro to Fresno helped acquaint the public with the concerts. Two score of radio talent appeared before the audition board.

Sir Henry Wood, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Jose Iturbi, Elsa Alsen, Nina Koschetz, Richard Bonelli . . . these are just a few of those who appeared this summer. Alfred Brain, himself a French horn soloist of world repute, managed the series for the musicians.

What more can one ask?

We Have with Us

(*Continued from page* 45)

Monday (Continued)

Thursday and Friday). WABC and associated stations.

Welcome back, Kate—you and your moon.

8:00 P. M. YEAST FOAMERS—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Northwestern Yeast Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

A darn good orchestra.

8:00 P. M. STUDEBAKER PROGRAM—Richard Himber's orchestra; Joey Nash, vocalist. WEAF and associated stations.

How that Himber has come up in the ether world this year.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE Garden Concert featuring Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano with William Daly's Symphonic String Orchestra and Rose Marie Brancato, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor, and Frank Chapman, baritone. WEAF and associated stations.

Cooling breezes in high C's.

9:00 P. M. A. & P. GYPSIES—direction Harry Horlick; Robert Simmons, tenor (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

Old friends you know so well.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band director, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.

Bringing the interlocutor back into his own.

9:30 P. M. EX-LAX, INC., presents Lud Gluskin and his continental orchestra with Henrietta Schumann, pianist; and The Three Marshalls, vocal trio. WABC and associated stations.

When nature forgets.

9:30 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Joe Cook, comedian; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio; orchestra direction Don Voorhees; Brad Browne, master-of-ceremonies. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.) WEAF and associated stations.

The crazy Cook surrounded by sane people.

9:30 P. M. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS—drama with Douglas Hope, Alice Hill, Peggy Davis and Arthur Jacobson. (Princess Pat, Ltd.) WJZ and associated stations.

Ring up the curtain.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Milk Company.) WEAF and associated stations.

Popular stars going the milky way.

10:30 P. M. SINGIN' SAM—from Chicago (Atlas Brewing Co.) WABC and associated stations.
There's something refreshing about this singer.

11:35 P. M. JACK DENNY and his orchestra. WJZ and network.
Another good dance-music provider.

Tuesday

12:15 P. M. CONNIE GATES. Songs. WABC and associated stations.
Nice little Connie in a nice program.

4:15 P. M. THE SINGING STRANGER—Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. Also Friday (Bauer & Black). WJZ and associated stations.
You ought to know him by now.

7:30 P. M. THE TASTYEAST PROGRAM—Brad Browne and Al Llewellyn, comedians. WEAF and associated stations.
Another yeastcake show.

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEAF and associated stations.
This is our idea of a grand orchestra.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES—dramatic sketch (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.) Also Wednesday. WJZ and associated stations.
Tracking down the criminals.

8:00 P. M. "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" with Frank Munn, Tenor; Muriel Wilson, Soprano, and Gustave Haenschen's Orchestra (Bayer's Aspirin). WABC and associated stations.
Just an old-fashioned bouquet.

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—dance music. WEAF and associated stations.
More music in the cause of cosmetics.

8:30 P. M. GOLDMAN BAND CONCERT—Edwin Franko Goldman, conductor. WJZ and network.
Music on the Mall.

8:30 P. M. "ACCORDIANA" with Abe Lyman's Orchestra, Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor. (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
Sweet and hot.

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA (Premier-Pabst Sales Co.) WEAF and associated stations.
Bennie ought to sell his wares this weather.

9:00 P. M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's Orchestra (Household Finance Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.
The rural poet with some city music.

9:00 P. M. GEORGE GIVOT—"Greek Ambassador of Good Will." WABC and associated stations.
Funny business in the old Athenian way.

9:30 P. M. RICHARD HIMBER and Studebaker Champions; Joey Nash, Tenor. (Studebaker Motor Corp.) WABC and associated stations.
Mr. Himber delivering himself again.

10:00 P. M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, Charlotte Walker, Florence Malone; Joseph Granby, John Barclay, Rosaline Greene, Adele Ronson, Alan Devitt, Alfred Shirley and the Russian Choir. (Palmolive Soap). WEAF and associated stations.
With all these stars, how can they miss.

10:00 P. M. "CONFLICT" by T. S. Stribling. Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.
A real writer goes radio.

11:15 P. M. EMIL COLEMAN'S HOTEL PLAZA ORCHESTRA. WEAF and network.
He's been doing this sort of program for a long time.

Wednesday

7:30 P. M. IRENE RICH FOR WELCH—(Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations. A Hollywood star on her own home ground.

8:00 P. M. TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WEAF and associated stations.
The Baron—and lying again.

8:00 P. M. MAXINE, PHIL SPITALNY ENSEMBLE. (Cheramy, Inc., Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.
Watch this Maxine.

8:30 P. M. "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES." Everett Marshall, Baritone and Master of Ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, Contralto; Victor Arden's orchestra; and Guest Stars. (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.
A gorgeous voice and lot of helpful harmony.

9:30 P. M. TOWN HALL TONIGHT Fred Allen, comedian; Portland Hoffa, The Songsmiths Quartette, and Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) WEAF and associated stations.
To say nothing of plenty of hearty laughs.

9:30 P. M. THE LOVE STORY PROGRAM dramatic sketch. (Non-spi). WJZ and associated stations.
Romance is back again.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER with Guy Lombardo's Orchestra (Plough, Inc.) WEAF and associated stations.
The Lombardos in a new back yard.

10:30 P. M. CALIFORNIA MELODIES. WABC and associated stations.
Tintillations from the land of oranges.

10:30 P. M. Conoco Presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his Orchestra and John B. Kennedy (Continental Oil Co.) WJZ and associated stations.
Radio made Harry and he certainly makes radio listening a pleasant pastime.

11:00 P. M. DON BESTOR'S Hotel

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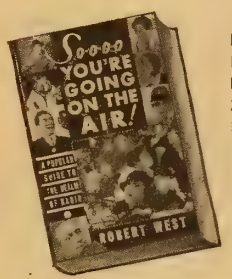
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Pennsylvania Orchestra. WEAF and network.

In case you can get up enough energy to dance.

Thursday

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest artists. (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEAF and associated stations.

There seems to be no end of tricks with which Rudy stays on top.

8:00 P. M. EVAN EVANS, Baritone, with Concert Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Another seasoned singer recruited to airing his voice.

8:00 P. M. GRITS AND GRAVY—mountaineer sketch with George Gaul, Peggy Paige and Robert Strauss; Anthony Stanford, director. WJZ and network.

Catching up with the tall alfalfa folks.

8:30 P. M. PHILADELPHIA SUMMER CONCERTS—from Robin Hood Dell in Fairmount Park, Phila.; Alexander Smallens, Conductor. WABC and associated stations.

Beautiful, so lend your ears.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S Maxwell House Show Boat—Charles Winninger; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band (Maxwell House Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.

A weekly cruise we hate to miss.

9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Do cowboys really get lonesome?

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Deems Taylor, master-of-ceremonies. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp.) WEAF and associated stations.

Paul, the Piper with those marvelous arrangements.

10:15 P. M. PRESENTING MARK WARNOW. WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Warnow and all his strings.

10:45 P. M. FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI, Piano Team. WABC and associated stations.

Twenty fingers in perfect harmony.

11:35 P. M. GUY LOMBARDO and his Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra. WJZ and network.

What, again?

Friday

3:00 P. M. MARIA'S CERTO MATINEE—Lanny Ross, tenor; Mary Lou; Conrad Thibault, baritone and Gus Haenschen's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Lanny's in a new spot with the same clever associates.

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Countess Albani, soprano and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

We do miss Jessica but are thankful for the rest.

8:00 P. M. NESTLE'S CHOCOLATEERS with Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe; Bobby Dolan and his orchestra (Nestle's Chocolate). WJZ and associated stations.

That O'Keefe boy has a nimble tongue—to say nothing of the Shutta warbling.

8:00 P. M. MARY EASTMAN, soprano, with concert orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

She's a good singer, too.

8:30 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.

Real life dramas and you give the answers.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME — Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEAF and associated stations.

More dreamy rhythm.

9:00 P. M. LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer (Northam Warren Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.

We do.

9:30 P. M. JOHNNY GREEN—"In the Modern Manner." WABC and associated stations.

A boy after our own musical tastes.

9:30 P. M. PICK AND PAT IN ONE NIGHT STANDS—Orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singer. WEAF and associated stations.

Troupers' vicissitudes.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Mabel Albertson, Irene Beasley, blues singer, and Roy Shield's orchestra (Armour Products). WJZ and associated stations.

One of the real favorites.

10:00 P. M. STORIES THAT SHOULD BE TOLD — Fulton Oursler — (LIBERTY MAGAZINE). WJZ and associated stations.

And he knows how to tell them.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Campana Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.

An opening night at home.

10:00 P. M. THE SPOTLIGHT REVUE with Everett Marshall, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Frank Crumit, and Victor Young's Orchestra (Schlitz Brewing Co.) WABC and associated stations.

Don't they rate a big spotlight?

10:30 P. M. THE GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor's Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

You can always count on The Benny to come across with a good program.

11:35 P. M. VINCENT LOPEZ and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra. WEAF and network.

Saturday

7:30 P. M. Don Bestor and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.
Mr. Bestor again.

7:30 P. M. Betty Barthell and the Melodeers. WABC and associated stations.
A charming singer from Tennessee.

8:00 P. M. Spanish Interlude — Corinna Mura, soprano; Carlos Spaventa and Robert Mova, guitarists. WJZ and network.
In the Latin manner and you know you like it.

8:00 P. M. Morton Downey's Studio Party—Freddy Rich's Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
We wish Morton would stick to his singing.

9:00 P. M. One Man's Family—dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEAF and network.
It might be yours.

10:00 P. M. Raymond Knight and his Cuckoos; Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; The Sparklers and Robert Armbruster's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
They're crazy and they get paid for it.

10:15 P. M. Guy Lombardo and his Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
He's all over the dial.

10:30 P. M. Elder Michaux and Congregation. WABC and associated stations.
Sermons in music.

11:35 P. M. Paul Whiteman's Saturday Night Dancing Party—from the Hotel Biltmore. WJZ and network.
Our idea of a pleasant good-night.

Labor Day Luncheon

(*Continued from page 48*)

serve it that count.

MENU

Iced Consomme — Frozen Fruit Salad
Refrigerator Rolls — Meringue Glace
Iced Tea — Iced Coffee
Mints — Nuts

Iced Consomme

Use a usual consomme and season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice or sherry flavoring. Put the entire mixture in a large pitcher and chill thoroughly.

Frozen Fruit Salad

4 oranges
4 bananas
½ cup cherries, cut in pieces
½ cup berries, cut in pieces
½ cup grapefruit
½ cup tiny green grapes
1 cup cream, whipped
1 cup dressing
Lettuce

Add the cream to the dressing and mix. Add all the fruit together mixed in a large bowl without breaking any pieces, use a wooden spoon. Freeze in drawers of refrigerator, and be careful not to freeze too long as fruit becomes frozen. Arrange on lettuce leaves, using about a cup of finely chopped nut meats for garnishing or if you want something especially decorative cut green and red maraschino cherries into small pieces and arrange in leaf-like patterns on top.

Refrigerator Rolls

1 yeast cake dissolved in 1 cup lukewarm water
½ cup butter
½ cup other shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 cup mashed potatoes, hot
1 cup cold water
1 teaspoon salt
6 to 6½ cups flour

Add shortening, sugar, and potatoes to yeast cake and water. Allow to stand two hours in warm room, add cold water, salt, and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Let stand covered in refrigerator for twenty-four hours. Shape as desired, allow to rise two hours before baking. Bake in moderate oven till browned.

Meringue Glace

4 egg whites
½ teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups powdered sugar

Beat egg whites until stiff, add two thirds of sugar slowly so eggs will remain stiff, add vanilla, then fold in remaining sugar. Shape with spoon on cookie sheet covered with letter paper. Bake for fifty minutes in 250° F. oven. Remove soft part with spoon and place back in oven to dry out. Use two of these, and place in between them ice cream. Garnish with whipped cream. If you have a small board use this in place of a cookie sheet, and cover the board with paper.

A FAMOUS STAR TURNS TO RADIO

When Helen Menken was signed for one guest broadcast on the Ex-Lax Hour, the response was so tremendous that the sponsors retained her talents for the rest of the series. And now Miss Menken, glamorous star of "Seventh Heaven" and later with the Theater Guild, believes her future lies in radio. She tells you why in the

October issue of your RADIO MIRROR

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Cut out this ad and send it with a certificate taken from a bottle of Liquid Veneer and we will send you the silver you select for your certificate and one extra teaspoon free, for sending the ad. One ad only redeemable with each certificate. We guarantee you will simply be delighted. Or a postcard brings you a 10c bottle and the true story free and postpaid.

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so anyone can afford to use it on arms, underarms and legs. Therefore, why use anything else?



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The Lure of Lovely Hands

(*Continued from page* 49)

Melt under heat a mixture of one half ounce of Refined Pitch and one half ounce of Myrrh obtained at any drug-store. Apply to the nails at night and remove each morning with a little olive oil placed on absorbent cotton.

A bruised nail may avoid turning black by immersing the finger tip into as hot water as may be borne for at least a half hour. Use a pledget of cotton dipped into hot witch hazel wrapped around the finger, allowing to remain on all night.

When giving yourself a manicure there are several hints we would offer you. The nail file is the only proper instrument for trimming the nails. Before using the file place the hand in a bowl of warm water long enough to have the skin and nail soften slightly. Do not file the nail too short. Place the hand again in hot water and dry.

The next step is to properly cleanse the nails. Place a small amount of cotton around the sharp end of the orange stick and dip in water. The swab is then gently rubbed under the free edge of the nail to remove the dirt or stain it may have retained after the immersion in the water. Wipe the finger tips dry and smooth the edges of the nails with an emery board.

Use the emery board as a file, to remove all roughness. Look carefully for hangnails, and remove leaving a smooth edge. Reduce the cuticle at the base of the nail to expose as much as possible of the half moons. Use the flat end of the orange stick and gently press back upon the finger the cuticle that has grown upward on the lower section of the nail.

Brilliant nail polishes are very popular, and the shade you select is a matter of personal choice. For summer bathers there are waterproof polishes that come in many distinctive shades.

Begin today to correct any of the small faults that are destroying the beauty of your hands, because many folks judge your character by your hands.

Chicago Breezes

(*Continued from page* 51)

THE CHICAGO FIRE

In the radio reports of the $8,000,000 stock yards fire which Chicago suffered earlier this summer were many amusing little bits of human interest. Most of the broadcasting was, of course, serious: reports of damage done, devastation. And some of those reports were grossly exaggerated and garnished with too much heroics and hysteria on the part of the radio reporters. But some of it was very human and some of it amusing. . . .

John Harrington of WGN interviewed one of the firemen on the job.

"Is this the biggest fire you ever saw?" asked Harrington.

"Hummph," grunted the fireman.

"What do you estimate the damage to be?" asked Harrington.

"Hummmph," grunted the fireman. Then a thought struck him. He reached over to the mike. Harrington thought that at last the guy was going to give his radio audience some fiery wisdom, something authoritative on the conflagration. But what the fireman said into the mike was: "If my wife is listening in please bring me some clean clothes . . . and something to eat!"

Clem Lane, veteran reporter of The Chicago *Daily News*, got on Hal Totten's NBC mike: "Saturday afternoon on an afternoon paper that doesn't publish Sundays is like Sunday on the farm. But when the two-eleven fire alarm came in the boys quit their bridge game and went to work. The firemen discovered a brewery near the fire. They saved the brewery—kept hoses playing water on it. The brewery has been sending out trucks with beer on tap for them ever since."

Someone whose name we didn't catch: "Fear on some faces . . . worry. But the kids are loving it. One gang of boys is already back at its baseball game. These kids are tickled. Because the fire is just a block away the police are routing traffic around their street . . . and the street is wide open with no traffic to spoil their game!"

Harold Isbell on Columbia: "People are going around with wet handkerchiefs tied around their mouths. In the eerie light of the flames they seem to be attending a holdup men's convention."

Ted Weems, the orchestra leader, is an inveterate fire chaser. He dashed for the south side at the first alarm. A block from the flames he stopped to get gas for his car. But the attendant refused to open his tank. He was afraid the burning embers flying around might blow them both up. As Ted rode back toward his downtown hotel he heard the radio announce that gas station had just gone up in smoke.

A girl named Margaret Casey auditioned at Radio Station WAAF in the stock yards that afternoon. She left the studios with the station staff just before the building was gutted by flames. She moved back to a nearby shed and watched from there until firemen forced her to move still farther back. The shed burned to the ground. She ate in a restaurant nearby. Later, that burned down too. Now Margaret is pretty well cured of the broadcasting bug. "Gee, if they make things that hot for me just when I do a little tiny audition just think what might happen if I got on a big network program!" Another girl got near a mike and yelled: "I came in all the way from Riverside to see this fire. Golly, its swell!" before the announcer could guard his mike from her. Everybody there wanted a minute's chance at the mikes.

MEETING A CRISIS

Most radio programs are so thoroughly stopwatched and produced, that even the changing of a single word or the missing of a phrase throws the whole thing out of line. That's the main trouble with radio now, that mechanical perfection. But Dr. Herman N. Bundesen didn't let stop watches or prepared continuity bother him the other day. The Bundesen Magazine of the Air was on WLS as it always is every weekday morning. The telephone rang and a frantic mother called. Her child had swallowed a button and she wanted Dr. Bundesen to tell her what to do. She was almost hysterical. The telephone operator told the doctor in the studio and he told her to have the woman tune in his program if she hadn't already done it. Then he went to the mike, waved away the violinist who was playing a solo and told the woman just what to do for the child. That shows just what a human sort of chap our health commissioner in Chicago is. And at the time those quintuplets were born up in Canada he went and got a supply of breast milk together and sent it along together with his books on the care and feeding of babies.

Dr. Bundesen surprised the WLS studio staff one morning. On his program he wanted to broadcast the actual sound of a living human heart. If you'd gone to WLS that morning you'd have been surprised to see near the mike a husky young man, stripped to the waist, jumping up and down and then rushing up to the mike to hold it against his heart. The jumping was simply done to attain a more pronounced heartbeat for listeners to hear. . . .

* * *

ANTIQUE OR OLD GOLD?

Irene Beasley, the long tall gal from Dixie is now singing with Phil Baker on the Friday night Armour shows over NBC. Also on the same network she is singing for the Fitch programs while Wendell Hall takes a vacation. Recently Irene took a vacation to her family home in the southland. While there she sent a prized antique watch to a jeweler's. The watch was supposed to have been repaired. But something went wrong. Irene wondered why they didn't send it back. Then she found out:

Dear Miss Beasley:

Enclosed please find check for $4.85, the amount due you on the gold contained in the watch you sent us. Please keep it in mind in the event you have any more old gold for sale and we will be most pleased to do business."

* * *

A member of Jan Garber's band got married. Garber and all his boys attended the wedding and then, in more or less hilarious spirits, all went to a celebrity night in a Chicago cafe. Garber was called on to play his fiddle. As Jan went up to the band stand, all the Garber bandsmen solemnly picked up their chairs, moved from their tables out into the dance floor directly in front of Jan, sat down . . . and one of them solemnly started tossing pennies at him!

A Cleveland radio listener sent Gene and Glenn a pair of homing pigeons named after the radio boys. They were to release the pigeons at a certain time on a certain night and then they could tell how long it took them to fly home from New York. Gene and Glenn released the pigeons in Central Park . . . but the birds refused to fly home, in fact refused to fly. They LIKED Central Park. So Gene and Glenn recrated the birds and shipped them home with a note: "If these birds are homers, any place they light must be home to them!"

* * *

Al Rice, now tenor of the Maple City Four, once was the orchestra leader chosen by the Prince of Wales to play for the Prince's parties when the prince visited Vancouver. They fixed up a set of signals. If the Prince liked the partner he was dancing with he would signal Al and the number would go on forever. But if the prince didn't like his dancing partner another signal and Al would stop the music right away.

* * *

Salty Homes and Gene Autry of WLS so amused the convalescent Eddie Quail of Champaign, Ill., with their broadcast antics that Eddie literally split his side laughing. Eddie was just getting over an appendectomy when he laughed so hard he reopened the incision and had to go back to the hospital.

* * *

In Clyde Lucas' band at Terrace Garden is a real Cuban who is proud of the English he's slowly learning. The other night, to prove his mastery of the King's English, he pointed into the heavens at the stars making up the big dipper. "See, I know. That's the big diaper!"

* * *

Lynn Lucas, Clyde's brother, received a letter congratulating him on his perfect Joosh in the Hebrew version of "Write a Letter to Mother." the writer, a Jew himself, said only a Jew could sing it that well. Now, whoever heard of a Lynn Lucas being Jewish?

* * *

Have you ever noticed how some auto radio sets fade as you pass a big building or a street car line? Romo Vincent, the portly M. C. heard over NBC from Terrace Garden, has made a game of it. As he goes home early mornings he sings along with the music he hears being broadcast . . . then he tries to see if he can still be in perfect time with the orchestra when the music fades back in again after the building has been passed.

* * *

Bill and Mrs. Hay vacationed at Victoria, British Columbia.

* * *

Tony Wons returned to Eagle River, Wisconsin, for his vacation. When he returns to the air in the fall for his present sponsor (Johnson Wax) it will be with a new show, an orchestra and singers supporting Tony. It will originate in Chicago and will be on at night instead of noon. And it might be on NBC instead of Columbia.

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Dialing the Short Waves

(*Continued from page 56*)

Harmon Trophy, awarded to the outstanding aviator in the United States each year was given to Hawks for his work in 1930, when he was also decorated by the French Aero Club and the Swiss Aero Club.

And this man, Frank Hawks, is a short wave fan!

Now here's a man who listens-in on the European broadcasters for both business and pleasure. You know him well, for it's none other than the old master showman—Rudy Vallee himself.

Well, Vallee is not satisfied to listen only to American stations, in order to follow the trends in music. He has a sensitive short wave receiver in his apartment on Central Park West and, when not otherwise occupied during an evening, tunes-in on the major European transatlantic broadcasts.

Another man whose name is always associated with sports, is Ted Husing, the CBS announcer who plays tennis, golf, handball, football and baseball. Ted, whose real name is Edward Britt Husing, is thirty-three years old, six feet tall, and weighs 175 pounds. He was born in New Mexico, but while he was still a boy, the family moved to New York.

The lure of the road got him, after his graduation from high school, and he hitch-hiked to Kansas, where he worked in a wheat field for a few months, then going on to Seattle, Wash., and returning home *via* Texas and Florida, where he stayed for a while, learning to be an aviator. He became a commercial pilot in 1923 and was sent to Miami; came back to New York and was one of the first "flying cops" in the force, but got married and went to Florida again as a real estate salesman. When the bubble burst he and 618 other men auditioned for an announcerial position. Ted got the job in September, 1924, and has been at it ever since.

Yet the wanderlust that marked his earlier days has never left him. Though he's more or less tied down by his studio work, he still manages to do a bit of vicarious travelling via the short waves, and there is no more pathetic sight than to see Husing, his head in his hands, listening to a leisurely Britisher drawling a kick-by-tackle description of a rousing game of rugger.

Women are represented, too, among the short waves' famous fans. One of them is Mrs. Emily Post, who was born in Baltimore, Md., 1873. Mrs. Post, the mother of two boys, was well known as a novelist several years ago, her fiction having its setting in European countries, the standards of which she contrasted with those of America. Although she has given up all but her non-fiction work, the lure of Europe is still strong, and she makes a habit of following the foreign programs via her radio set.

Besides being a recognized authority on modern manners and social customs, Mrs. Post is an expert on architecture, color and interior decoration.

Also a writer is Willard Huntington Wright, better known as S. S. Van Dine, author of the "Benson", "Canary," "Greene," "Bishop," "Scarab," and "Kennel" Murder Cases. While Mr. Wright's detective, Philo Vance, tracks down the fictional murderers, the author grimly follows the trail of distant short wave stations. He has just purchased one of the latest and best of the high frequency receivers. Wright (alias Van Dine) is a native of Charlottesville, Va., but now lives in New York. He was born in 1888, and had become literary editor of the Los Angeles *Times* by the time he was nineteen years old. Since then he has served in the same capacity on *Town Topics,* and the New York *Evening Mail,* as art critic on the *Forum,* the San Francisco *Bulletin* and Hearst's *International Magazine,* as a critic of music and drama, and as editor of *Smart Set.* In addition to all this he was Police Commissioner of the town of Bradley Beach, New Jersey.

RADIO'S PERFECT VOICE

Helen Menken, glamorous redheaded of the stage is the latest celebrity to join the ranks of radio artists. Engaged for one broadcast this past spring, her dramatic characterization was so successful she was retained for the entire series and will be back on the air this fall in a new program.

Broadcast executives say she has the most perfect female speaking voice yet heard on the radio. READ ALL ABOUT HELEN MENKEN IN THE OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR.

Now Mr. Wright divides his time between the typewriter (he's just finishing a new book) and his short wave receiver.

Sticking to writers for the present, we find Walter Winchell, the reporter-broadcaster, as another ardent short wave-ite.

He's the busiest man in the world, getting through with work around three A. M. when he doesn't have to stay on the job late—but still he manages to find time to tune-in on the short wave band.

Just think of the gossip he must pick up! And how it must break his heart not to be able to print it, because of government regulations!

If you happen to be in communication with W8CPC, you may be able to get some free medical advice, for that's the call of Dr. Burton T. Simpson, of Buffalo, N. Y., who is Director of the Institute for the Study of Malignant Diseases.

Dr. Burton is an amateur of eight years' standing. "I started as a broadcast listener," he says, "and then started building my own receivers. Through a natural course of evolution, I graduated into the amateur ranks—and now just look at me!"

The doctor is unpaid physician to literally hundreds of amateurs. They hear his call, look him up in the call book, see the "M. D." after his name and promptly ask him for advice on everything from fallen arches to falling hair, though he is a specialist on cancer.

While in the realm of science, we mustn't skip Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor of the Maxim Silencer and dozens of other devices in the fields of ordnance, automobiles and electricity. He's the son of Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim, and was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1869. He was the youngest member of his class in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which he graduated at the age of seventeen. Twelve years later he married Josephine Hamilton, daughter of the ex-Governor of Maryland.

And is H. P. Maxim interested in short waves? Well, he's president of the American Radio Relay League and the International Amateur Radio Union!

Billie Jones, who with his partner, Ernie Hare has been on the air for eleven years, is a short wave fan, as are Stokowski, Toscanini and Peter Van Steeden, the orchestra leaders; Art Egan, the poet; Breen and de Rose, the Sweethearts of the Air; Paul McCullough of Clark and McCullough, and Art Van Harvey, of "Vic and Sade."

Van Harvey, on the air over Amateur Harold Blough's station, W9SP in Forest Park, Ill., happened to mention that he was "Vic" in the NBC sketches, to a Syracuse, N. Y. amateur. A Watertown, S. D., ham picked it up and butted in with some questions. Finally another in Cicero, Ill., brought his wife into it, and let her talk to Vic over the air.

Paul Davis, former president of the Chicago Stock Exchange, runs a transmitter, too, as do many other wealthy men, for amateur radio is a hobby which appeals to rich and poor alike.

And even diplomats, far from home in foreign lands, manage to keep in touch with their own countries by means of short wave sets. Two of them who come to mind are Henry R. Norweb, U. S. Charge d'Affaires in Mexico, and Dr. Le Brun, the Argentine Ambassador in Paris, both of whom bought American receivers before going to take their stations.

So no matter how late you sit up with your set, remember: *You're not alone!* Somewhere, some world-famous man or woman is sitting, too, with drooping eyelids, trying to bring in China, Japan or Australia loud enough to get a verification card, just as you are.

Next month, the Globe Twister will tell you all about famous heroes of the short wave, tales of daring rescues achieved by historic S.O.S.'s.

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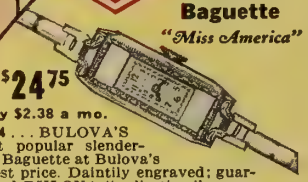
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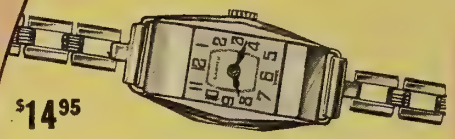
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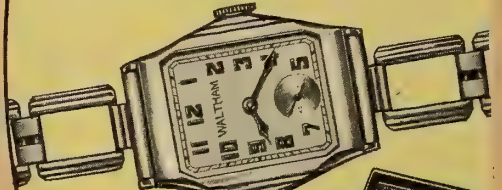
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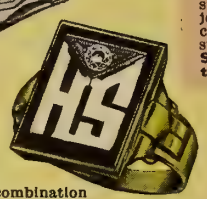


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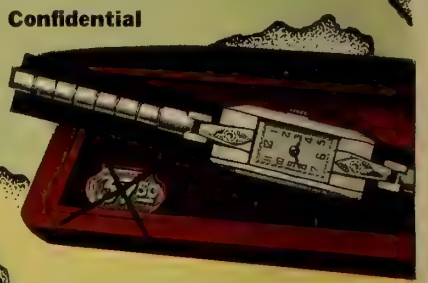
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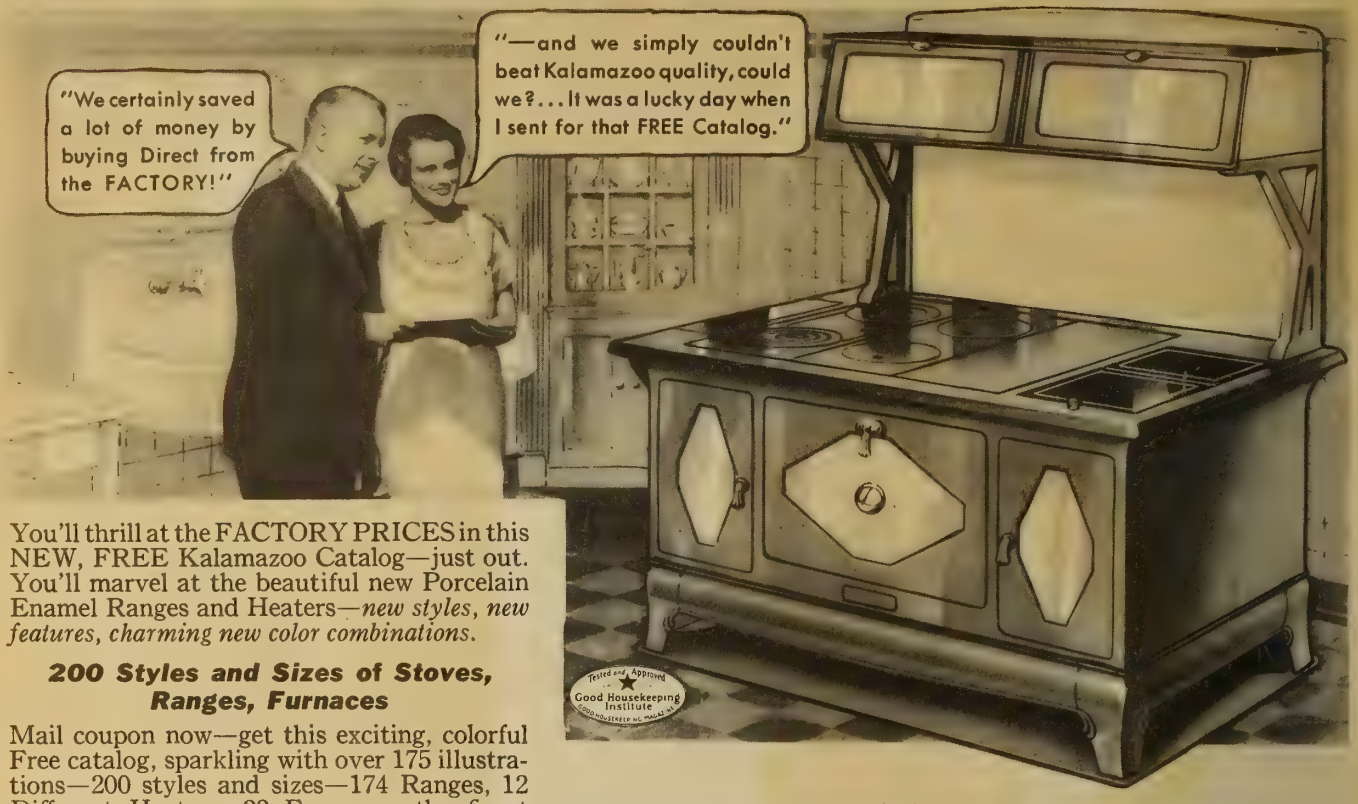
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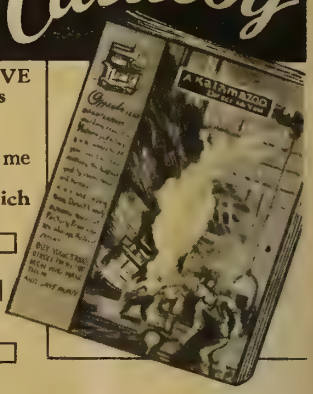
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Radio MIRROR

VOL • 2 NO • 6 OCTOBER • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

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special



NEXT MONTH—The boy who rose from small-town obscurity to monarch of waltz time has a story that reads like an adventure novel, but, through it all Wayne King has kept his head and an amazing modesty about his accomplishments. In the November RADIO MIRROR his countless admirers will read for the first time the true facts of his rise to radio fame, a romantic, thrilling success tale.

Gladys Swarthout is one of the more recent additions to the airwaves but already she has won an important and permanent place in broadcasting. This opera singer who turned her talents to the microphones has everything: beauty, voice, happiness, a husband she loves and a home she's proud of. Next month you will read Rose Heylbut's entertaining personality study, all the details of how kind the fates have been in showering gifts on Gladys Swarthout.



For so many years Charles Winninger had his spotlight in the theatre world and just when it seemed as though his career was ending, radio opened new doors to this veteran and he became the lovable Cap'n Henry of the Showboat Hour. Don't miss this complete, intimate revealing article on the "Howdy Folks" star.

Romance doesn't end with Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard when they leave the airwaves. Theirs is real love that built itself up before the mikes and has kept the blonde singer by the ork pilot's side, when she could have had Hollywood contracts. Mike Porter tells you all about them in the November RADIO MIRROR.



Cinderella has a new Prince Charming, Dick Powell, whose sensational success in the film world is duplicated on the airwaves. He is the hero of the new "Hollywood Hotel" hour from California and which looms as one of the most important broadcast programs to be sent out over the Columbia chain. We'll tell you all about "Cinderella's Boyfriend" next month.



That's only the beginning of what November RADIO MIRROR holds for you—an amazing, clever interview with Walter O'Keefe by Herb Cruikshank, Paul Whiteman's own record of the many stars he has planted in the ether sky, hot news from the Pacific coast, new stories, gorgeous gallery, more homemaking and a dozen other features crowded into the next issue of your RADIO MIRROR. DON'T MISS IT!

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BEHIND the MIKES

By MERCURY

GEORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen are back from their European jaunt and is George happy! "The real reason Gracie and I went abroad," confides George, "was so Gracie could wear the clothes she bought with the money we're going to make by the time we've been back a couple of years!" . . . Parker Fennelly, famous for his "Uncle Abner" characterization, has written a comedy "All In a Night", which is scheduled for early production . . . Don Bestor is now a member of the faculty of the New York School of Music . . . Ruth Robin, vocalist with Charles Barnet's ork, and Leo Robin, the song writer, are brother and sister . . . Elizabeth Lennox, the contralto, isn't superstitious but she never sings unless she wears her "lucky" ring.

Joey Nash, vocalist with Dick Himber's orchestra, tells the story of a Scotchman pinched for parading the streets *sans* a shred of clothing. The Scot explained to the Judge the next morning that he was on his way to a strip poker game! . . . The Oxol Trio is composed of Dave Grant, Gordon Graham and Bunny Coughlin. They were formerly known on CBS as "The Funnyboners" . . . Fred Waring collects $10,000 a week for his Ford broadcasts which makes his the highest paid orchestra on the air . . . Don't expect Deane Moore, the CBS tenor, to sing if you invite him to a party. He insists upon doing card tricks.

Perhaps you never heard of it but there is a two-handed card game called klabiasch which is rapidly becoming popular with radio celebs. It is a fast-moving gambling game, so fast, indeed, that none but $5,000 a week headliners can really afford to play it. . . . Roy Helton, who looks at life Saturday nights for Columbia, explores the Encyclopædia Britannica, when his brain is tired and he craves relaxation. . . . Everett Marshall is taking fencing lessons in preparation for his forthcoming role in "Cyrano de Bergerac".

* * *

BITS ABOUT BROADCASTS

Ben Alley graduated from the Alderson Baptist Academy, West Virginia, into the role of CBS' first sustaining tenor . . . Johnny Green enrolled in Harvard at the age of 15 . . . Eddie East and Ralph Dumke are among the few radio performers who ad lib most of their programs . . . Vincent Lopez' first vaudeville appearance was with

(*Continued on page* 5)

Think of TOMORROW

when you take that laxative

TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system—you feel weak—your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all—you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purging" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation—they may form a habit.

EX-LAX—the laxative that does not form a habit

There *is* a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax is gentle—yet it is thoroughly effective. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.



Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



LET THE PUBLIC ★ CHOOSE ITS STARS ★

RADIO broadcasting will never be a self-sufficient industry while it has to borrow big names from other fields of entertainment, while it has to lure developed talent with ridiculously high remuneration. Looking over the list of air stars on enviable ether spots during the past year it is easy to pick out the amazingly small percentage of those who are real radio personalities. The overwhelming number of the high-priced performers who have been corralled at the zenith of their careers after serving long apprenticeship in vaudeville, stage and screen rôles testifies to the fact that broadcasting is still too dependent on outside sources of entertainment.

Naturally there are a few exceptions. But for every Rudy Vallee who got his recognition on the airwaves there are dozens like Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Ben Bernie, Leo Reisman and Guy Lombardo who were firmly established before radio borrowed their talents. For every Jessica Dragonette whose success has been particularly in the broadcast field there are the Rosa Ponselles, Gladys Swarthouts, Vivienne Segals and others who were big names before radio drafted them. And for one Amos 'n' Andy, there are the innumerable Al Jolsons, Eddie Cantors, Jack Pearls, Georgie Jessels, Jimmy Durantes, and Fred Allens who had made their reputations and could command their own salaries before the air officials ever made use of them. There is, of course, a saturation point in this weak method of building air programs. If the important stations are to continue allowing stage directors and movie producers to popularize entertainers and then pay the top-notch prices they will always be at a disadvantage. Then, too, the permanence of any of these drafted entertainers as radio personalities will always be doubtful.

When you stop to consider that few of the stage and movie personalities are fitted to give their best efforts to the air it is easy to appreciate that radio is paying a tremendously high price for what it gets and then not obtaining full value. For instance, Jimmy Savo, one of the most subtle and talented comedians on the stage, appeared on a Rudy Vallee broadcast recently, and to the listener's way of thinking, flopped utterly at the mike. He is a past-master of pantomime, an art which has no place on the air. And, too, Jimmy Durante is a much better entertainer when you see him than when you listen. Maurice Chevalier was another who received unwarranted high remuneration for efforts which had only mediocre success as ether entertainment.

Julie Shawell

It would be much better if the broadcast officials could devise some way of developing their own artists and then being completely independent of the high-priced demands from other fields. In the past five years there have been comparatively few reputations made exclusively on radio efforts. One of the impediments has been the red tape which made it almost impossible for an unknown to get a chance on the airwaves. Unless an artist had a national reputation and was sought after by either sponsors or important agencies it has been next to impossible for a man or woman seeking an audition to receive even ordinary consideration. I know specifically of a number of cases where people with talent have been turned down at the studios because they were unheralded or because they were not recommended by certain interests.

There ought to be some way whereby the chains or the major independent studios would set aside a certain period in each day or week for the best of the newcomers who could be judged by critics and individual listeners and could be advanced or eliminated on the response from the general public. Certain features of this magazine which draw countless letters a month from the readers, emphasize that outside of a few big cities the listeners-in are not unduly impressed by big names, that they are appreciative of real talent and often prefer the lesser-known broadcasters to those whose compensation runs into four figures for a half hour's work.

One of the major difficulties has been in the fact that those of responsible position don't seem to be able to "spot" embryonic talent.

Radio is so dependent on public approval for its success or failure, it is such a simple matter to eliminate any program by a twist of the dials, there ought to be more of an effort made to give the set-owners what they want instead of what a manufacturer thinks the public wants. And there should be less leaning on other established sources of entertainment. No field of endeavor will ever be successful for very long nor will it achieve any permanency until it secured for itself some independence such as the selection and development of artists whose talents are peculiarly suited to radio and whose training is essentially for the microphones.

Behind the Mikes

(*Continued from page 3*)

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent in their act, "Rings of Smoke" . . . Jeanne Lang claims she "squeaked"—not sang—her way into radio . . . Jerry Cooper, Columbia baritone, hates to go to bed and is afraid of electricity.

Harry Horlick's Gypsies often play unpublished numbers on their programs . . . Mary Small, "the little girl with the big voice", doesn't like candy . . . Ben Pollack, the band leader, was a draftsman before entering the realms of music . . . Wilson Myers is the only member of the "Spirits of Rhythm" who can read music . . . Reggie Childs, the orchestra leader, was a boy soloist in the American Cathedral, Paris at the age of seven . . . Tito Coral prefers radio programs to motion picture work.

Ed Lowry, veteran vaudevillian, was bitten by the radio bug while m. c. on a Bing Crosby program last fall . . . Bob Grant, the orchestra leader, is a protege of Jock Whitney, the sportsman . . . Irene Taylor ran away from home to join an orchestra . . . Frank Novak claims the distinction of being the first to use a xylophone in an orchestra . . . The Three X Sisters, NBC harmony trio, first broadcast from London in 1928 . . . Freddie Rich, CBS musical director, has a superstitious aversion to the selections, "Goodbye, Forever" and "The Rosary".

Roger Wolfe Kahn holds pilot's license No. 104 and has a record of 4,000 hours in the air . . . Frances Langford credits a tonsil operation with the discovery of her voice . . . Lennie Hayton was born in New York City 26 years ago . . . Bob Simmons' first musical offerings were made in a quartet composed of his father, two brothers and himself.

* * *

TELLING IT TERSELY

Arthur Boran, the mimic, reports requests for imitations of Joe Penner top all others he receives . . . Shirley Howard, former sob sister, is writing a series of articles on radio for the Philadelphia *Daily News,* her old paper . . . Leon Belasco has been entertaining Chu Moy, recently arrived from Harbin, China. Moy once saved the life of the bandman when he fled his native Russia, dodging the Bolsheviki . . . Paul Whiteman has established a $30,000 fund to be used for musical scholarships.

Abe Lyman supported an unemployed musician for months. The other day he called the man's house and his wife answered. "I'm sorry," she said, "he's not home. He just left for a month's vacation in the country!" . . . A group of restaurant operators offered George Givot a goodly sum for the right to use his title "Acropolis No. 7" as the name of a string of eateries . . . Jack Denny is a short wave enthusiast and gets a great kick out of tuning in police calls . . . Five of the musicians in Don Bestor's orchestra are from Pittsburgh.



FOLKS WHO ARE "NATURALLY SKINNY" NOW GAIN 5 LBS. IN 1 WEEK AND FEEL FINE!

New, Natural Mineral Concentrate from the Sea—RICH IN FOOD IODINE, Building Up Thousands of Nervous, Skinny, Run-down Men and Women Everywhere

Here's good news for "Naturally Skinny" folks who can't seem to add an ounce no matter what they eat. A new way has been found to add flattering pounds of good, solid flesh and fill out those ugly, scrawny hollows even on men and women who have been under-weight for years. 5 pounds in 1 week guaranteed—15 to 20 lbs. in few weeks not uncommon.

This new discovery, called Kelp-a-Malt now available in handy tablets offers practically all the vitally essential food minerals in highly concentrated form. These minerals, so necessary to the digestion of fats and starches—the weight making elements in your daily diet, include a rich supply of precious FOOD IODINE.

Kelp-a-Malt's FOOD IODINE nourishes the internal glands which control assimilation, the process of converting digested food into firm, solid flesh. 6 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more FOOD IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1389 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep—how your appetite improves, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes. Watch flat chests and skinny limbs fill out and flattering extra pounds appear. Kelp-a-Malt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original kelp and malt tablets. Nothing like them, so do not accept imitations. Try Kelp-a-Malt today, contains no yeast, does not cause bloating. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week, the trial is free. Kelp-a-Malt comes in jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets and costs but little. It can be had at nearly all drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effect on the human body. New facts about FOOD IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelp-a-Malt Co., Dept. 229, 27-33 West 20 St., New York City.

KELP-A-MALT *Tablets*

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE



GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.

We nominate for STARDOM

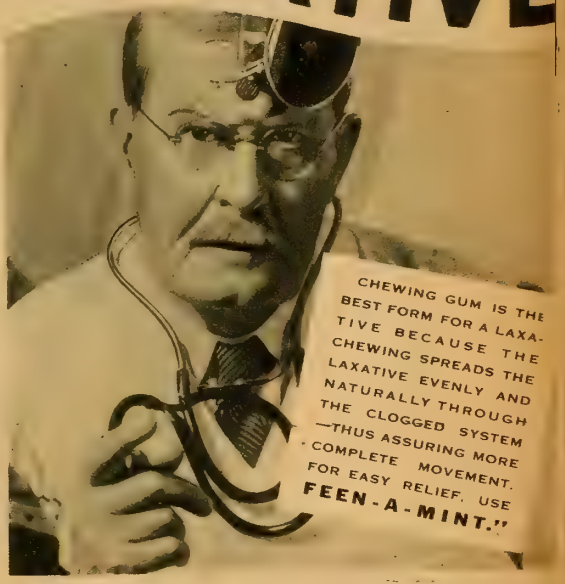


Cross and Dunn

Because Allan Cross and Henry Dunn, a team formed only eight months ago, have brought to the airwaves a new and distinctive type of popular singing, because after one appearance on Rudy Vallee's hour, they were brought back eight times in ten weeks, these two ex-newsboys, Cross from Chicago and Dunn from Boston, deserve a regular spot on the radio

for effective relief from Constipation

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE



Headaches — dizzy spells — sleeplessness — these are often caused by constipation. If constipation troubles you relieve it with FEEN-A-MINT.

FEEN-A-MINT is a thoroughly effective laxative in chewing-gum form. It works better because when you chew it the laxative is spread smoothly and evenly right down to where it does its work. That's why over 15 million people already know about and use FEEN-A-MINT. It's pleasant to take, too—a great point, especially in caring for children.

Whenever you suffer from constipation take the doctor's advice—chew FEEN-A-MINT. It's inexpensive, too, 15¢ and 25¢ at your drug store.

MAMA SAYS IT'S MEDICINE, BUT IT'S JUST LIKE THE NICEST CHEWING GUM I EVER TASTED.



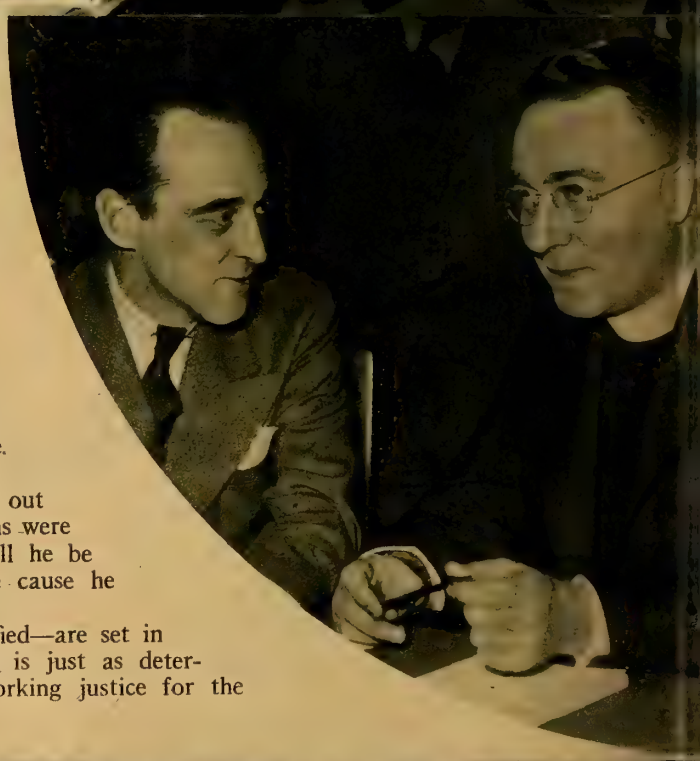
Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

What is FATHER







DO you want Father Coughlin back on the radio?

Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, the Detroit priest with his messages to millions has by his own recent declaration, dissociated himself "entirely pertaining to radio, publicity and politics during the summer months." His radio career was made possible by the voluntary contributions of thousands of his listeners and his plans are to take up his microphone work again in the fall. To what purpose?

What is Father Coughlin's future in broadcasting? Until he went off the air a few months ago he was radio's crusader, so fearless and definite in his statements and demands that interests he opposed used their full powers to stifle his voice. What will they do to him now?

When Father Coughlin returns to the network he built up out of individual stations whose time he engaged after the big chains were closed to him, what will he have to say? And how far will he be allowed to go in his fight to give the working man whose cause he espouses a break?

It is definitely known that his enemies—the interests he defied—are set in their efforts to curb him and his future campaigns. And he is just as determined to continue his activities toward what he calls a working justice for the

•Michigan's fighting priest, Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, who became radio's outstanding crusader through his series of startling sermons. In the upper left is Father Coughlin typing one of the arresting radio talks for which he became

COUGHLIN'S Future in Radio?



mass of people whose cause he has said he represented. Will Father Coughlin, a lone figure standing against a gigantic force of power and money be able to combat this force in his ether battle? He says his is a battle for as long as he lives, against privileged interests that hazard the right of the "common people" whose rights he has seen fit to champion. He is regarded as one of Wall Street's most powerful enemies. He is considered a nuisance by bankers whose deeds he has so often challenged, and certain moneyed representatives have determined to silence the weekly Coughlin messages.

The two big chains because of their policies have been denied this middle-west priest. Will the chain of individual stations he connected in a business arrangement deem it expedient some time in the future to have the period sought by him otherwise engaged?

How far can Father Coughlin go in the daring way he has chosen for himself? New issues like those he espoused or denounced in the past few years will come up to meet his unequivocal judgment and opinion. Will the radio lanes which are supposed to be unbiased and available to all who seek them be closed to his pertinent and startling talks? He has battled even within his own religious group to maintain his stand on political and economic questions. He has even defied the President, whose ardent supporter he has been, when his own and the Administration's theories conflicted. He is obviously without the fear that curbs most men's speech. He is just as obviously well-informed on those matters he defends, and whether anyone agrees with him or not, he cannot be accused of blind prejudice nor ignorant superstition. He has carried his convictions into the camps of his enemies and has routed them. He has withstood challenges in high places and whether he converted his opposers to his way of seeing things or not he has already held up under crucial examination and has come out of every encounter with his banners high. One doesn't have to agree with him to admit that he has built up a far-reaching influence with all classes and all creeds of people. He has been accused of playing on the emotions of the morons. But that is not true. Letters, some of the hundred thousands he received weekly while he was on the air are proof that his loyal supporters come from every walk of life and that he can count on the ardent *(Continued on page 77)*

famous; below, the priest with Andrew Somers, chairman of the House Coinage Committee, before which he testified; upper right, in a characteristic pose; below, Father Coughlin explains his views on silver legislation to interested Congressmen.

HOT and AIRY

Mercury brings you all the hot news and new gossip of your favorites in the big radio studios

WHAT does a radio artist do when he isn't broadcasting?

Well, you'd be surprised how many have outside interests and enterprises. And some of them are proving able business men, succeeding in commerce as well as art. There's Bing Crosby, for instance. Bing owns a walnut ranch, is silent partner in a music publishing house, is interested in an oil well and is promoting the career of a Pacific coast prize fighter. With his brother, Everett, who serves as Bing's personal manager, he may soon blossom forth in the artists' agency business.

Then take Joe Cook, the zany. Joe operates a factory where he makes those crazy contraptions used in his stage productions and the gadgets which make life interesting for visitors to his "Sleepless Hollow" estate at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. The foundry produces all sorts of trick devices for inventors and people interested in such things.

Frank Black, general musical director of NBC, owns a motion picture company specializing in movie shorts. Morton Downey has money invested in a Brooklyn glass factory. Frank Crumit is partner in a brokerage office. Albert Spalding teaches violin at the Juilliard School in New York City. Eddie Peabody has a big orange grove in California. Frank Luther, of The Men About Town, writes, directs and produces radio programs, and Will Donaldson, arranger for the trio, conducts a chicken farm in Connecticut.

Like Bing Crosby, Gene and Glenn are silent partners in a song publishing house and also manage a prize fighter. And Robert Simmons, the tenor, breeds polo ponies and wired-haired terriers at his country estate at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

Did you know that some musicians in radio orchestras make more money than their famous leaders who have to pay all the bills? 'Tis a fact. And like everything else, there's a reason. Here it is:

Many orchestras are composed practically of the same body of men who rush from studio to studio to perform under different conductors. (That explains why so many bands sound the same.) The tragedy of this situation is that the chosen few collect tremendous wages while thousands of their less fortunate fellow unionists (and just as able musicians) are starving in New York.

Network executives are seeking to overcome this evil and eventually, perhaps, union officials themselves will find a way to put an end to studio cliques. In the meantime Lennie Hayton won the gratitude of the unemployed by refusing to hire a man playing in any other radio orchestra.

* * *

Singers who suffer nervousness have discovered that a cup of tea sipped just before going on the air is a great help. The tannic acid acts on the muscles in the throat causing them to contract. Dramatic players, too, have learned that tea has other properties besides being refresh-



● Eddie Cantor's daughter-secretary, Marjorie, gets an earful as the comedian pays another batch of bills due



● Eve Sully and Jesse Block, new air favorites, say "Hello" to California and the movies where they're now working

BY MERCURY

ing. Rosaline Greene, one of NBC's ace actresses, drinks tea regularly because she believes it adds allure to her speaking voice. A French scientist once told her tea-drinkers teem with "radio-active emanations" (high-brow for sex appeal) and Rosaline points to her fan mail from masculine admirers as proof of the professor's contention.

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Johnny Davis, who sings with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, is what is known as a "scat singer". But perhaps you don't know what a "scat singer" is. Here's Waring's definition: "A fellow who knows all the words but can't pronounce them". Apparently, there are scads of "scat singers" on the radio.

* * *

STUDIO SIDELIGHTS

Harry Richman expresses his individuality by wearing loud and flashy clothes and jewelry everywhere but on his toes. And when it comes to cussing! No truck driver, no matter how abusive or what the provocation, can equal his vocabulary . . . And by the way, Harry says he will never marry again until he completes payment on a million dollar annuity . . . Vivienne Segal has a unique way of soothing her nerves before a broadcast. She turns on her heel, knocks on wood and swears—*sotto voce,* of course, and employing cuss words not offensive to the Holy Name Society . . . Clyde Doerr is now musical director of the NBC in San Francisco studios. Doerr is the man who helped popularize the saxophone on both the air and in the theatre but don't hold that up against him.

"Fats" Waller, songwriter, singer, instrumentalist and m. c., wrote the songs for a musical backed by Arnold Rothstein, mysteriously slain New York gambler. It was "Keep Shuffling", the Negro show produced eight years ago . . . Eddie Peabody, the banjo virtuoso, is raising two adopted boys . . . Eddie, incidentally, is an adopted brave of the Sioux tribe. His Indian name is Wichasha Tankala, the English equivalent of which is Little Big Man—or so says the official interpreter at NBC . . . Once a clothes designer through necessity, Ruth Etting still makes her own clothes—but now because she likes to.

After a long association with CBS Tony Wons is now an NBC attraction. Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, the titian-haired piano duo, also switched networks with the Scrap Book man . . . The amazing record of 1892 performances was hung up by Amos 'n' Andy when they quit the air lanes in mid-July for a two months rest. They wrote something like three and a half million words of continuity for that number of episodes—every word of it the creation of their own fertile minds . . . Leo Reisman, who spent part of last winter in the hospital with a broken hip, still has trouble with his injury.

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Alexander Woollcott, devoted booster of the vitriolic Dorothy Parker (wonder if her elopement with Alan Campbell, the young actor, will make any difference in the ardor of his adoration?), returns to the air lanes this autumn, this time under sponsorship. The literator will make his wise and witty comments as The Town Crier to promote the sales of a breakfast food. Woollcott doesn't fancy prostituting his art to commercialism but Columbia doesn't share that dislike. The network spent months and considerable money on Woolcott's (*Continued on page 67*)

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Broadcasting MOST THRILLING

BY R. H. ROWAN

FOR years now radio broadcast officials have been prejudiced against female speaking voices on the airwaves. They've had to accept them of course, in stock parts as dramatic actresses where a heroine was absolutely necessary and of late months have even introduced feminine vocal effects in the commercial announcements—where sponsors or advertising agencies demanded it.

But, the idea of a woman announcer on a regular program has been held up in horror. Female voices, when not singing are to these set minds an abomination—they wouldn't hear of it. Occasionally some studio voice like that of Rosaline Greene on "Showboat Hour" or Elsie Hitz on any program has been received as an exception. So that when along comes somebody like Helen Menken and awarded the general commendation of engineers, executives, critics, the public and the like, it's worthy of unusual consideration.



● Helen Menken as she appeared in her broadcast series for Ex-Lax, at the same time she was playing in "Mary of Scotland" for The Guild

The ether waves, it seems, don't take kindly to feminine voices. High notes turn sour on the air and a conventionally-pitched ingenue is just excess baggage on any hour, to the engineers' way of thinking. Helen Menken, vocally, and to her radio public is neither saccharine, soprano nor conventional. She has what is known to stage producers as a "cigarette contralto". There's an engaging huskiness to her vocal efforts and besides this, she's one of the legitimate's three most important actresses, Helen Hayes and Katherine Cornell being in a class with her. So that it was not as surprising as it may seem when last spring she was engaged for one dramatic broadcast on the E-Lax hour, made such a sensational success, she was retained for the rest of the series at double her salary and since then has been in demand from half a dozen sources for a dramatic series on the air this winter. With this brilliant stage star it's a matter of choosing her next spot on the ether waves, a position in which few radio aspirants find themselves.

William S. Paley, president of Columbia Broadcasting Company says Miss Menken has the most nearly perfect feminine voice he has ever heard broadcast. Variety, the standby of the theatrical world also gave her the prestige of being the ace feminine broadcaster. From every part of the country, critical comments have all been unanimous in laying laurels at the feet of this red-headed stage star.

Regardless of her vocal requisites, the perfect pitch of her voice, the contralto notes of the versatility of her efforts, it would be impossible for Helen Menken to be the sensation she has been of she were less the brilliant actress she is. She has stage offers galore for next season as the result of her interpretation of Queen Elizabeth in the Theater Guild's "Mary of Scotland". She has spent the latter summer in Hollywood taking tests for the stellar role in "Good Earth" and turning down half a dozen other screen offers. For with all her footlights background her heart and ambitions are centered around the microphone. She confesses quite frankly she would desert both stage and screen for the radio. She has schemes, half a dozen of them, for the future development of drama in radio and she feels that this is a new industry ripely waiting for the talents of such women as she. Of course, she's right.

Miss Menken's great stage success was "7th Heaven", a role she distinguished so that the pattern she set was faithfully followed by the movies and landed Janet Gaynor in cinema stardom. As though to prove she was not a one-role actress she followed that sensational success with the lead in "The Captive," a part far removed from her own personality as to stamp her brilliance for characterization so distinctly it was not difficult to imagine her in a later role she also distinguished, that of the stellar feminine part in "Congai".

Helen Menken started her career on the stage. She could follow it with years of successful screen work. But she essentially belongs to radio. She has the capability of making vivid and living characters out of stage lines. To her, the voice is a pliable, malleable vehicle. She feels every line she utters. She can make music out of words, a dramatic symphony of a monologue and an impressive human being out of a part, as her series on the E-Lax hour demonstrated. As a violinist makes life, poignant and beautiful out of notes and a musical director melds instrumental efforts into a perfect ensemble of sounds so (*Continued on page 79*)

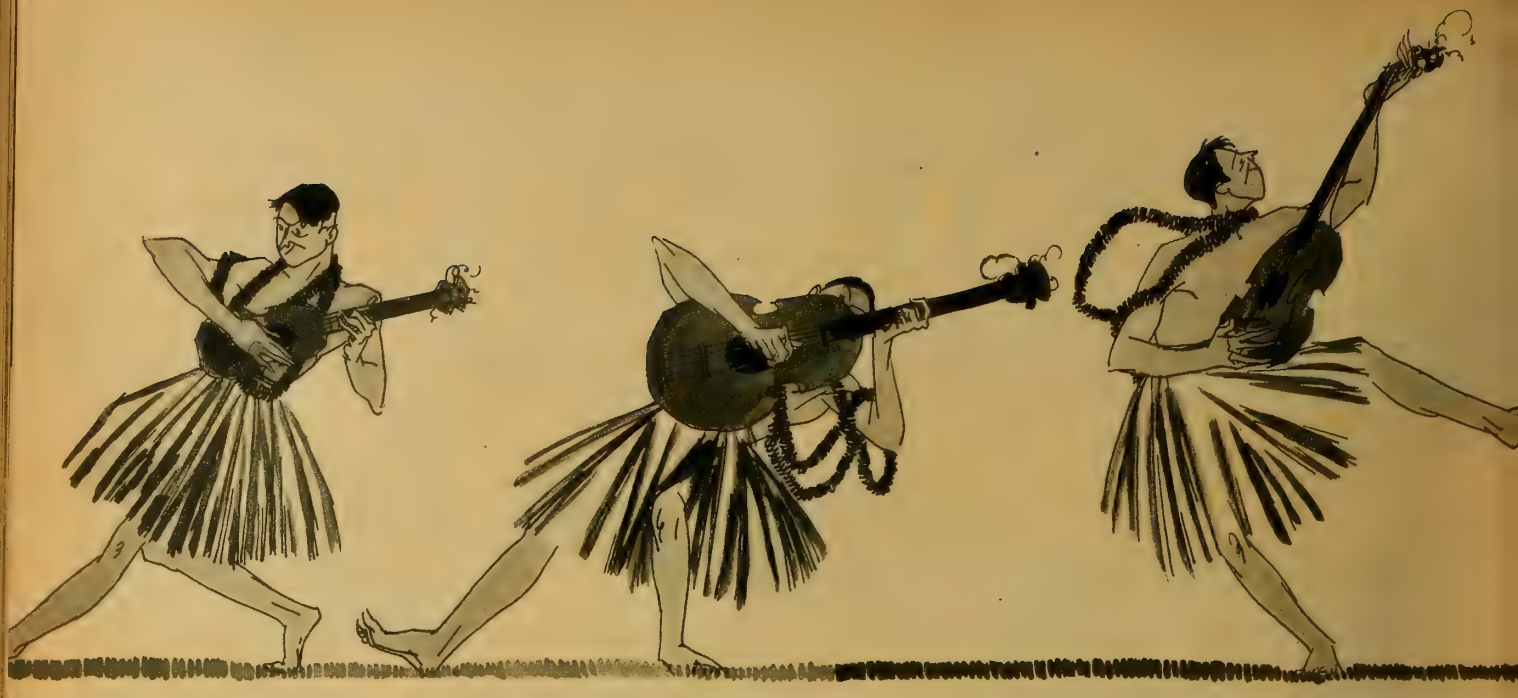
● Helen Menken, popular stage star with the

Finds Its

FEMALE VOICE



perfect air voice, has been corralled for radio drama



Meet Radio's CRAZIEST STAR

"STEP right up! Don't crowd! Don't push! There's room for everyone! Come one, come all! And witness with your own eyes the wonders worked by the Great Doctor Dunham's one and only magic elixir! It's nature's own boon to man and beast! Good for hives, fallen arches, chill blains, rheymatiz', granulated eyelids, colds, coughs, fevers, lumbago, barbers' itch, hang-nails, falling hair, dandruff, sprained muscles, broken bones, tooth-ache, head-ache, stomach-ache, and every disease yet discovered by the erudite disciples of Hippocrates!

"That's right, little girl, come right up front with your sister! What? She's your Grandma? Well, well, well, folks, that just goes to show you! The little lady here is actually a Grandma, but she still retains that school-girl charm through the Great Doctor's elixir. And now while the Big Chief passes among you with bottles of the life-giving liquid, for which, you will notice, I am asking, not $20, not $10, not $5, but the lowly, inconsiderable, inconsequential, ignominious and utterly picayune sum of $1, four quarters, ten dimes, or twenty cheap buffalo nickels. I want you to meet Jo-Jo, the Strong Man!

"A puny boy, friends, elevated, elated, expanded into a perfect physical specimen of virile, vital, vibrant masculinity by and because of the Great Doctor Dunham's one and only inimitable elixir! Watch him juggle the weights, twist iron bars, bite nails, shatter granite rocks with his bare hands! And bear in mind, folks, that this Samson was once a weakling, and would have been yet but for the discovery of this marvel of the ages! What it's done for him, it'll do for you! Now, who wants the first bottle?"

Just about here was where Joe Cook came in.

For Joe, of all people, was the strong man of good, old Doctor Dunham's medicine show, helping the Doc to cause the yokels jaws to drop, and to extract sweaty dollars from the hay-seed lined pockets of the horney-handed sons of . . . toil. It's been a long leap from the tail of the medicine wagon and the kerosene flare to the spot-light of the stage, the Kleigs, the cameras and the microphones. But as they say back in Indiana, one of our boys made good. And that means Joe Cook.

Joe was different from the very beginning. To start with, his name wasn't Cook at all, but Joseph Lopez, the son of an Irish colleen and a Spanish don. And although his boyhood memories are full of recollections of Evansville, Indiana, he was really born in Chicago, Illinois. This is the way it happened. And this is how tragedy started little Joe Lopez on the road toward stardom as a comedian.

His father, the Spanish senor Lopez, was an artist of sorts, and after an impetuous Latin wooing, he won as wife the daughter of an Irish family in Pierceton, Indiana. There must have been something of the Romany tribe in the Spaniard's blood, for the couple wandered away from the home fold to Michigan, where the don set up a studio. But art is long and time is fleeting. The rent came due with dreadful regularity, and the landlord was a man of no artistic conceptions. Thus it occurred that the Lopez tents were again folded, and the lovers trouped through the country, stopping at Evansville, going on to Chicago. And there Joseph Lopez made his mundane debut.

Truth to tell, he doesn't remember much about his

BY HERB CRUIKSHANK





• Joe Cook made four Hawaiians his comedy trademark and laughed his successful way through thousands of gags

• Here's irresponsible Joe Cook singing away the leisure hours at Sleepless Hollow, his house of mad jokes where his guests expect anything—and always get it!

parents. Just the soot-fringed, laughing eyes of his mother, soon closed in death and heart-break when Joe's father was drowned three years after his baby's birth. A family by the name of Cook adopted the boy, and with them he returned to Evansville. There isn't much he tells about those early years. Perhaps they were happy ones for the little orphan. Perhaps there were times when he cried himself to sleep, lonely and uncomforted. In any event, before he reached his 'teens he hit the trail to help Doctor Dunham sell quinine, physic and alcohol as an Elixir of Life, receiving for his labors the princely stipend of three bucks every week. Well, practically every week.

In such a school Joe Cook, now, learned some of the essentials of showmanship. And as he heard the spooky whistles of the locomotives as they sped through the tank towns where the Doctor's torches flared, he made up his mind to take a chance on a great adventure. Chances are, that neither then nor now had Joe ever heard of that couplet:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small.
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

But that was his idea, and with what was left of those few three dollars, he tackled the big town, New York.

Joe knew stunts. He had fair proficiency as a juggler, and there were tricks of the medicine show trade that amused the Gotham yokels as they did those in the sticks. So Joe played the strangest circuit in all the theatre world. He became a professional Amateur Night performer, touring the town and its suburbs to play his pranks wherever that raucous, merciless cry, "Get the Hook!" echoed from the throats of those yelling for the blood of some hapless trouper. In between times he wasn't averse to busking in the streets for what throw-money might be tossed his way by the lush and flush among the passers-by.

Now he was a New Yorker by adoption, and pitched his tent in a railroad apartment up around Amsterdam Avenue and 135th Street. It was New York; too, that gave him his first break, and when he was fifteen, the lad was a full-fledged thespian appearing in the big theatres of the Keith circuit. This went on for a dozen years, and then Joe really arrived on Broadway in the first edition of Earl Carroll's "Vanities". The show was staged in 1923, so, by actual count, Cook, still a comparative youngster, has been over a quarter-century in show business. (*Continued on page 71*)

The MORTON Downeys are

By MIKE PORTER

Barbara Bennett Downey who plans a family of twelve; below Sean, twenty-one-months-old younger son of the Downeys



EVERY time I hear the quotation, or even the song, "Lucky in Love," I am reminded of the Morton Downeys. Domestic lives of radio artists in general are notably lucky and happy, but the dashing Downeys, I believe, head the list because of unusual circumstances. Like several other famous couples, not unknown to radio, they are on a perennial honeymoon, but unlike them, one member of the marital team has made a choice between domestication and fame, and has preferred the former. Barbara Bennett lives happily under the motto: "One artist and twelve children constitute happiness insurance." So Barbara has given up artistry for the grocery and the cookstove, and has contributed already one of the dozen youngsters which the Downeys have visualized for themselves, and if that is not unusual, sue me. Their older son, Michael, who was four years old Au-

His wife is the only woman Morton Downey ever loved; to his right, Michael, their four-year-old adopted son



DOWNEYS

Lucky in Love

gust 3rd was adopted before their own baby's birth. Because their romance and their life together is so idyllic and unusual, I have been asked to make known the facts of the Downeys' romance, their ambitions, and their extraordinary domestication. It is a pleasant task, but difficult, because, having known Morton Downey for a long time as a sort of hard-boiled chap, I feel rather helpless when I am faced with the job of endowing him with the attributes of a Romeo. Yet, Romeo he is—a blushing one, yet unashamed. In addition, both Morton and Barbara, the tame daughter of the Bennetts, tell their own stories so well, it would be better perhaps if I put them both into quotes about it all.

As a prelude to that, however, Morton Downey's real name should be told. It is Downey, sure (*Continued on page 66*)

He holds the secrets

SUPPOSE you were the mother of three children—and loved your husband!

Suppose the husband had no work, could not pay the rent, nor provide funds needed desperately for the medical care of two of the children, ill from undernourishment, and the world looked black indeed; the city charity fund exhausted, and no friends any better off than yourself.

A kind man in the apartment, who happens to be good-looking surreptitiously gives money to the child who isn't sick, stops in eventually for a friendly visit and falls in love with you—and proposes a plan whereby you might have not only the necessities of life but some luxury. Suppose that plan were simply this: That you share this man's apartment one night a week and allow him to enjoy your companionship. In other words you are asked to become a loan-wife. What would you do?

Or, if you are a man, and in your life there was a secret that keeps you awake nights; let us say that in the past you have taken the life of a fellowman and that nobody knows about it. Do you think there is a way to get it off your mind, to escape the conscience that keeps troubling you?

What would you advise a young man to do, who had become associated with criminals, and wanted to pull out on the gang—an act that might cost him his life?

Advising people with such difficult problems on their hands is a task. It requires a vast amount of concentration, the ethics of a Father Confessor, the diplomacy of a statesman, and the fearlessness and resourcefulness of a crusader. That, I have just realized after a talk with Dr. M. Sayle Taylor. You probably are not acquainted with Dr. Taylor, or at least you don't think you know him, yet he is the radio artist whose daily mail bulges with such problems as I have mentioned and thousands more, some of them even more sinister. Dr. Taylor is the Father Confessor of the Air. They call him The Voice of Experience.

I paid a visit to him, not to speak of the problems that he is called upon to solve, but to learn, if possible, what strange psychology lies behind letters sent to him. Why should the woman whom the man wanted for a loan-wife, for instance, frankly confess the incident and her poverty to an anonymous radio speaker? What prompts murderers to talk freely of their crimes to him both by mail and face to face, when even their closest relatives know nothing of their sins? Why should even a minister of the gospel, as one has done, confide to the Voice his story of a Jekyll-Hyde life, infidelities, profligacy, etc?

Dr. Taylor has a ready reply to those questions, all the more eloquent because of its simplicity. The anonymity of the Voice of Experience invites confidences. And distressed or desperate people who write, he says, are temporarily unbalanced. Circumstances make them so.

"No normal being," he says, "would confess to a crime over a signature, to an unknown personality. Most of the problems I have placed before me do not come from normal people. They may be normal to all outward intents and purposes; their friends and neighbors consider them so, but normality is a relative term and because all of us are victims largely of powerful inner emotions, the transition from normal to the abnormal is very easily and very quickly bridged in almost any of us."

This seemed a satisfying answer, and the Voice turned to the subject of the problems themselves. He keeps case histories of all his "patients". And in these one can find some astonishing human documents.

But before going into them, perhaps it is better to have a scientific prelude from a disinterested party. It was not that I could not believe the simple explanation of the "confession" psychology as given by Dr. Taylor. I wanted it from some authority, for the sake of comparison. And I got it from Dr. Joseph Jastrow, former head of the De-

BY RHODA HAGUE

Illustration by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

• Murderers tell their crimes and women their secret sins to The Voice of Experience



of Countless Crimes

partment of Psychology at the University of Wisconsin, lecturer and writer. He placed first and foremost the universal craving for expression, as the motive back of most of the millions of cases.

"Most persons," he said, "regard their personal problems as their major concern. This affords them an opportunity of putting into words their worries, predicaments, their peculiar slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. The Confessional, established centuries ago by the Church, met such a human need. Aristotle called this human trait of confession 'Catharsis'. Today, we fall into the vernacular and call it 'getting it out of the system.' The new Oxford Movement makes public confession one of its most important tenets."

Dr. Jastrow also spoke of the fact that the radio speaker, such as the Voice of Experience, addresses a tremendous audience, in which many individuals are reached who are not accessible to other approaches. Radio makes it easier for them than any other medium, to submit questions. As the airplane has made the public air-minded so fan mail has made the public question-minded. Answers to questions are not expected without full details, so the confessions usually accompany the questions.



● Doctor M. Sayle Taylor, the Voice of Experience built success on the confidences of strangers

Since the Voice of Experience, with other oracles and confidantes doing similar radio work, has proved to these listeners his competence in advising on problems similar to theirs, they naturally turn to him. His very anonymity makes it easier, for a sense of shame, or timidity, or fear often seals the lips before friend and acquaintance alike; nor does this confidential unburdening lead to further contacts which may be embarrassing, or commitments that may be unwelcome. In other words, it is natural, and in accord with the instincts of human nature, for many people to turn to such a radio advisor and confide their deepest and darkest secrets to him.

It will be seen that the (*Continued on page 56*)

The Beautiful

PART FOUR



●"Yesh," he said. "Sounds like in love with me. Socks me in the face and walks out on the act."

Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer

BY PETER DIXON

Stooge

Continuing the adventures and romances of Toby Malone, vaudeville ham who becomes a popular radio comic with the aid of beautiful red-headed Margy Wayne, a waitress turned stooge, and a gag-writing college professor. Success brings the first rift, Margy walks out and Toby is faced with a disrupted program





● Margy was sorry she had slapped him but she wasn't sorry she had left Toby and the act

"WHAT'S that, Prof?" Toby asked, looking at Professor Gus.

"I merely said suppose Margy doesn't cease to be annoyed. Suppose she decides she'd rather play with the Studio Guild than play with you in the audition?

Toby laughed. The idea was downright silly.

"Listen," he said. "She won't do anything like that. Why—this is my big chance. Her big chance, too. She'll be stooging for Toby Malone and believe you me, Professor, Toby Malone is going to be big stuff on these here air waves!"

It was too bad that Margy had forgotten a package and came back to the studio at that particular moment. If Toby had had a few hours to think things over he might not have said what he did. But Margy came back, not quite so angry and quite willing to tell Toby that she wasn't through and that she'd still work with him and find time for her more serious efforts with the Studio Guild.

Margy even smiled a little as she re-entered the studio. Toby's face brightened. Here was Margy and everything would be settled right away.

"Listen babe," he said. "You'll have to pass up that highbrow dramatic show Thursday night."

The professor almost reached for Toby's throat. Margy's smile vanished. The studio, air cooled, became frigid.

"Say that again, please, Mr. Malone."

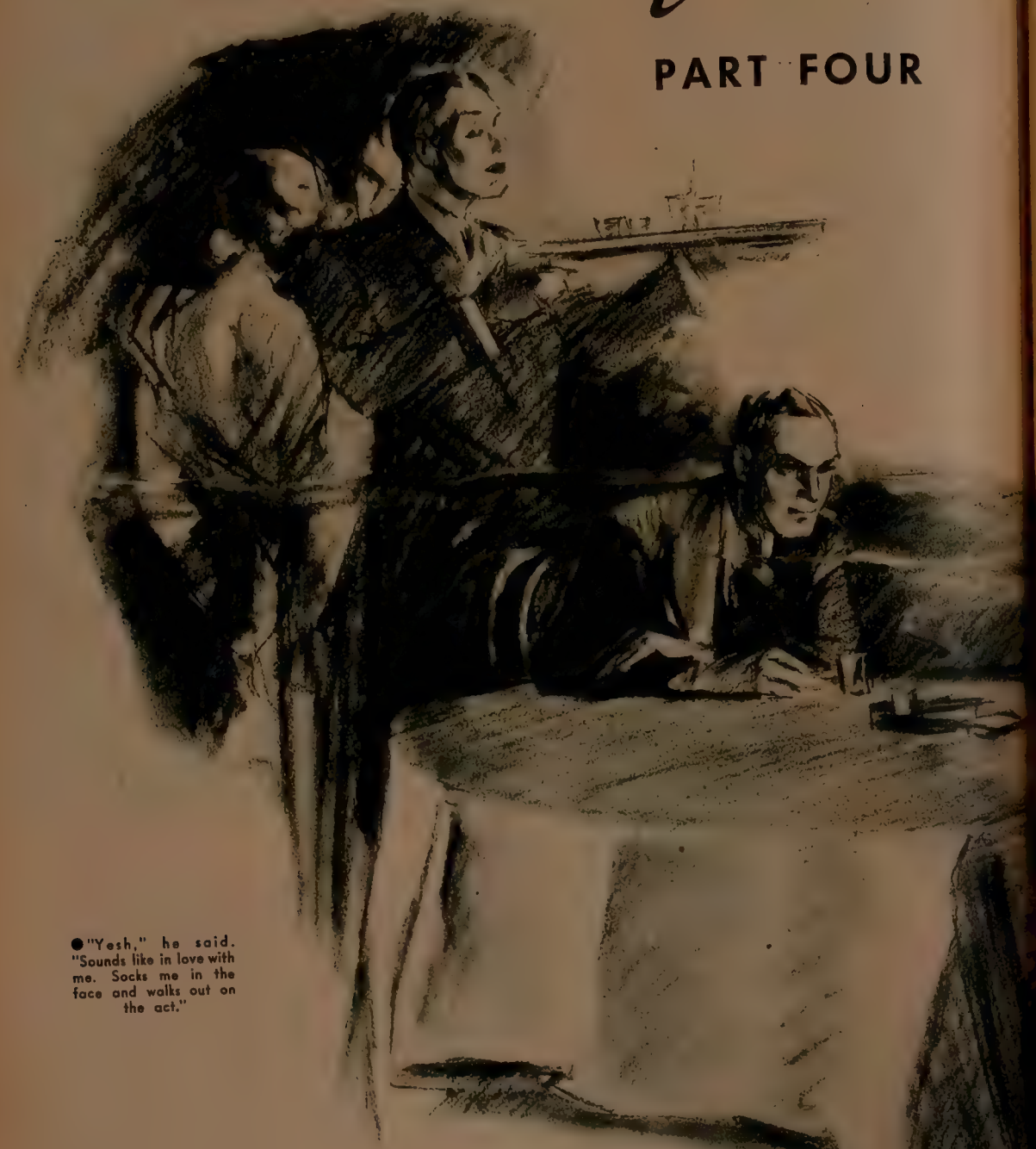
Toby's bright look vanished when the girl spoke. Now what was wrong with the dame?

"Why—why—" Toby stammered for the first time in his life. He didn't know what to say but he knew he had to say something and it had to be the right thing.

"Why darling," he continued, forcing a grin, "it's this way. I get my big . . . I mean we get our big . . . break Thursday night. We're going to audition for National Cigars. Listen, you can't let some dopey dramatic program interfere with that audition. It's what we've been working for

The Beautiful Stooge

PART FOUR



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● "If it's about helping you in your audition, there's no use talking" she said. Then, not unkindly, "I think you'd better go, Toby. You've been drinking!"

all these weeks.

Margy looked straight at him. Toby had seen angry women before but never one quite as angry as Margy was at that moment.

"The answer" Margy said coldly, quietly, "is 'no'. At least as far as I am concerned."

Toby got a little mad himself. The professor paced up and down helplessly. He knew he was needed but he didn't know what to do about it.

"Listen sugar," Toby said and sugar meant nothing as he said it. "Listen. I gave you your break in radio, didn't I? I got you in this studio. You'd never even had a smell at that other show if it hadn't been for me. Now, when it's too late for me to break in another stooge, when the client has a dizzy idea that maybe we're a team and that you're important to the act, now when every minute counts in getting ready for that audition, you walk out on me!

Margy was silent.

"There are a lot of names for that sort of thing on Broadway" Toby went on. "Welcher is just a polite one. You're welching. Falling down on the job. Out and out quitting. God, how I hate a quitter!"

At that moment Margy reached out and slapped Toby as hard as she could. Then with a choked cry, she ran from the studio and down the corridor. Tears blinded her so she bumped into three people.

Back in the studio Toby stared at a microphone without even seeing it. Then he looked around for the professor. Professor Gus looked at him, started to speak and then turned away. Toby's face was still red where Margy's firm hand had hit it.

"Prof," said Toby finally. "Will you kindly take me out on Fifth Avenue and kick me from here to Forty-second street."

The professor considered the idea and then rejected it with a slow shake of his head.

"Take more than that to atone for your particular damn foolishness, Toby. My friend, you not only said the wrong thing but you developed the theme into an oration. Never tell a woman she's wrong and never tell a red-head she's a quitter!"

Toby nodded glumly. Then he tugged nervously at his already mussed hair.

"Because I don't know when to keep my trap shut, I lose the best stooge a comedian ever had!

"She was good," the professor said.

"Good?" Toby looked at him sharply. "Good? Why that girl was half the act. Maybe more than half the act. Listen, Prof, I'm through kidding myself. I read the fan mail. I read what the critics said. That girl is great! And now she's going to be a lousy high brow actress and will be playing 'Camille' for twenty-five bucks less ten per cent to the artists' bureau."

Professor Gus looked curiously at Toby. It was the first time he'd ever heard the dapper comic admit that anyone approached the greatness of Toby Malone. Something had happened to the funny man. The professor wished it had happened sooner.

"Well, what do we do now?" the professor asked. "Do you think Margy would listen to reason a little later?"

Toby shook his head.

"Not a chance. She's got plenty of pride, that kid. She's a thoroughbred. She said she was through and she meant it. Doggone her, I don't blame her. Oh, what a sap I am?"

"Listen Toby. No use bothering about that now. There's still the audition. Today's Tuesday. Audition is Thursday night. We've got tomorrow and almost all day Thursday to work in. (*Continued on page 63*)

★ Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars ★



PEGGY AND KAY MARSHALL

These two pretty Southern warblers with their young brother, Jack, form the Three Marshalls, singing radio trio on the Columbia chain. They were formerly a singing and dancing act on the RKO Circuit, hailing from Birmingham, but more recently have been appearing over the air.

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott

This talented and attractive young actress who's heard weekly as the talking Mary Lou of the "Showboat" Program is rapidly becoming one of the most important stock players on the air

ROSALINE GREENE

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson





Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

FRANCES LANGFORD

When the striking young Frances Langford deserted Florida studios, encouraged by Rudy Vallee, she found New York ready to welcome her and make several important places for her on the radio

DAVID PERCY

This interesting artist is David Percy, popular baritone of the air, who is heard on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round program over the WEAF chain. Mr. Percy is another recruit from the footlights.

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson





Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Although this is Gladys Swarthout's first season as a regular radio star, the well-known operatic prima donna of the Palmolive Hour is one of the most important musical heroines in the broadcast studios.

The Human Side of EDWIN C. HILL

BY ROSE HEYLBUT

WHAT does "glamor" mean to YOU?

If you were asked to name the most glamorous experience that could possibly happen to you, what would you choose? Would you decide in terms of money and what you could buy? Or adventure and thrilling things to do? Would it be romance? Or fame? Or celebrated people as your friends? Edwin C. Hill, whose colorful comments on "The Human Side of The News" reach you every week over WABC, has ideas of his own about glamor.

Certainly, he's a good man to have such ideas. His life has touched pretty much all the high points that you or I could add up to total that thrilling term, "glamor". His earnings are nothing to be sneezed at. He has been all over the world, seen everything worth seeing, and done everything worth doing. He has romance, fame, and his business brings him into contact with the greatest of the great. Yet to him, strangely enough, "glamor" means none of these things! It means *the satisfaction of knowing that the job to which he has given the best in him, is well done!*

That's something worth thinking over. It may possibly be one explanation why Edwin C. Hill stands where he does today. Anyway; it's a very human sort of choice . . . there isn't one of us who can't know that kind of glamor, no matter what our particular job may be.

I asked Mr. Hill to outline the three events of his colorful career which he considers the most glamorous. His answers may surprise you. They did not touch on his friendship with Theodore Roosevelt, whose photograph, warmly autographed, adorns the wall of Mr. Hill's office; they didn't touch on his three-week trip with Woodrow Wilson, on the way home from the Peace Conference; or his talks with Mussolini. The first glamorous event was the time when, as youngest of the cub reporters on the New York *Sun*, he saw his first unsigned, unimportant news story in print. It thrilled him because it meant that his work was worthy of publication in one of the foremost newspapers of the day. The second event was the morning when his first book was delivered into his hands. That thrilled him because it meant that a firm of publishers had confidence enough in him to bring the book out. The third event was the invitation to broadcast over the CBS network. That thrilled him because he saw a chance to keep faith with millions of listeners, all over the country, who would look to him for entertainment. In each case, *"glamor"* came to him in terms of a chance to do a worthy job, and the responsibility of doing it better than anyone else.

And then I asked him for the *very biggest* thrill of his life. He named it promptly . . . landing his first big job! But to get the full value of that, you must first know something more about Edwin C. Hill.

Mr. Hill hails from Indiana, the Hoosier State, where the soil and the climate seem especially suited to turning out a bumper crop of writers . . . James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, George Ade. He was born in Aurora, and stayed right there until his first vote. His father was superintendent of schools, and his mother had been a school teacher before her marriage. Mr. Hill tells you that he was a perfectly average American kid. He wasn't so crazy about school. He did his best work in English and History, and hated Mathematics. He never wrote a line, either for private entertainment or for the uplift of his school or college papers. His happiest boyhood memories are swimming the Ohio River with his gang; digging up an old family record, in the attic, which revealed to him that one of his ancestors, Sir John (*Continued on page 61*)



● The popular commentator takes time off with his dog to enjoy a tramp through the woods.



• Edwin C. Hill, the man behind the famous voice that brings important events of the whole world into a million private homes

My Husband's



WHEN I say that Jack Denny's music is the sweetest music in the world, and that Jack himself, is the most wonderful person I have ever known, you will probably think to yourself: "Well, of course, what else could she say? She's his wife." True, I am, and I suppose any wife would feel the same way about her husband.

But long before I ever dreamed that someday I would become Mrs. Jack Denny—or for that matter, even knew Jack, I was a Jack Denny fan. Indeed, it was because I was a Jack Denny fan, that I became Mrs. Jack Denny. Perhaps if I tell you how it all happened you will understand why I am such an enthusiastic Denny fan.

Jack was playing on the Hotel Astor roof. I was taken there to dine by a young man I knew. I heard Jack's orchestra playing "Three O'Clock in the Morning"—now you will know how long ago it is that I joined the legions of Denny admirers. To me, it was the most beautiful waltz I had ever heard and I watched the smiling young orchestra leader raptly all evening.



● While Jack Denny prepares unusual dishes that make all his friends come back begging for more, his wife looks on. He's the cook in their family.

After that, I visited the Astor as often as I could. I soon abandoned the practice of going there with young men, for they resented my apparent lack of interest in themselves and my preoccupation with the orchestra leader. Usually I went with my mother or a girl friend. I noticed that whenever I walked in and went to my accustomed place at a table directly opposite him, he would instruct the orchestra to play, "Three O'Clock in the Morning." I wondered if it could be because I had once requested it, but that supposition seemed too good to be true.

BY MRS. JACK

a Perfect Host



● To the right is Jack Denny, popular orchestra leader who has made a success of his marriage and his career. His wife says he's a model husband.

I finally gathered up enough courage to ask him for an autographed picture and we got to chatting. The next time I came in he went from my favorite waltz to, "Wonderful One", and then on to, "You Darling". I asked myself, "could it have been a coincidence?" I am afraid I blushed a little, self-consciously. A few minutes later he played, "So This Is Love", and as I glanced at him from the corner of my eye I caught him smiling and nodding to me. And then I knew that Jack Denny—my idol—was making love to me with his music. As I rose to go the orchestra swung into, "When Will the Sun Shine for Me?" and as I passed out to the elevator I could hear the strains of "Linger Awhile."

I felt that all we needed was an opportunity to be alone, and so finally I determined to create my own opportunity. I went to dine at the Astor by myself. During the orchestra's first breathing spell, Jack came over to my table and sat down. I was flustered, as any girl would be, and mumbled vaguely of expecting to meet my girl friend for dinner, pretending to be anxious about her delay. Jack was solicitous. We both said the meaningless things people do when their lips say one thing and their eyes another. Every woman has had some similar experience, I am sure. When Jack rose to return to his band, I pretended to go out to phone.

At 9:30, he had an hour rest period and as I said goodnight, explaining that my friend had been unavoidably detained, he suggested that we go to a movie. Across the street, there was a Loew's theatre, which (*Continued on page 73*)



DENNY

My Husband's a Perfect Host









● While Jack Denny prepares unusual dishes that make all his friends come back begging for more, his wife looks on. He's the cook in their family.

● To the right is Jack Denny, popular orchestra leader who has made a success of his marriage and his career. His wife says he's a model husband.

BY MRS. JACK DENNY

WHEN I say that Jack Denny's music is the sweetest music in the world, and that Jack himself, is the most wonderful person I have ever known, you will probably think to yourself: "Well, of course, what else could she say? She's his wife." True, I am, and I suppose any wife would feel the same way about her husband.

But long before I ever dreamed that someday I would become Mrs. Jack Denny—or for that matter, even knew Jack, I was a Jack Denny fan. Indeed, it was because I was a Jack Denny fan, that I became Mrs. Jack Denny. Perhaps if I tell you how it all happened you will understand why I am such an enthusiastic Denny fan.

Jack was playing on the Hotel Astor roof. I was taken there to dine by a young man I knew. I heard Jack's orchestra playing "Three O'Clock in the Morning"—now you will know how long ago it is that I joined the legions of Denny admirers. To me, it was the most beautiful waltz I had ever heard and I watched the smiling young orchestra leader raptly all evening.

After that, I visited the Astor as often as I could. I soon abandoned the practice of going there with young men, for they resented my apparent lack of interest in themselves and my preoccupation with the orchestra leader. Usually I went with my mother or a girl friend. I noticed that whenever I walked in and went to my accustomed place at a table directly opposite him, he would instruct the orchestra to play, "Three O'Clock in the Morning." I wondered if it could be because I had once requested it, but that supposition seemed too good to be true.

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At 9:30, he had an hour rest period and as I said goodnight, explaining that my friend had been unavoidably detained, he suggested that we go to a movie. Across the street, there was a Loew's theatre, which (*Continued on page 73*)

Nothing ever happens to RAMONA



● The Queen of the Keyboard goes to bed at six o'clock in the morning, gets orchids every day but claims "I just work and hope for excitement"

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES

SHE sat opposite me in her dressing room nibbling imported chocolates while she talked. Her gown, creation of one of Paris' leading houses, was a glittering sheath of bright blue sequins; her coiffure unusual and immaculately groomed. The air was thick with perfume from masses of flowers, roses pink and yellow and gardenias, her favorites. Under the dressing table mirror a diminutive alabaster radio, the gift of Mrs. Marshall Field, sang a soft blue tune.

Downstairs she had breathlessly taken her sixth curtain call to a packed theatre. At the stage door shuffled a veritable mob of autograph-seekers. At the curb stood her town car which would rush her off at the last minute to an evening engagement.

Ramona, America's leading lady of keyboard and song, was stating simply, "Nothing ever happens to me."

She wasn't downhearted about it; rather, she was a little gay.

"Honestly, that's a frank, true statement and I mean it. Nothing *does* happen to me. I just work and live 'And Life Goes On' as Vicki Baum puts it. Glamor, I suppose, ceases to be glamor when it's an everyday affair."

"For the work I have to do the common, twenty-four-hour day is just about one fourth as long as it ought to be. I'm never in bed before six o'clock in the morning and I'm up by twelve or one and off to the music publishers to learn new songs, to practise several hours, to the costumer's to have my gowns fitted (I practically have to live in evening clothes), to the photographer's for a sitting or two, to a broadcast rehearsal, or maybe to a cocktail party over at George Gershwin's apartment. By that time I've a few minutes left in which to dress before I dash over to NBC or to wherever Paul Whiteman's Orchestra happens to be playing.

"That's *work!* I've got to sing fifteen or twenty numbers at least, play and play the piano (I'll admit I love it), and stay on my toes and keep smiling every minute. When three o'clock in the morning comes I'll hope that I'm going to be able to go to one of the later night spots and dance a while, my hobbiest of hobbies. But the chances are that some big private party is on and I'm slated to entertain them. So there I am. Before I can catch my breath it's daybreak and if I'm lucky I can catch a little sleep before the whole process repeats itself.

"You see, I want so badly to have the time for unusual and exciting experiences. I'd love some adventure for a change but when does anything have a chance to happen to me? It's all in the day's work and I guess I'm a glutton for punishment.

"Of course you're probably thinking about love but I don't want that now or even eventually. In the first place I have a horror of becoming dependent upon anybody for my happiness; and in the second place love would interfere with my work.

"You see, I've got so many things planned. I want, as soon as I can, to go into musical comedy and of course continue radio at the same time. In musical comedy I could sing and play and act a little, all the time studying for the thing I want to wind up my career with. That thing is the legitimate stage. I want to be a character actress when I'm old and my singing voice has given out. Haven't you seen more than one fine old actress steal a show? Well, that's my idea of the way to step out of the picture top gallantly! Beyond that, when I'm too feeble to drag across the boards, I'm going to raise flowers, millions of them in billions of greenhouses out in the country somewhere. Now where is there any room for love?"

I wish you could have heard Ramona say that. She was so utterly frank about it (and she's a grand girl anyway) that even the most ardent sentimentalist couldn't help but see her point.

"I hope you won't think, just because I say that, that I'm cold and unfeeling for I'm just the contrary. I do get thrills out of my life but I think most of them emanate from my work. For instance, I was excited to death when I last appeared in concert with Paul and the band—I was the first girl ever allowed to use a microphone in the Metropolitan! That was really something of a concession in so staid and mellowed-with-tradition an old opera house and it created quite a sensation.

"Then there was the time last winter when Gershwin was invited to be guest artist on the *Hall of Fame* program. He immediately asked that I appear with him because he thought together we could interpret his music the real way he wanted it interpreted. Wasn't (*Continued on page 77*)



● Ramona of the dark eyes and nimble fingers whom Paul Whiteman helped to radio recognition

Fall Lillian



● Lillian Roth wears this attractive black taffeta dinner dress with its bodice of snowy white organdy tightly fitted

● Over the black taffeta dress Miss Roth dons the tricky jacket of the same material with huge puff sleeves



RICH fabrics, luxurious furs, hats that are really a crown of glory, costumes that accentuate the individuality of the wearer rather than to fit her to the season's mode, distinguish the ideal fall wardrobe. Never have gowns been more flattering than those which milady will wear this autumn and winter. They require a good figure, or expert corseting, more than ever before. Lillian Roth, stage and screen star who has turned to radio as a medium for her talents and has been appearing on Columbia programs, displays a perfect wardrobe for the cooler months, selected for her by Jay-Thorpe, prominent fashionable shop of Manhattan.

Taffeta again comes into its own as in this informal dinner and dancing frock with its crisp white organdy top worn by Miss Roth and over which she dons the clever puffed sleeve, waistline coat that fastens intricately at the side.



● A stunning picture in glistening black satin with dozens of tiny buttons, Miss Roth is ready for an afternoon affair in town



● Right, luxurious leisure moments in this peach lace negligée with its wide bands of sable from which fall soft ruffles of the gown's fragile lace

Photographs by

Fashions for Roth



● Below Miss Roth is ready for the most formal occasion with the newest black velvet bodiced evening gown

● For autumn days in town there's this black wool crêpe dress with starched lace collar and cuffs, worn with beret

For more formal occasions the radio singer shows a low cut velvet evening gown with a new train and a stunning oblong clip of rhinestones on the bodice.

For afternoons there is the gleaming black satin tunic dress with dozens of smart little buttons and with which Miss Roth wears a new lace hat that reminds you of the Chinese coolie headgear.

What girl wouldn't look stunning in this Jay-Thorpe street dress that Miss Roth shows to such advantage? It is of a soft wool crêpe with a starched cotton lace collar and cuff set. There's a tricky little green grosgrain bow at the neckline and with it goes the new velvet beret, smartly draped to reveal most of the back of the head. When the autumn wind starts blowing there's the gorgeous Russian caracul coat with its full sleeves that fall into soft folds, and to make it the last word in luxury, there's the new silver fox muff wound around the arms.



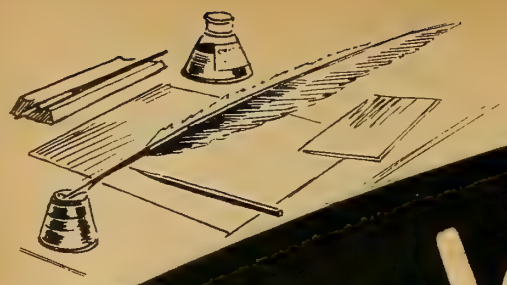


Bert Lawson

● The radio star poses in Jay-Thorpe's prize black caracul coat with its intricately draped muff treatment of large silver foxes



● This flattering lace hat worn by Miss Roth reminds you of a Chinese coolie's headgear, but this is of fine lace on a frame and is bow-trimmed



Puck in the



● With smooth words and soft music, David Ross gets poetic for his public

UNIVERSALLY known as the suavest, most gracious and dignified of all CBS announcers, you'd naturally expect David Ross, Gold Medal Diction Award Winner of 1932, to be a quiet, bookish sort of chap. You'd expect his favorite amusements to be attending concerts and literary teas; his idea of the height of humor to be some delicate play on words.

Yet nothing could be farther from the facts. I've known Dave for eight years, and he's one of the dizziest comics in the world, when he isn't being dignified for the benefit of some program sponsor.

When I first met him he was an under-paid, over-worked announcer at a small local station.

I walked into the Artists' Reception Room, to find out what caused the unholy din that was fairly making the walls tremble. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, with a bass drum before him, was a young man with an unruly mop of light brown hair. His serious face belied the puckish gleam in his eye as he banged the drum in jungle rhythm, at the same time howling what sounded like a savage African chant at the top of his lungs.

"Hello," I said, "what do you think you're doing?"

He grinned and continued thumping and howling, so I turned to the program director and asked what it was all about. "Oh," she replied, "that's only one of our new announcers amusing himself."

Dave stopped his racket and said, reproachfully, "Ah, Therese! Where's your imagination? Why couldn't you have said that I was the son of an Arab chief—that I was a white boy who had been reared by the blacks in an African kraal—Why didn't you think of something?"

That was eight years ago. But David Ross is still the same today. True, the light brown hair is now streaked with gray, and Dave is no longer under-paid nor over-worked, but the same puckish spirit still dwells within his body.

It was just a little while ago that Professor A. A. Berle, Jr., former "Brain Truster," now Chamberlain of the City of New York came to Columbia's New York station, WABC, to make a broadcast. Through some unfortunate circumstance, there was no official there to welcome him. Through an even more unfortunate fate, Dave heard that the Professor was waiting, and decided to become a reception committee.

He enlisted the aid of Paul Douglas, another member of the announcerial staff, and the six-foot-two Paul and five-foot-five Dave put their heads together. As a result, Dave put on Paul's overcoat, and a tremendous hat which covered nearly all his face, while Paul put on the jacket of Dave's suit and a small derby. Thus equipped, they burst in upon the startled Professor and greeted him in the name of the CBS, explaining that they were its newest team of comedians.

It's a sacred tradition that, however an announcer may clown during a rehearsal, he is always perfectly serious when on the air. It's a tradition that has never, never been broken—except by David.

The fracture took place during one of Heywood Broun's broadcasts. The bulky columnist was giving a talk on

DAVID ROSS, PRIZE WINNING WHIMSICAL ANNOUNCER

Poets' Corner



● The silver-voiced announcer is a prankish person when he's not before the microphones

IS A PRACTICAL JOKER . . . . . BY ROBERT EICHBERG

diction—and radio announcing. He bewailed the fact that announcers tried to avoid all traces of Southern drawl, New England twang, and similar regional dialects. Could a Ross allow such a statement to go unchallenged—unrebuked? He could not!

So, in signing Mr. Broun off the air, Dave, speaking out of the southeast corner of his mouth, said, "Well, ladies 'n' gents, dose woids come to youse fr'm Heywood Broun. An' dis is de Columbia Broadcastin' System." To his credit, let it be said that no one laughed longer or louder than Heywood.

By the way, you know the Fred Waring programs which Ross announced? Dave always enjoyed those rehearsals—especially when the band played a rhumba, for it was then that he had the opportunity to go into a dance with the Lane Sisters and Babs Ryan.

Orchestras always give him a lot of fun, for he loves to lead 'em in rehearsals. Mark Warnow, in particular encourages him. So does Emory Deutsch's viola player.

"I get him to let me play this viola," says David, "in return for which he makes me let him announce the program. The result is fascinating since I can't play the viola and he can't speak English."

Dave can't talk English himself—when he doesn't want to. One of his delights is to be an Arab or a Greek when he goes into a restaurant. It's usually an Arab, for Arab waiters are scarcer than Greek ones.

He seats himself at a table, and as the waiter is about to ask his order, looses a benign smile and an unintelligible string of gibberish. The waiter, of course, cannot understand, and sends for various other waiters, who try French, Greek, Italian and German on him. Dave refuses to understand them. His face wears a look of increasing annoyance as he pretends to grow excited and talks furiously in the unknown tongue. Finally one of the waiters will lapse into English and remark, "Gee, I wish we could find out what this guy wants."

Then a look of astonishment crosses David's face. "Why," he will say, "I didn't know. I'm so sorry. But the sign on the window says 'Hungarian Restaurant' and I had no idea that anyone here spoke English. The only other language I know is Arabian, so I tried that. —I thought one of you might have served in the Foreign Legion, as I did. I was a colonel there; led the fighting around Marakesh, you know—But now that we understand each other, bring me a platter of goulash."

He was, of course, never in the Legion. He was born and raised in New York, and attended City College, Rutgers and N. Y. U. Among the things in which he specialized were scientific agriculture and journalism.

As a boy he ran a paper route, getting up at 5:00 A. M. to make deliveries, and his childhood ambition was to be able to stay in bed until noon. After leaving college, he became a banker. That is, he was a messenger boy in a bank, and his salary was $25.00—*a month!*

This tremendous sum didn't satisfy him, so he quit to become secretary to a temperamental Russian baroness. About the only benefit he derived from that position was a finished technique (*Continued on page 78*)



● Mrs. Green looks on appreciatively while her famous husband, Johnny, tries a new composition at the piano in their modern New York apartment

● Petite and pretty is Carol Green, wife of the popular composer-director whose music is heard on the CBS chain wavelengths



An Evening with

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Green

● Johnny Green was known as a composer before he organized his own orchestra. His most popular musical brain child was "Easy Come, Easy Go"



● The Greens paper the ceiling of their bathroom with copies of Johnny's popular songs. No, he won't turn on the shower! He's posing

Photographs by Bert Lawson



On PACIFIC

News and intimate gossip of the interesting personalities

LET'S start up in the northwest for the first paragraph or two in this month's western gossip and chatter.

Did you know that Alice Corlett, bewitching coloratura of Seattle's KJR, has a corner on icemen for her fan audience? Yep. It's so, though you'd think maybe this ought to be in San Diego because there are lots more icemen down that way.

When Miss Corlett was a junior at the University of Washington . . . she holds the institution's bachelor of music degree . . . she started radio work as a side line. Summertime she was switchboard girl in an ice and cold storage company office. That's where the college boy tong heavers came in. Now all of 'em, plus the year 'round ice manipulators and the general audience, are her ardent rooters as she does solo work or does the vocalizing for the muted strings broadcasts.

* * *

Now for a quick, air-line jaunt down to Los Angeles to meet Ken Niles, production executive and chief announcer for KHJ. His brother, Wendell (Wen) holds forth at KOL, in Seattle.

Ken was born at Livingston, Montana, nearly thirty years ago . . . went to the state university at Missouri, but was transferred to the University of Washington where he got his bachelor of fine arts degree . . . but he really started out on the battle of life after graduation as a crooner.

He was a husky-throated warbler in Seattle with Vic Meyers' orchestra before Vic was elected on a jazz platform to be the state's lieutenant governor. Then Ken essayed the part of a vodvil idol with the Duffy players but skipped it to accept a scholarship at the Goodman Memorial Art Theatre in Chicago.

He bought a round-about ticket to Chicago via Los Angeles. He never reached Chicago but kept the ticket stub for a souvenir. He has been at KHJ for several years in mike and executive duties. Ken is a fishing barge addict and likes to fish in early morning hours . . . keeps dogs and rabbits in the back yard . . . collects modern firearms for a hobby . . . and sings in the bath tub on account of the room has no lock.

* * *

"Don Jose" Bing Crosby isn't the only crooner-rancher. Of course he's the top-notcher. But I've scouted out another one who may be a sort of runner-up for Bing one of these days. As you know, Bing's rancho is on the Rancho Santa Fe area down close to San Diego. He just bought it about six months ago.

But this other crooner, just a few miles away, was born on a ranch and has lived there all his life. Meet George Charles Forster, who commutes between San Juan Capistrano and KMTR, Hollywood, several times a week for vocal effort.

He was born in the old ranch house which was built by his grandfather on part of the original Santa Margaurietta Ranch, which was a Spanish land grant to his great grandfather, John Forster.

"Buddy" Forster was quite a pigskin hero, and was prominent in other sports at the University of California Westwood campus, Los Angeles, and was graduated back in '31. But, as he meandered 'round the rolling hills of the rancho he felt the urge to sing. It took expression in the unique Laguna Beach colony where he did some song work for a cafe.

Then he got his first break on



● Barbara Jo Allen, dramatic actress heard in "One Man's Family."

the AIRWAVES

and entertaining programs out of the west coast studios

KMTR. But, of course, all this vocal career wasn't just an accident. In earlier years he sang in all the college productions, previously in high school, and has appeared before many clubs and other groups.

Between broadcasts, Buddy lives on the old ranch property at San Juan Capistrano, not far from the famous early California mission of the same name. For a living he works for his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John O. Forster, but some of these days I can safely predict that singing will be the mainstay of his remuneration.

And, to ward off an avalanche of letters from femme fans who "just love ranch life," I'll have to tell you that Buddy got married awhile back.

So, while Bing Crosby . . . who is already a crooner . . . is learning all about ranch life, Buddy Forster . . . who knows all about ranch doings . . . is learning all about crooning.

* * *

This western department deals mostly with personalities rather than with programs. But I can't help mentioning two programs as the fall days draw near . . . the Standard symphonies over NBC coast lines . . . and the Country Church of Hollywood via KFAC.

The Standard symphonies (Standard Oil of California) have been a seven or eight-year favorite with popular summer concerts, and the winter series divided between the San Francisco Symphony and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Last year, in addition to these two famous groups, they also spotted the Portland and Seattle symphonies for many of the Thursday eve programs.

Just at this writing it is problematical about the Los Angeles Philharmonic because of the death of its patron, W. A. Clark, Jr. But, with or without the Los Angeles group, the fan audience is assured of a radio concert series of high merit.

And now for the Country Church of Hollywood. It is on the air several nights a week with the programs and oftentimes with a wedding. Located right in Hollywood, corner of Argyle and Vine Streets, the place is a replica of an old-time Tennessee meeting place. The old Bartlett homestead has been torn down . . . grounds planted picturesquely . . . the meeting house erected . . . and soon a temporary tent auditorium will give away to a huge administration building.

The place is finally to be a replica of Goose Creek and environs in the Cumberland Mountains. The tiny white church with green shutters has a lightning rod and a steeple. The old creek and water mill will be erected by early fall. The old folks have rocking chairs in the front rows of the church. All in all, it's a fine old-time gospel atmosphere right in the heart of the capital of make-believe. And does it have a radio audience! Ask any southwest radio critic. "Josiah Hopkins" and his wife Sarah are the prime movers in the establishment. In real life Parson Josiah is an ex-Army (A. E. F.) chaplain, W. B. Hogg.

* * *

As one of the "big wigs" in NBC at its San Francisco studios, the name of Lloyd Yoder doesn't mean anything to fans. They never hear his voice in the capacity as public relations nabob for the huge network.

But as a football announcer par excellence all the western grid addicts know him well. And does he have a swell job? I pick up a magazine dated several months ago and



● Rita Lane, singer, is Senorita Garcia on the series "In Old Brazil."



Clark Dennis used to be a Chicago life guard but he's a croon prince now, singing over KHJ

there is Lloyd's picture coming home from a High Sierras trip with a fine big buck on the pack saddle as a result of the hunting trek. And, a few months later, there is his phiz again all lined up against, or next to, a swell row of salt water bass. And, along about the Fourth of July, there is a dispatch that he is walking around Salem, Ohio, his birthplace, on a pleasure jaunt.

But . . . comes the dawn, or winter or somethin' . . . and Mister Yoder will be presiding before various and sundry mikes by the time you read this in the early days of autumn.

And is he qualified to announce grid tussles? Don't be a sill. Of course he is. If you take your sports seriously, you'd know he was captain of the Carnegie Tech team that defeated the all-powerful Notre Dame team of '26. Then he found himself an All-American en route to the Golden Gate to play in a benefit game for the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children.

Upon graduation he returned to San Francisco and got a job as an NBC mikeman. Later he headed the public relations bureau, and in the past few years he also takes on the announcing for many of the important football classics on the chain, besides a weekly sports rally program during season with interviews by scores of important sports authorities, trainers and participants.

The husky six-footer has been on a diet. But I think maybe that the vacation on the farm has brought him back to the 200-pound mark again. His address is 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco, care of NBC. Now for applause cards from sweet gal admirers. Yep, you've guessed it. He's a good looking bachelor . . . not quite thirty . . . a fair swimmer and horseman . . . a gorgeous dancer . . . a flair for good clothes . . . and a great story teller, or teller of stories, according to whether it's a Mae West yarn or one about the travelling salesman. He's no relation to Margot Yoder, who recently married KFWB's George Fischer.

* * *

"Your Pal Jimmy," heard once a week over KFI on the Fox-West Coast Theatre program, is Harold Hodge, the actor. He was born in Jackson, Michigan, went to the state university and was graduated from the Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti.

During war days he was enlisted in the engineers with service in airplane experimentation and later in shell inspection. Then he trekked to California and taught in the public schools for some eight years.

Back in Michigan days he played trombone and sang baritone in a professional band, and was a vocalist with the U. of Michigan choral union society.

Out in California his fine baritone voice . . . with lots of resonance and "timbre" . . . stood him in good stead. He sang over the air. And it brought him a good part in the famed San Gabriel Mission Play for a season or two . . . followed with roles in "Oh Susanna," "Criminal Code," "The Master Thief" and a revival of "Topsy and Eva."

A little more than a year ago he was "discovered" by Mrs. Flora Herzinger, who heads the Fox-West Coast radio activities, and thus became "Your Pal Jimmy." This is a program for the theatre circuit which enrolls youngsters in its "birthday club." The kids get a couple of free ducats to the showhouses on their own birthdays and some 40,000 are enrolled in the group. Besides that, the boys and girls have weekly try-outs in the Fox-West Coast "Radio School of the Air." Some of the best of the talent gets a chance to appear with "Your Pal Jimmy" on the air with the mythical Skyrocket Express which takes the lads and lassies each week to far distant lands and places.

School teacher, mechanic, bandsman, singer, actor, radio personality . . . what a man! That's what "Ma" Kennedy used to say of her then husband, Hudson. The term was coined by newspapermen for a laugh. But, when used in conjunction with Harold Hodge, it's a symbol of appreciation of real genius.

* * *

Don't look for the Clark Sisters over KLX, Oakland, these days. At least not for a while. The two sisters . . . Ruth and Lilah . . . split up the radio act when Lilah tripped down the aisle in a church ceremony. And Ruth doesn't want to do a single on the air.

The two girls have done pretty well for themselves since they started in on Los Angeles radio seven or eight years ago with a string instrument and fair voices. They were

ON THE PACIFIC

with KFRC in 'Frisco for a long time and in recent years in Oakland.

They were born in Iowa two years apart some twenty-something-or-other years ago. The family name is Carlson and both the girls are blue-eyed and blonde. Some of these days they'll probably team up again for broadcast, even if only for an occasional program.

* * *

Paul Rickenbacker, KHJ's production head, hobbled around the studios in the summer with his right hoof all done up in a carpet slipper. Reason . . . he broke the big toe of his right foot when it struck a stair-post as he dashed downstairs to answer the house phone. On request, Paul furnishes affidavits and x-ray negative showing the broken bone.

Paul started announcing at the former KFWC in Pomona years ago under the nom de plume of Paul Ricon. When he graduated from Franklin High School in Los Angeles he used his own name, which is Reichenmacher, or pretty near to that spelling. Now he uses his professional name of Rickenbacker. His wife is the former Winnie Parker, who uses the professional name of Mona Lowe when on the air. She was with NBC for a while, but nowadays is doing free-lance singing assignments. Paul was born in Napierville, Ill., and his wife in Windsor, Ontario.

* * *

This is the story of two male trios. First there are the Three Rhythm Kings, a favorite KHJ group heard often on cross-country broadcasts on CBS. All, aged just a bit over twenty-one, have married during the past year. They are Chuck Lowry, Woody Newbury and Hal Hopper.



Lorna Ladd, who's married to Announcer Mel Williamson, gives a weekly talk on KMPC.

My, the boys don't show much individualism. Except in the choice of neckties, their preferences run alike. All married blondes. Each one drives an Auburn. They all wear the same size shoes and show a preference for gray suits.

Then there is another group known as the Three Midshipmen, on the KFRC staff and also heard on transcontinentals. They are all aged nineteen, expect to get married by the last of 1935 and . . . just to be different . . . are looking for dazzling brunettes.

They are Max Terrill, Bob Farrell and Bill McDonald, and were all classmates in the Venice (California) High School. They were in the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" picture and on KTM and KFWB before going north.

When the marriage mart opened for the Rhythm Kings the bidding was fast and furious. One by one the boys fell and were marched up to the altar by the blushing brides. Now for the Three Midshipmen. Not being real navy men with "a gal in every port" they are going to be satisfied to settle down and marry like the other vocal trio.

* * *

Bert Horton thinks maybe after all he wasn't born under a lucky star. Why? Well, he had to be written out of the NBC "One Man's Family" cast in the summer because his "radio wife," Bernice Berwin, was expecting a blessed event. So, since she had to be written out of the script, Horton had to get off the air temporarily, too.

Bernice in real life is the wife of Brooks Berlin, 'Frisco attorney. The tiny brunette is a University of California grad, '23, and once played opposite Leo Carillo in a stage play.

Bert Horton is really Horton Brandt, a bachelor . . . medium build, in his thirties, born in Wisconsin of New England and Norwegian ancestry, but grew up in Oakland.

* * *

Cecil Wright is hill billying at KLX in Oakland these days. Perhaps you missed him for a while from his old KFRC haunts where he was a fixture for several years on jamboree, happy-go-lucky and other features.

He says he's getting sorta homesick for Arkansas and maybe he'll take a trip before the holidays . . . Montgomery County, to be exact and precise . . . though he moved over to Oklahoma with the family when he was six and out to California when in the teens.

Legal description . . . about twenty-eight . . . five feet ten inches tall . . . about 180 pounds . . . black hair and brown eyes. Cecil's father was a minister and a forest ranger. There are four boys and six girls in the family. Cecil is the sixth in the family of ten. He sings the mountaineer songs to his own accompaniment of harmonica and guitar, and with the harmonica strapped 'round his neck for solo work. On broadcasts he usually wears a slouch hat and blue overalls.

AIR WAVES

WE HAVE

● SUNDAY



● Madelyn La Salle Hammond, one of the newer blues singers on NBC

11:30 A. M. Major Bowes' Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
One of radio's "papas" leading his talented brood.

12:30 P. M. Radio City Music Hall Symphony—Radio City Symphony orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.
Music of the better sort for Sabbath morn.

1:00 P. M. "Little Known Facts About Well Known People"—Dale Carnegie and orchestra. WEAF and associated stations. (Malted Cereals Co.).
Things you might not have heard before.

1:30 P. M. Little Miss Bab-o's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artist. (B. T. Babbitt Co., Inc.) WEAF and associated stations.
A little child still leads them.

2:00 P. M. Gene Arnold and the Commodores (Crazy Water Hotel Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
In the cause of pepping-up.

3:00 P. M. Talkie Picture Time—sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware. (Luxor, Ltd.). WEAF and associated stations.
Tidbits of cinema land.

3:30 P. M. The Maybelline Musical Romance—Harry Daniels orchestra; Don Mario Alvarez, soloist; and guest stars. WEAF and associated stations. Love and music.

4:30 P. M. "The House by the Side of the Road" with Tony Wons and orchestra. (S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.). WEAF and associated stations.
Philosophy from the front porch.

5:00 P. M. Roses and Drums—dramatization of Civil War Stories. (Union Central Life Insurance Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
Romantic hangovers from a dead era.

5:15 P. M. Poets' Gold—Poetry reading, David Ross. WABC and associated stations.
Puck and a book at the microphone.

5:30 P. M. The Hoover Sentinels Concert—Edward Davies, Baritone; Chicago a Capella choir, direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
For your higher moments.

● Tom Coakley, one of San Francisco's younger orchestra directors



5:30 P. M. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson with Jack Shilkret's orchestra. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.
Old friends in a new episode.

6:30 P. M. Smiling Ed McConnell. (Acme White Lead). WABC and associated stations.
Chasing the blues away.

6:45 P. M. Voice of Experience. Also Monday to Friday at 12 noon. (Wasey Products). WABC and associated stations.
He hears everybody's troubles.

7:00 P. M. Silken Strings—Charles Previn and his orchestra (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.
You'll think of slender ankles.

7:45 P. M. The Fitch Program—Wendell Hall, the Red-Headed Music Master. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Dixie mood roaming Tin Pan Alley.

8:00 P. M. Chase and Sanborn Hour—Jimmy Durante, comedian and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase and Sanborn Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.
The nose and news of music and moo-ing.

8:00 P. M. Columbia Variety Hour with Cliff Edwards, Master of ceremonies. WABC and associated stations.
The old string twanger with new lyrics.

8:00 P. M. Goin' to Town with Ed Lowry, master of ceremonies; Tim and Irene, comedy sketch; Grace Hayes, soprano; Newel Chase, pianist; Leopold Spitalny's orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.
Let's go.

9:00 P. M. Ward's Family Theatre, with Buddy Rogers and his orchestra. Jeanie Lang and The Three Rascals. (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.
America's boyfriend and his sax.

9:00 P. M. Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamara, Russian blues singer.

EASTERN DAYLIGHT

WITH US—

David Percy; orchestra direction Jacques Renard; Men About Town. (Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder). WEAF and associated stations.
Always holds its own.

9:00 P. M. Gulf Headliners. WJZ and associated stations.
That's exactly what they are.

9:30 P. M. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Ford Motor Co.). Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.
One of our favorites in excellent company.

9:30 P. M. American Album of Familiar Music—Frank Munn, tenor, Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer Aspirin). WEAF and associated stations.
Tunes you know and want to hear again.

9:30 P. M. The Jergen's Program with Walter Winchell; orchestra (Andrew Jergens Company). WJZ and associated stations.
An air ride in gossip lane.

10:00 P. M. Wayne King's Orchestra. Also Monday. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.
Sweet and dreamy.

10:00 P. M. Hall of Fame—guest orchestra. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
With never a dull moment.

10:00 P. M. Madame Schuman-Heink and Harvey Hayes. (Gerber & Co., Inc.) WJZ and associated stations.
The grand lady of concert-land.

10:30 P. M. Ferde Grofe's Americana. WABC and associated stations.
A genius with a baton.



● The popular Conrad Thibault, baritone identified with The Showboat

● MONDAY

10:00 A. M. Breen and de Rose—vocal and instrumental duo. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
A pair of veterans who never fail you.

10:15 A. M. Bill and Ginger. (C. F. Mueller Company). Also Wednesday and Friday and Tuesday and Thursday at 10:00 A. M. WABC and associated stations.
A nice duo.

10:15 A. M. Clara, Lu 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
Those gossips—with back fence atmosphere.

10:30 A. M. Today's Children—dramatic sketch, with Irma Phillips, Bess Johnson and Walter Wicker. WJZ and associated stations. (Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.). Daily except Saturday and Sunday.
How to bring up your own—or your neighbors'

5:30 P. M. The Singing Lady—Nursery jingles, songs and stories. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.
All for the kiddies.

5:30 P. M. Jack Armstrong—All American Boy—Daily except Sunday. (General Mills, Inc., Wheaties). WABC and associated stations.
The exuberant age.

5:45 P. M. Little Orphan Annie—Childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, and Allan Baruck. Daily except Sunday. (Wander Company). WJZ and associated stations.
Annie's still running around the ether lanes.

5:45 P. M. The Oxol Feature—with Gordon, Dave and Bunny. Also Wednesday. (J. L. Prescott Co.) WABC and associated stations.
New—and interesting.

6:00 P. M. Buck Rogers in the 25th Century. Also Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. (Coco-malt.).
Anticipating your thrills.

6:15 P. M. Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Hecker H-O Cereals). WABC and associated stations.
Adventure knocking at your own door.

● One of Broadway's popular torch singers, Grace Hayes, heard on WJZ



Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday Programs Continued on page 58

SAVING TIME

In the



● Harriett Hillard prepares a midnight snack for Ozzie Nelson, after one of their broadcasts

FOR the month of October the ether stars have given particularly good recipes to the Homemaking Department; the foods are a little more nourishing than in the past few months, such as your body will require for the change in season. New dishes are here for your clubs, and the dishes for the family are different, tasty and economical delights for your budget.

Julia Sanderson, the best cook of the month, and there are plenty of good ones, prepares a Chicken Pie for you; Little Mary Small tells you how she likes her POP-OVERS done; and Connie Gates comes this time to your aid with a sauce for fish. Glen Gray offers a novel service for cole slaw; Oliver Smith, the tenor, suggests a simple method of making corn cake; and Harry Richman's stuffed peppers are just another of this month's interesting offerings.

Julia Sanderson, the lovely singer on the Bond Bread program, is an excellent cook. This Chicken Pie recipe is simply grand.

Chicken Pie

1 chicken
¾ onion
1 tablespoon parsley
Salt
Dash pepper
¼ cup flour
Pie crust

Dress, clean and cut chicken; put in a pan with parsley, onion, salt, and pepper. Cover with boiling water, cooking slowly until tender. Thicken with flour mixed with enough water to pour easily. Put in a baking dish, cover with pie crust, in which several incisions have been made. Bake in a moderate oven until crust has well risen and browned.

Little Mary Small one of the most popular juvenile entertainers, is best pleased when Pop-overs are included on the menu.

Pop-Overs

1 cup flour
Salt
¾ cup milk plus one tablespoon
2 eggs
½ teaspoon melted butter

Mix the salt, flour, and add half the milk beating until smooth. (About ¼ teaspoon salt). Add the rest of the milk, well beaten eggs, and butter. Beat with an egg beater just about two minutes. Put in hot greased gem pans and bake in 500° F. oven till they pop, a little over thirty minutes.

The very pretty Columbia warbler Sylvia Froos is a girl who knows her foods, and she prepares them in interesting fashions. This cocoanut frosting is delightful.

Cocoanut Marshmallow Frosting

1½ cups sugar
½ cup water
7 marshmallows
Whites of 2 eggs
1 cup fresh grated cocoanut
1½ teaspoons lemon juice

Boil sugar and water till syrup makes a thread, add the marshmallows that have been cut into small pieces, but do not stir. Beat stiffly the egg whites, and pour the syrup slowly onto this, beat until smooth. Add flavoring. Spread on layer of cake and sprinkle with cocoanut. This frosting will cover three layers.

Lucille Manners of the beautiful soprano voice makes this marvelous dish of Peanut Cookies. These are delightful for your bridge clubs, or served with a fruit dessert for dinner.

Peanut Cookies

2 tablespoons fat
1 cup sugar
2 eggs well beaten
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup milk
1 cup peanuts, chopped
½ teaspoon lemon juice

Cream the fat, add sugar gradually, add the eggs; sift the flour, salt, and baking powder, and add to the other mixture. Now add the milk, peanuts and flavoring. Place one inch apart on greased pan from a spoon, place peanuts on top of each cookie and bake in slow oven about thirteen minutes.

Connie Gates, popular Columbia singer, comes to your aid with a Sauce for Fish that will be relished by all of you.

Sauce for Fish

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
½ cup liquid from fish
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Stars' Kitchens

Melt the butter, add flour, and scalded milk slowly. Add the juice from the fish and the lemon juice just before removing from the stove. Add the sauce beaten into the egg yolk just before serving. Have the sauce hot.

Glen Gray's popularity will be further increased in your homes, if this might be possible with the women, after you have served this Orange Flavored Cole Slaw.

Orange Flavored Cole Slaw

Finely shred your cabbage, and then soak for one hour in cold water; drain. Mix salad with your salad dressing, and add to this about one half an orange peel that has been finely grated. Serve on lettuce bed, with thinly sliced pepper and onion rings.

The well known baritone Everett Marshall, who is brought to you over the Columbia Network, comes to you through this department inviting you to try these Nut and Potato Croquettes which may serve as the main dish for a luncheon.

Nut and Potato Croquettes

2 cups hot riced potatoes
¼ cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
Cayenne
1 egg yolk
½ cup pecan nuts

Mix all ingredients with a fork until mixture is light. Shape into croquettes; roll in bread crumbs, dip in egg to which a little water has been added, roll again in bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat until a golden brown.

Oliver Smith, the tenor on Abe Lyman's program has a simple procedure for making the ever popular corn cake.

Corn Cake

¾ cup cornmeal
1 cup flour
¼ cup sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter, melted

Mix and sift the dry ingredients add egg, milk and butter. Beat well. Bake in a shallow (*Continued on page 76*)



● The Do-Re-Mi trio of the ether waves get themselves a bite to eat between their air rehearsals

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney



Courtesy of B. Altman & Co.

A Columbus Day Dinner



OUR entertaining this month should include some type of festivity for Christopher Columbus, the man who discovered our country four hundred and forty-two years ago. Columbus Day this year falls on a Friday, and for the main course we offer a dinner of fish, with American color scheme throughout the service.

If you vary this menu, or any luncheon or dinner menu be careful of color combinations and food classifications as well as having the foods cooked tastily.

Your table may be arranged well for this evening, using white linen, blue glassware, blue candles, and Red Chrysanthemums for the centerpiece; or white linen, red glassware, red candles, and blue Bachelor Buttons for the center.

The table shown in the illustration above has the new cellophane covering over the damask cloth.

The main course is very pleasing to the eye, yet simply prepared, and the service is quick, and easily done without the aid of servants. The planked shad is in the center with the duchess potatoes forming a border around the edge, and the buttered beets and lima beans placed on the sides between the fish and potatoes.

MENU

Tomato Juice Cocktail Cream of Celery Soup
Planked Shad Duchess potatoes
Buttered Beets Lima Beans
Rolls Butter
Lettuce Russian Dressing
Apple Pie Cheese Squares
Demi Tasse

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

Serve this in blue cocktail glasses, or if you do not have blue use the white glasses.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP

3 cups celery, cut in pieces
2 cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons butter
2 cups milk
Pepper

Wash and scrape the celery, and cut into pieces, add the water, cooking until tender and soft, then put through a sieve. Add milk, which has been heated, to the celery. Melt butter, add flour, salt, and pepper, add this to the celery. Serve hot with thin (*Continued on page 79*)



Dialing the Short Waves





AT any moment there may come crackling through the air a call for help—the news of flood, tornado or earthquake—or a flashing bit of poignant human drama.

You won't necessarily get it on the ship communications channel, but if you have your all-wave set tuned to the amateurs on the 40, 80 or 160 kilocycle bands, there's no telling when you may intercept a message so thrilling that it will fairly lift you out of your chair.

Suppose, for example, that you had been a short-wave fan in September, 1928—the month the hurricane put a tragic ending to the Florida boom. You would have had a front seat for the thrilling rescue staged by Forrest Dana and Ralph Hollis, a fireman, in Palm Beach.

Like everybody else in that city, Dana and Hollis had read reports that a storm was headed their way.

"Everybody talks about the weather," Mark Twain once wrote, "but nobody does anything about it."

Well, these two radio amateurs proved that Mark Twain was wrong. They did something about the weather. They bought batteries.

No, they weren't working on some strange electrical apparatus to stop hurricanes—they were smart men. They knew what might happen.

And happen it did!



With devastating force the hurricane burst upon the sleeping city. It tore the roofs off houses—wrecked some of them completely, among them Dana's. All telephone, telegraph and electric light lines were swept away—the city of Palm Beach was cut off from communication with the rest of the world.

But Forrest Dana and Ralph Hollis were not idle. They had taken Ralph's transmitter from his home and set it up in the firehouse. The firehouse was a sturdy building, likely to stand even in the fury of the storm. The fact that no electric lighting power was available didn't stop them. They had had the foresight to buy batteries with which to run Hollis' amateur station, W4AFC.

Throughout the dark, howling night they toiled, and at 1:30 A. M. their first job was finished. They went on the air with the only reports from the stricken city, and a desperate plea for aid.

Finally they got into communication with the War Department in Washington and gave news of the city's plight. The government, as soon as the weather permitted, sent airplanes with food, blankets, surgical dressings and such supplies for the people who had been left homeless.

But it wasn't an easy job for Dana and Hollis. During four days, (*Continued on page* 71)

BY GLOBE TWISTER

BY CHASE GILES

CHICAGO

SUMMER means vacation, even for the radio artist, and this year, despite the fact that most of their programs continue uninterrupted throughout the warmer months, artists in the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting Company planned vacations taking them to all parts of the United States and even to Europe.

Ireene Wicker, the Singing Lady, spent a month in England, combining work and play by devoting part of her time there searching out old Norse legends for future programs.

While Ireene was in England, Walter Wicker, her husband, who is heard in Today's Children, spent two weeks fishing in Wisconsin and Michigan.

Don Ameche, hero of a thousand radio dramas and leading man of First Nighter, originally planned to go to Europe during his vacation, but had to give it up.

June Meredith, star of First Nighter and Luxor Talkie Picture time dramas, went to a dude ranch near Santa Fe, New Mexico. Cliff Soubier planned no regular vacation, as he has eight scheduled broadcasts a week.

Gene Arnold spent his vacation in Mineral Wells, Texas. Announcer Louis Roen went to northern Wisconsin.

Arthur Jacobson, leading man of many Princess Pat and other dramatic programs, couldn't find time to leave Chicago, but got in plenty of sailing on Lake Michigan in his new boat.

* * *

Wendell Hall's eight-week vacation unfortunately turned out to be a period of convalescence from an infection of the ear and an attack of laryngitis.

Charles Hughes, "The First Nighter," went to Hot Springs, Ark., for his first vacation in years.

Everett Mitchell took a motorman's holiday by driving to the Pacific Coast and visiting radio stations there. He also shot many feet of movie film, one of his hobbies.

Vic, Sade and Rush weren't able to get away for a vacation, though Rush (Billy Idelson) considered being out of high school for the summer a vacation in itself.

Harvey Hays, veteran actor and narrator, wasn't able to get away, either; nor were the Merry Macs, novelty vocal quartet.

Lawrence Salerno, WGN's Italian troubadour, took his vacation this summer on the golf course. With fifteen programs each week on the air, Lawrence's only day off is Sunday and this time he spends on the golf course at his old home town of Madison, Wis., or fishing in one of the lakes near his home. Salerno is trying to follow in the footsteps of Gene Sarazen, the famous Italian golf professional.



● Wendell Hall, the redheaded music maker heard from Chicago over the NBC chain

BREEZES

Thrilling sidelights on human stories that happen around the Chicago studios

Pat Barnes has long been one of Chicago's best known radio actors. He goes in for characters like old French Canadians, Jews, Germans, Italians, and can do all sorts of different dialects. His French Canadian stories are the McCoy. He actually gets them from his old friends up in Quebec where Pat once lived. Back in his home town of Sharon, Pa., Pat is a celebrity. They remember when the gangling young fellow used to deliver packages. They remember him later when he became Sergeant Patrick Henry Barnes during the war. They remember when he wrote that famous stage show, "A Buck on Leave," for the A.E.F. in France. A robust show it was even after it was cleaned up and brought to America after the war for more general consumption than the war-torn France had permitted.

In France the private, Joe Donoghue of Philadelphia sang "Mary Lee." But when the show was brought to Chicago, twelve years ago, Eleanor Gilmour had the part. Four years later Pat married Eleanor. It was quite a struggle Pat had landing the young lady. She wasn't at all sure she wanted to marry a happy-go-lucky actor. But the Irish lads have a way with them. Pat left the stage and started selling automobiles in Chicago and gradually worked up until he was top man on the sales force of that agency. Pat worked down at WHT for a time and so did Eleanor, who was the station's soprano. It was while they were both there that they got married.

Since those early days Barnes has risen to radio heights. And once he wrote a book. It was called "Sketches from Life." In that book was a chapter Pat didn't know anything about. It was called "Hands." It was only half a page long. . . .

Before the book was out Pat dropped into the publisher's office for a chat. Pat asked after the health of a mutual friend. The publisher looked startled.

"Why, didn't you know?"

"Know what?"

"He committed suicide last night!"

Pat was stunned. He sank into a chair by the publisher's desk. Sat in a stupor. The publisher was called out of his office. When he returned Pat said goodbye and left, still in a daze. A short while later the publisher noticed a sheet of paper over where Pat had been sitting. On it was scrawled a jumble of words. The publisher laboriously deciphered the writing, then realized Pat had scribbled down his thoughts upon hearing of his friend's suicide without even realizing he was jotting down words. So the publisher had it typed and put in the book. When the book was published he had to explain to Pat from where had come this page:

(*Continued on page* 69)

● Dorothy Page, pretty contralto who sings from Chicago was a magazine-cover girl



By the Oracle who knows all about stars, programs and personalities from Coast to Coast and who'll tell you anything you want to know

WHAT radio artist is considered to have the most popular success in pictures after being built up on the air?—Marguerite G., Verona, N. J.

Bing Crosby, without doubt. Eddie Cantor's pictures make a lot of money but then he was an established star before he went to Hollywood.

Would appreciate very much if you would tell me what has become of Mildred Bailey. I used to enjoy her programs so much. I wrote her but didn't receive an answer.—Mary B., Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Bailey has been off the air but expects to come back soon. She has been making personal appearances. Maybe she didn't get your letter. Why not try again. Write to her at the CBS Studios, 485 Madison Avenue, New York and ask them to forward the letter.

Why don't the radio sponsors sign girls like Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford and Miriam Hopkins for regular radio programs?—George D., Washington, D. C.

These actresses have been on programs as guest stars but most of the movie producers object to having their stars on regularly. They think it interferes with their movie work.

Can you tell me if Johnny Green is married? Why don't you print a picture of him in RADIO MIRROR? I think he's wonderful.—Helen C., Cleveland.

No sooner asked than done! Johnny and Mrs. Green are seen in two whole pages of pictures in this issue. Hope you like them.

Would you please, please print a picture of the Showboat cast? Do they costume for this program and such programs as "The Student Prince".—Mary McM., Kansas City.

Now, pu-leeze, Mary. We used such a grand layout of the Showboat program with a complete story of the hour in our last November issue. They don't regularly costume these two programs for the weekly broadcasts.

Would appreciate it very much if you could advise the address of Herbert Steiner, pianist for Baby Rose Marie programs.—Victor C., Philadelphia.

The NBC Studios, Rockefeller Center, New York will forward any mail you address to him

What kind of girls does Lanny Ross date? Does he sing requests and does he answer fan letters?—Mary Brown, Kansas City.

Lanny doesn't make so very many dates, says he hasn't the time. Claims he likes brunettes much better than blondes, but he's been seen at openings with a few blondes. His programs are usually made up in advance, but why don't you try? Ask him to sing your favorite, whatever it is. Yes, he answers his fan mail. Why don't you write him?

In the August issue of RADIO MIRROR there were some pictures of Rosaline Greene and under one picture it said she was the talking Mary Lou. Does that mean someone else does the singing? If so, who is the singing Mary Lou?—Dorothy C., New Britain, Conn.

Rosaline speaks the talking lines of the script and Muriel Wilson does the singing in the role.

Where is Guy Lombardo? Why don't you tell us something about him and his brothers? We miss him terribly out here in California.—Bert T., Los Angeles.

Guy Lombardo has been playing at the New York hotels this summer and will probably continue. California's loss is New York's gain. Didn't you read the story on the Lombardos last month and now you ask for more. One, at a time, you know.

How about giving some more of Al Pearce's gang a chance. I've seen a picture of Al and Mabel Todd but I think some of the rest of them need a break. How about "One Man's Family". I think they're one of the best liked programs on the air.—Marguerite H., Spokane.

We'll send your letter on to Dr. Power, who writes the Pacific news, and he'll do his best.

Will you please tell me whether Leah Ray is married or not and if she would kindly send me her photograph?—Allen G., Lancaster, Pa.

Miss Ray is not married—at least at this writing. If you don't ask how can you expect to receive?

Will you tell me where I can get separate pictures of the four Lombardo brothers and what will it cost?—June B., Oklahoma City.

Right in the September issue of RADIO MIRROR. How's that for service?

Why not give us some dope about "Show





WANT TO KNOW?

Boat"? Is Mary Lou really Uncle Henry's niece? And is Mrs. Jamison her mother? Is Lanny Ross really that way about Mary Lou and if so which one, the talking or vocalizing one?—Marie N., Los Angeles.

They are all actors and singers who take on the various characters for a broadcast, just like movie players do for film parts. No, Lanny isn't really that way about either Mary Lou, except while "Showboat" is being broadcast and he's acting his role.

How can I address letters to the following—Jane Froman, Gladys Swarthout, Sylvia Froos, Ruth Etting, Rosa Ponselle, Joy Lynne, Ramona, Harriett Hilliard, Tamara.—Audrey S., Napa, Cal.

Jane Froman, Gladys Swarthout, Sylvia Froos, Rosa Ponselle, at the Columbia Broadcasting Studios, 485 Madison avenue, New York; Ruth Etting at the RKO Studios, Hollywood and the others at the NBC, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Mrs. Leon, Valley Stream, L. I.—the above answers your query about Rosa Ponselle.

Is Eddie Cantor off the air for good or is he coming back?—Dorothy D., Chester, Pa.

You're too impatient, Dorothy. Eddie's been out in Hollywood making pictures for Sam Goldwyn and certainly has not deserted radio for good.

I read your department and enjoy it very much. Tell me, what happened to Loretta Lee and is she still on the air?—Rose D., Saugatuck, Conn.

She's been out on a vaudeville tour with George Hall's orchestra and will be on the air with the band this fall. O. K.?

Who is "Beetle", besides a pain in the neck to Phil Baker on his broadcasts and who plays the part of Bottle? Does Baker write his own stuff?—Dolores F., Baltimore.

"Beetle" is a secret, even Phil won't tell. Harry McNaughton is "Bottles" and confidentially, Phil gets help on those swell air scripts. They all do.

I think Morton Downey has one of the sweetest voices in the world. Can you tell me if he will be heard again?—Little Rhode Island.

We're certainly hitting the request letters this month. You can read all about Morton on other pages. Yes, he'll be back

You must know all the stars. Who do you think is the nicest girl and who's the most interesting man among the radio stars? —Katherine U., Buffalo.

Now, Katherine, don't be that way. What do you want to do, get us in Dutch with all our friends? They are a lot of swell people in radio and some who do give me a pain, but I won't tell you right now who they are.

Who is the Street Singer and will he return to the air?—Frank M., New York.

Arthur Tracy. Yes, he'll probably be heard again but I don't know when.

Where can I send a personal telegram to Lanny Ross? Is it true that his movie contract has been broken?—N. M. O., Cleveland.

He's in Hollywood now, making another picture on that contract you thought was broken. Don't believe all you hear, unless you read it in Radio Mirror (ho ho, aren't we conceited). Address him at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

Are Block and Sully going to come back on the air?—Joe H., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Probably, but they've been in Hollywood making a picture for United Artists this summer.

Can you tell me where Ted Fiorito will be after he finishes his personal appearance tour?—Mary E. B., Gold Beach, Ore.

He'll be in Los Angeles and broadcasting weekly on the new "Hollywood Hotel" countrywide program from California.

Could you tell me the addresses of Major Edward Bowes, Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Jack Benny—Woonsocket, R. I.

Major Bowes, Capitol Theater, New York and the other three, NBC Studios, Rockefeller Center, New York.

What are the names of Guy Lombardo's trio of singers? Does Rubinoff arrange himself or does he have special arrangers?—B. N., Bloomsburg, Pa.

The members of the Lombardo trio are Guy's brothers, Victor, Lebert and Carmen. Rubinoff does some of his own arranging—also has an arranger at various times.

Do you want to know something about your broadcast favorites? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City

"OUR PUBLIC"

THE fall radio broadcasting season is in full swing. Big programs that went off the air for the summer months are back again; new sponsors are bringing more talent to the air parade. All the listener has to do now is twist the dial for a wide variety of ether entertainment.

DO YOU HEAR WHAT YOU WANT? DO YOU THINK THE BROADCASTERS ARE MAKING THE MOST OF THEIR OPPORTUNITIES? WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF RADIO PROGRAMS AND RADIO ENTERTAINERS NOW?

These are your pages to express your opinions, to set down your praises and to record your just and fair criticisms. RADIO MIRROR IS YOUR MAGAZINE! And it is intended not only to present the personalities and events of the radio world but to reflect the attitude and wishes of its ever-increasing number of readers. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WRITE YOUR MIND.

Not only do we encourage letters from the readers of RADIO MIRROR, but we pay for the most constructive ones. TWENTY DOLLARS FOR THE BEST LETTER, TEN DOLLARS FOR THE NEXT BEST AND ONE DOLLAR EACH FOR THE NEXT FIVE SELECTED!

Get your complaints off your chest and get the entertainment you really enjoy on your loud speakers. The radio executives want to broadcast what the public wants and RADIO MIRROR wants honest, helpful criticism.

Letters should contain not more than 200 words and should be sent not later than Oct. 20, to CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

These letters have been chosen for this month:

$20.00 PRIZE

I think the objection to radio advertising could be greatly overcome by these two methods: A short statement at the beginning of each program, or by incorporating it in the program, as in the "Fire Chief" program. I've never heard any complaints on that advertising. But advertising by childish skits, irritates to the point of having someone jump to the dials and switch programs. There is something nauseating about a dialogue such as this:

Dick:—"What lovely biscuits, dear, just like mother used to make."

Dolly:—"Oh do you like them, darling? But they just have to be like mother used to make, because I used 'So and So's' biscuit flour."

The psychological reaction seems to be the feeling that we are being treated like children. But, using the "Fire Chief" program again for example, the advertising is humorous, and though the very points brought out in favor of the product advertised, are made fun of by Ed Wynn, yet those very points come to our minds oftener because accompanied by the funny remarks he makes. The reaction here is that the advertiser is treating us in a sober grown-up, way, and we take sides with him against Ed Wynn's foolishness, though we enjoy it, at the same time.

MRS. GEO. F. FERRIS, Bell, Calif.

$10.00 PRIZE

Radio broadcasts give us entertainment. Radio advertisers make this entertainment possible. RADIO MIRROR reflects the truth regarding entertainment and entertainers.

I've read much pro and con on radio advertising. Some call it an evil that should be run off the air—others accept it resignedly as a "necessary evil." But why label it an "evil" when it can be made an asset? Advertising can be both funny and effective—if made part of the program itself. Consider the riotous way Jack Benny sandwiches in references to General Tires. We don't resent such advertising because it is presented humorously.

In serious programs where humorous advertising would be inappropriate, a worthwhile contest, based on the advertiser's wares and announced before and after the program, might be substituted. Listeners would not be bored, for they would have a real incentive to become better acquainted with said wares.

MARYA DAVIS, El Paso, Texas.

$1.00 PRIZE

There's nothing like radio to emphasize the truth of that old saying, "Appearances are sometimes deceitful." On the surface, I appear to be a plain, practical, home-keeping "hill-billy." But a twist of the radio dial—and presto! I am a colorful "man of the world"—a seasoned globe trotter, a connoisseur of good music, an inveterate "first nighter"! And all without moving from my armchair!

The radio is my dream world of infinite scope, RADIO MIRROR my map and guide-book with which to explore this delightful realm.

I wonder if people living in cities fully appreciate the marvels of radio. Here in the mountains, where recreational facilities are necessarily few, radio becomes a veritable "magic carpet," whisking one gaily away.

J. S. VAUGHN, Ruidoso, New Mexico.

$1.00 PRIZE

Since first hearing Jessica Dragonette sing seven years ago I have never voluntarily missed one of her regular broadcasts. Her voice has seemed to represent all the worth-while things of life—beauty—love—truth and sincerity.

On May 20th, Miss Dragonette was guest artist with Silken Strings on the Real Silk Program in Chicago. I saw Miss Dragonette, a tiny, radiant vision, softly glide to her position in front of the microphone. I saw her give that microphone a smile and then, softly, tenderly pour out her soul in song.

I realized then—as never before—why we seem to feel her presence as we listen to her sing—why, while sitting in our homes listening to this glorious voice, we seem to sense the lovely personality of the singer. Such real sincerity could not fail to reach her listeners—she gives to her songs something very precious from her own personality—Miss Dragonette has a God-given voice and is worthy of it.

I have no complaint to make with radio. Why should I? Radio has brought me so much that is beautiful and entertaining . . . so much I could not have had otherwise.

RADIO MIRROR so very aptly supplies the "Eyes" to radio. RADIO MIRROR sees and hears what we can not and passes it on to us. It supplies the human touch.

GERALDINE CLEAVER, Anita, Iowa.

$1.00 PRIZE

As Edison with the incandescent lamp lighted the world, so radio, is enlightening the minds and hearts of the people all over the world today.

With the twist of a dial events of world importance, that will be the history of tomorrow are brought into homes where ever radio has found its way.

Comfort and cheer are given to those who are confined

BROADCASTING



● A portion of the crowd of 30,000 which attended one of KFWB Sunday Hi Jinks picnics

to their homes or the hospitals. Music, drama, and other entertainment, whatever be your mood, on fair or rainy days, are yours for the asking.

Radio needs but little criticism, it is only past its infancy and in time will correct the few faults we find to criticize.

Keep up the good work, only can't you make RADIO MIRROR longer?

ARTHUR F. BROWN, Boston, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE

I wish somebody would explain why millions of radio fans all over the United States must suffer the semi-annual disruption of our radio programs when the Daylight Saving spasm starts in the East. Why should three-fourths of us either lose our favorites entirely or spend days trying to find out to what hour they have been shunted, just to accommodate a few states that kid themselves thinking they are saving daylight by following the example of Lo, the Indian, who tried to lengthen his blanket by cutting off one end of it and sewing it on the other end.

Every summer the Pacific Coast loses Tony Wons because of the earlier hour. Another favorite we lose is the Texas Rangers because an old established Coast program conflicts.

MRS. THOMAS COPE, Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE

Radio Programs of today are like our automobiles, continually changing, but always for a better model or a better program. In radio programs a few are outstanding such as "One Man's Family," Amos 'n' Andy, Twenty Mule Team Borax, and a few others.

Programs that make a break in the middle to get their ad over is like having somebody ask a foolish question in the middle of a good story. Why not have children's programs from three to six? The after-dinner hour is one of the best for advertising to grown-ups. With two or three good programs at the same time some one is losing a good ad, and someone is missing a good program. Both of the above will be improved, I hope as time goes on. I notice you have added Pacific Coast pages. Why call it Pacific Coast pages? You haven't come far enough west. Chicago out in California is middle west.

MAX KOEHNCKE, San Francisco, Calif.

He Holds the Secrets of Countless Crimes

(*Continued from page 19*)

scientist and the Voice ascribe different, but not unrelated motivations to the fan mail writers.

I do not pretend to know which is right, and the question does not matter as long as the practise continues. I do know that the Voice is doing a lot of good, and that does matter.

Let us see, for example how he treated the case of the woman who received the proposition to become a loan-wife. And how her husband felt about it, and how it turned out.

It was a pitiful letter from the woman which introduced the case. She was of good birth. She was good looking and young, and strongly religious. But she had been caught in the ebb of the depression. The fact that her husband had hunted for months, in vain, for a job grieved her almost to distraction. It grieved her husband no less for he hardly cared to return home at night to report failure, and to see the little tots wondering about when they were going to eat, if ever. Only fatigue drove him home for rest in advance of a new hunt next day. They had been living on city charity for weeks before the funds ran out, and their desperation grew. Then, in stalked the villain—a handsome bachelor who had quarters in the same tenement. He wasn't rich, but he had a job and some savings. He began giving little things to the children and one day stopped to talk to the mother. Learning of their dire circumstances he explained that he was living a lonely life and then made the offer (for as he later admitted, he had long been smitten by the woman) which nearly brought tragedy. In exchange for her companionship he would furnish the necessities and some luxuries. The woman was at first insulted. Then, two of the children fell ill and needed a nurse and a doctor. There was medicine to buy. The bachelor renewed his offer.

THE woman never had harbored, according to her letter, any unfaithful thoughts. She was really in love with her husband, but at the same time, so desperate that she was willing to make almost any sacrifice, particularly for her sick children. But she still felt that it was her duty to discuss the stranger's proposition with her husband. She must have his advice before giving the man his final answer.

The husband was shocked when she told him. But they sat up all one night weighing the proposal, and at length, the husband said:

"You are willing to sacrifice yourself, and I should be willing to take part in the sacrifice. You have my permission to go to this man one night a week, until we find another way out of this hell."

She told the bachelor and it was all arranged. He advanced her $15. A definite time was set for the woman's visit to the stranger's apartment. When that time arrived, the wife went to his rooms, but when the man no longer tried to hide his feelings toward her, she broke down and bolted from the room.

She may never have written for help to the Voice of Experience, except that the bachelor did not walk out of the picture then. Instead, he threatened to have the woman thrown into jail on charges of having stolen money from him, by producing witnesses who had seen her go in and come out of his rooms.

"What should she do?" That's what she asked the Voice.

She was promptly told to drop such an immoral deal. An investigator was sent to see her and found her story true. The Voice has a charity fund, and out of it the family was assisted until the Voice was able to obtain a job for the husband. The story had a happy ending.

"I shall tell you of another extremely interesting case," Mr. Taylor said, as he rummaged through his files. "It is the story of a man who thought he was a murderer—a man who carried around tons of conscience for years and years, but who now is able to face the world and the law fearlessly.

"SEVERAL years ago I received a long letter from this man. He stated that for the first time, after listening to a number of my broadcasts, he felt that he must confess a crime that had affected his whole life. Then he admitted that thirteen years before he had killed a man out in a Western state. Because of the unusual circumstances surrounding the killing and, since there was no witness to the actual shooting, and no one had reason to suspicion him, he unostentatiously packed up his things and left that part of the country. But he soon learned that, although he might leave a locality, he could not get away from himself and his constant re-enacting of the tragic drama. He became a maverick and covered practically the entire globe. Yet, at the time he was writing me, he claimed that he still felt like a hunted animal, was nervous, restless, and could scarcely live with himself. He closed his letter by saying that, after re-reading it, he felt better merely to have unburdened himself to someone, even though he had done so anonymously and in a locality where there would be no suspicion as to who was doing the confessing. He urged me to tell him how he could quiet his conscience so he could get some rest from his sleep and could concentrate on his work.

"His whole letter evidenced sincerity and, even though I made it a rule never to see anyone personally, I felt that, in this case, an exception should be made. I went to the air and pledged him secrecy, provided that he would meet me, naming the time and place, and discuss his problem with me in person. This he did and, upon his giving me the whole story, I realized that he was not guilty of murder, even though he had taken a man's life. I explained to him that it was my opinion, if he had told me the truth, that he had committed justifiable homicide. I saw by his reactions that, even though I felt that he had been justified, I could not convert him to this opinion. So, with his consent, I got in touch with the authorities, explained the situation to them, made it clear that what this man needed in his process of psychological re-education was to actually pay a debt to society. So it was arranged for him to plead guilty to manslaughter, which he did. An indefinite sentence of from one to fifteen years was given him and he went to prison. At the end of the first year, he was paroled, came back East, looked me up, told me that for the first time in all these years, when he found himself behind the bars, actually paying his debt to society, he began to sleep normally, put on weight and became himself once more. Now the man has been given his full pardon and is once more a self-respecting citizen.

There are those who threaten suicide. These constitute one of the most difficult problems so far as radio advisors are concerned. I remember once that Kate Smith repeated a song trice in a single week, because a girl had threatened to kill herself if it wasn't sung. I remember too, that one young chap whose girl had thrown him down, who wanted to die. He remembered hearing a radio program that night in which a love song was featured. He asked Kate Smith to sing it on a certain date, when he would "leave the world" listening. Kate never sang the song, and is still afraid to sing it.

About these suicide threats, and even attempts, the Voice reports that during the prolonged depression he has received a heartbreaking number of letters depicting tragic circumstances which were becoming so unbearable for the writers that suicide seemed the only way out for them.

"I HAVE," he says, "several letters on file, which were either delayed in reaching me, or I was delayed in getting a reply to the senders. I found out by various means that the writers actually had taken their lives. In several cases unsuccessful attempts had been made and we were enabled through one avenue or another to make further efforts to prevent new attempts.

Frankly, although I have known the Voice for quite some time, I had doubted whether there really lived a man with enough experience to advise in so many problems. But after going over the multitudinous cases, I no longer doubt that the Voice has got enough experience since coming to the radio to carry right on. I am no longer interested, nor perhaps, should any of us be, why people write him and similar oracles. It is enough to know that they usually get the right answers.

Until such cross-sections of the laity that he contacts, stand revealed, I am afraid we can't have a very accurate picture of the composite radio audience.

$500.00 CASH PRIZE

SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST

ENDS THIS MONTH!

SEND YOUR ENTRY IN ON TIME

HERE the final set of Scrambled Personality composites. When you have them unscrambled, correctly re-assembled and identified you will be ready to arrange your complete set of twelve radio personalities pictures into a contest entry. In preparing your entry bear in mind that accuracy will count. Also neatness in the presentation of your material will count. This, however, does not mean that elaborate presentations are either necessary or advisable. Simplicity is the best rule to follow. Concentrate on having your pictures correctly put together and accurately identified. Before you mail your entry read the rules over for a last time to make sure that you have complied with all requirements. Be sure that you place sufficient postage on your entry. Those with insufficient postage will be returned.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$200.00
SECOND PRIZE	100.00
FIVE PRIZES, *Each* $10.00	50.00
TEN PRIZES, *Each* $5.00	50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, *Each* $2.00	100.00
TOTAL 67 PRIZES	$500.00

THE RULES

1 Each month, for three months, RADIO MIRROR will publish a set of composite pictures of well-known radio personalities.

2 Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled, will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3 For the nearest correctly assembled, named and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits RADIO MIRROR will award $500.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4 Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.

5 Below each portrait write the name of the person it represents.

6 When your entry is complete send it by first-class mail to SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST, RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7 No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8 Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9 All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 15, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

SET No. 3



Name.....

.....



Name.....

.....



Name.....

.....



Name.....

.....

WATCH FOR YOUR NAME AMONG THE WINNERS!

We Have with Us

(*Continued from page 45*)

Monday

6:45 P. M. The Dixie Circus—Uncle Bob Sherwood and Frank Novak's orchestra. (Dixie Drinking Cups). WABC and associated stations.
Picking Up the Sawdust Trail.

7:15 P. M. Gene and Glenn—comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
The boys are coming along.

7:30 P. M. The Silver Dust Serenaders. Paul Keast, baritone; Rollo Hudson's Orchestra. (The Gold Dust Corp.). Also Wed. and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
It's shine-up hour now.

7:45 P. M. The Pepsodent Company Frank Buck Program—dramatized jungle adventures. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.
Hold that tiger!

7:45 P. M. Boake Carter—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.) WABC and associated stations.
Headlines in the Oxford manner.

8:00 P. M. Studebaker Champions—with Richard Himber's orchestra and Joey Nash, tenor. WEAF and associated stations.
How that ork pilot has come to the fore this year.

8:00 P. M. Yeast Foamers—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Northwestern Yeast Company). WJZ and associated stations.
Pleasantly paced in a modern manner.

8:00 P. M. Kate Smith and her Swanee Music. Also Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
We'll stay home any night for this program.

8:15 P. M Edwin C. Hill, "The Human Side of the News". (Barbasol). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
Mr. Hill reviewing the day's happenings.

8:30 P. M. The Voice of Firestone Garden Concert, featuring Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano, and William Daly's symphonic string orchestra with Margaret Speaks, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor, and Frank Chapman, baritone. WEAF and associated stations.
One of tonight's highlights.

9:00 P. M. A. & P. Gypsies—direction of Harry Horlick; Robert Simmons, tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
They've been doing good work for a long time now.

9:00 P. M. Sinclair Minstrels—with Gene Arnold, Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band direction, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.
Go right ahead, Mr. Interlocutor, we're waiting.

9:30 P. M. Lud Guskin and his Continental Orchestra with Henrietta Schumann and Georgie Price, master of ceremonies. (Ex-Lax Co.). WABC and associated stations.
With all his European medals.

9:30 P. M. Colgate House Party—Joe Cook comedian; Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; orchestra direction Don Voorhees. (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
There's nothing crazier than this one.

9:30 P. M. Princess Pat Players—drama with Douglas Hope, Alice Hill, Peggy Davis and Arthur Jacobson. (Princess Pat, Ltd.). WJZ and associated stations.
Another entertaining theater of the airwaves.

10:00 P. M. Contented Program—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Milk Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
If you're not content, this ought to help.

11:15 P. M. Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
One of the better dance aggregations.

Tuesday

12:15 Noon Connie Gates—songs. WABC and associated stations. Also Thursday and Friday.
Connie comes singing to you.

4:15 P. M. The Singing Stranger—Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. Also Friday. (Bauer & Black). WJZ and associated stations.
You ought to know him by now.

7:30 P. M. Whispering Jack Smith and his orchestra. (Ironized Yeast Co.) Also Thursday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.
An old-timer comes back.

8:00 P. M. Leo Reisman's Orchestra with Phil Duey, baritone. (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEAF and associated stations.
This man knows his arrangements.

8:00 P. M. Eno Crime Clues—dramatic sketch (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.) Also Wednesday. WJZ and associated stations.
A few shivers and a lot of thrills.

8:00 P. M. "Lavender and Old Lace" with Frank Munn, Tenor; Muriel Wilson, Soprano, and Gustav Haenschen's Orchestra. (Bayer's Aspirin). WABC and associated stations.
In the good old-fashioned way.

8:30 P. M. Lady Esther Serenade—Wayne King and his orchestra. Also Wednesday. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WEAF and associated stations.
How's your complexion?

8:30 P. M. Packard Cavalcade—WJZ and associated stations.
With all the improvements.

8:30 P. M. "Accordiana" with Abe Lyman's Orchestra, Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor, (Philips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
No awkward pauses to this program.

9:00 P. M. Household Musical Memories—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's Orchestra (Household Finance Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.
Corn-fed "pomes" with pleasant musical interludes.

9:00 P. M. Bing Crosby—Songs. (Woodbury Soap) WABC and associated stations.
Now the girls are happy.

9:30 P. M. Soconyland Sketches—dramatic sketch with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. WEAF and associated stations.
Another dramatic diversion.

9:30 P. M. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Josef Koestner's Orchestra (Simmons Company). WJZ and associated stations.
How the First Lady feels about things.

9:30 P. M. Richard Himber and Studebaker Champions; Joey Nash, tenor. (Studebaker Motor Corp.) WABC and associated stations.
Mr. Himber, again with a sponsor.

10:00 P. M. Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; John Barclay, Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, and others; Nat Shilkret's Orchestra. (Palmolive Soap). WEAF and associated stations.
Just what we said before.

11:15 P. M. Jack Berger and his Hotel Astor Orchestra. WEAF and network.
Broadway dances, but you can listen.

Wednesday

7:30 P. M. Irene Rich for Welch—Dramatic Sketch (Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations.
A movie star at the microphone.

8:00 P. M. Maxine, Phil Spitalny Ensemble. (Cheramy, Inc.—Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.
Watch this little gal.

8:00 P. M. Tender Leaf Tea Program—Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's Orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WEAF and associated stations.
The Baron still using his imagination.

8:30 P. M. "Everett Marshall's Broadway Vanities"—Everett Marshall, Baritone and Master of Ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, Contralto; Victor Arden's Orchestra; and guest stars (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.

(*Continued on page 60*)

Happy the Bride

WITH A LOVELY CAMAY COMPLEXION!



HAPPY THE BRIDE the sun shines on—and the bride whose complexion is as fresh as her flowers! The clear, lovely skin that comes with Camay is a charm every bride should possess!

Choose the Soap of Beautiful Women for *your* beauty soap. Before very long, your skin will feel smoother. The new clear quality of your complexion will improve your looks. For Camay's rich, creamy lather is a beauty lotion for the delicate feminine skin.

Everyone Admires
The Girl with a Lovely Skin

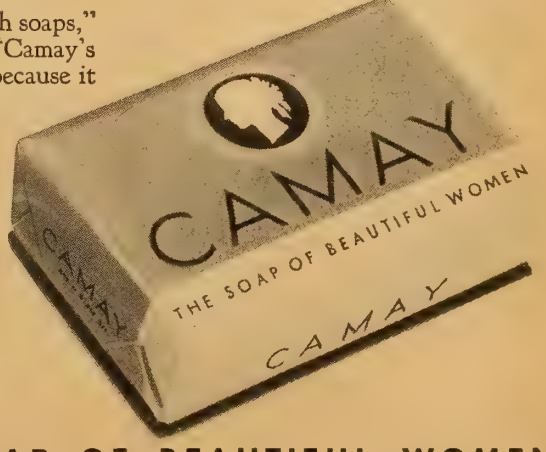
Most women would not care to take part in a Beauty Contest of the bathing-girl type. Yet every woman, whether pretty or plain, is in a daily Beauty Contest. Day after day your friends and your family judge your looks. And you're sure to win their admiration if you have a lovely, clear Camay Complexion!

"I'm very careful to avoid harsh soaps," said one lovely young bride. "Camay's lather is very gentle. I use it because it keeps my complexion so smooth and fresh-looking."

"I adore the delicate fragrance Camay has," said a sweet-looking girl of sixteen. "Camay is so refreshing in my bath."

Try Camay and convince yourself! It's such a mild, delicate beauty soap, of such generous lather, that it is almost sure to benefit your complexion. Get several cakes of Camay today. It comes in a smart green and yellow wrapper, fresh-sealed in Cellophane.

Copr. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.



CAMAY. . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW



Now! *an Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of*

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, *alive!*

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, RM-10
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

(*Continued from page 58*)

It's a pleasure to hear Mr. Marshall announcing, and singing.

9:00 P. M. TOWN HALL TONIGHT — Fred Allen, comedian; Songsmiths Quartet and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra (Bristol-Myers Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

A comedian with a real sense of humor.

9:30 P. M. THE ADVENTURES OF GRACIE —Burns & Allen (White Owl Cigar). WABC and associated stations.

As crazy as ever.

10:00 P. M. THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST. Mark Warnow's Orchestra (Grape Nuts). WABC and associated stations.

Brrrrr!

10:00 P. M. LOMBARDO-LAND featuring Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; Pat Barnes, master of ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.) WEAF and associated stations.

What more do you want?

10:00 P. M. DENNIS KING and Louis Katzman's Orchestra. (Enna-Jettick Shoes.) WJZ and associated stations.

Romance set to music.

10:30 P. M. Conoco Presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his Orchestra and John B. Kennedy (Continental Oil Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

The country's ace song-plugger in a high silk hat.

10:30 P. M. TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES' Crusade Against Crime—Dramatization. (Macfadden Publications, Inc.) WABC and associated stations.

When truth is thrilling.

Thursday

6:30 P. M. SHELL FOOTBALL PROGRAM. (Shell Eastern Petroleum Products, Inc.) Also Friday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.

Much ado about touchdowns.

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest artists. (Fleischmann Yeast). WEAF and associated stations.

Still the blue ribbon winner.

8:00 P. M. GRITS AND GRAVY—mountaineer sketch with George Gaul, Peggy Paige and Robert Strauss; Anthony Stanford, director. WJZ and associated stations.

Yo-all can't have everything.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger; Lanny Ross, tenor, Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.

Our weekly river-boat ride.

9:00 P. M. BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS. Carson Robison and his Buckaroos with a dramatic cast. (Feenamint). WABC and associated stations.

Horse sense among the hard riders.

9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Where the coyotes come out in the dark, or do they?

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL—Al Jolson, entertainer; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp.) WEAF and associated stations.

Al's in his stride now.

10:00 P. M. BORDEN'S FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD" (Borden Sales Co.) WABC and associated stations.

A free trip to the movie capital.

11:00 P. M. ERNIE HOLST and his Central Park Casino Orchestra. WJZ and network.

A newcomer who deserves a hand.

Friday

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

One of the air's sweetest voices in good company.

8:15 P. M. WALTER B. PITKIN—The Clearing House for Hope. WABC and associated stations.

"Life Begins at Forty."

8:30 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS (TRUE STORY MAGAZINE). WABC and associated stations.

A million judges for real life tales.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME — Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. Lyman taking his time.

9:00 P. M. LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.

Saxophones with a Dixie intonation.

9:00 P. M. CALIFORNIA MELODIES. Raymond Paige's Orchestra with Joan Marsh and other guest soloists. WABC and associated stations.

Dance time along the Pacific.

9:30 P. M. PICK AND PAT IN ONE NIGHT STANDS—Orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singer. WEAF and associated stations.

Just going from place to place.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Mabel Albertson, Irene Beasley, blues singer, and Roy Shield's Orchestra. (Armour Products). WJZ and associated stations.

Funny Phil with his Bottle and his Beetle.

9:30 P. M. JOHNNY GREEN—"In the Modern Manner." WABC and associated stations.

The professor at the piano.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's Orchestra (Campana Corp.) WEAF and associated stations.

The curtain rises.

10:00 P. M. THE SPOTLIGHT REVUE with Everett Marshall, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Frank Crumit and Victor Young's Orchestra. (Schlitz Beer). WABC and associated stations.

A whole flock of air stars.

10:30 P. M. THE GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor's Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. Benny with his jokes and his pals.

11:32 P. M. FREDDIE MARTIN and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Clarinets for Chanel costumes.

Saturday

7:45 P. M. MARY EASTMAN, Soprano and Concert Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

A lovely voice.

8:00 P. M. ROXY—Variety program. (Fletcher's Castoria) WABC and associated stations.

The Master Showman at the mike.

9:00 P. M. ONE MAN'S FAMILY—dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEAF and associated stations.

Just like the people next door.

10:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS; Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; the Sparkler's and Robert Armbruster's Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Crazy but entertaining.

10:15 P. M. JACK DENNY'S ORCHESTRA. WEAF and associated stations.

You've been waiting all evening for this.

10:30 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY. WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. Whiteman without benefit of sponsor.

11:30 P. M. GUY LOMBARDO and his Waldorf Astoria Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.

A pleasant good-night.

The Human Side of Edwin C. Hill

(*Continued from page 29*)

Russell, had been Speaker of the British House of Commons in 1424; and lying on the floor, of an evening, before the open fire, listening to his grandfather and grandmother tell stories of the struggles and hardships of pioneer days.

Young Edwin showed no particular professional talents in those years, and . . . possibly because it was in the blood! . . . the family took it for granted that he would become a schoolteacher, too! Towards this bright end, he attended Indiana University, and busied himself with playing baseball and cutting classes. He must have devoted himself to these pleasant pursuits with his characteristic energy, for after a few months on the diamond and outside the classrooms, he was requested to betake his presence elsewhere! Then he



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HOW IT WORKS

Noxzema's penetrating medications work deep into the pores—purge away clogged, blemish-causing poisons—leave pores *medically* pure and clean. Its balmy oils soothe and soften irritated skin. Then its ice-like astringents refine the coarsened skin texture to exquisite fineness.

Your first application will do wonders. In 8 hours—*overnight*—Noxzema will show a big improvement. Morning will show blemishes are far less noticeable. You can touch your skin and feel how much softer and finer it is!

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Noxzema is *greaseless—vanishing—stainless!* With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

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Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



BLACK AND BROWN



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



went to Butler College. And there something happened that changed his life . . . and, perhaps, ours, too.

The Professor of English at Butler used the New York *Sun* as a model of writing style. And young Hill, who had never looked on writing as anything but a special form of class-room annoyance, grew enthusiastic about the well-turned editorials, the vivid news stories, the very bigness pervading a city paper; and determined then and there to be a journalist himself! He tells you frankly that he might never have thought seriously of writing, had not that Professor brought the *Sun* before his pupils. And thus, if you don't mind poor puns, Edwin C. Hill hitched his wagon to the *Sun.*

On graduating from college, he went to work on "small town" papers, in Indianapolis and Fort Wayne. In the latter city, he even managed to attract attention to himself for his stirring story on the funeral of President Benjamin Harrison. That was all that Ed Hill was waiting for . . . some notice! Packing that Harrison story into his grip, he gave up his job and started out for New York, to get on the *Sun.*

HE arrived in New York with a hundred dollars in his pocket, and a dream of glory in his heart. He was an experienced reporter. He had written a star story. All he had to do now was to show himself. He showed himself. He walked right into the *Sun* office, and asked for a job. Then, after three and a half minutes, he walked right out on the street again. It appears that hard-boiled New York editors weren't in the least impressed with young Hoosiers, who had turned out one big story in Fort Wayne. Why didn't he try one of the other papers? No, sir! The *Sun!*

While the hundred dollars lasted, young Hill paid daily visits to the *Sun's* managing editor, to see if maybe he hadn't had a specially good night and changed his mind. But that editor must have been one of those men of granite; when he said NO, he meant it. So, pretty soon, our budding reporter started clerking in a store at nine dollars a week, and selling insurance on the side. And he didn't pay daily visits to the *Sun* office any more. He went there only four or five times a week. After a few months of that, the editor possibly got to feel that it would seem sort of unnatural around the office without that big, alert-eyed Indiana kid in the doorway, so he took him on, as a trial. Just to prove to him that he hadn't a chance; just to get rid of him once and for all. So, after some seven-hundred-and-sixty-two applications (not counting Sundays), Edwin C. Hill got on the *Sun.* He earned about ten dollars a week, and wrote thumb-nail paragraphs.

In time, Hill became star reporter for the *Sun.* His big assignments included correspondent work all over the U. S. A., in Europe, and Africa; the Bull Moose presidential campaign; the arrival of the *Carpathia,* bringing the survivors of the *Titanic,* and the first authentic word of that tragic shipwreck; the sinking of the steamboat *General Slocum,* in New York's East River; the Peace Conference with Woodrow Wilson; and interviews with Roosevelt, Taft, Lloyd George, Mussolini, Pershing, Joffre, Foch, Ivar Kreuger, Babe Ruth, Bill Tilden, and Gene Tunney. He has enjoyed close friendship with all of our country's presidents, from "Teddy" Roosevelt to Franklin D. Roosevelt. At one time, he was Production Director for Fox Films, but gave that up, after two years, to return to his first love, newspaper work and the *Sun.* He stayed in Hollywood just long enough to persuade the charming actress, Jane Gail, to become Mrs. Hill and return East with him.

Hill entered radio work by accident! During the summer of 1930, while he was fishing in the Maine woods, he got a hurry call from CBS to come down for a tryout. He said, "Nothing doing . . . the trout are biting too well!" And the matter was forgotten. Later, he did try out for radio work, and did *not* get the job. But some of the men present at that tryout remembered the vibrant voice, the genial personality, the gift of graphic description, and sent for Mr. Hill a year later, to begin his series of news broadcasts which have been one of the outstanding features of the air for over three years.

Edwin C. Hill is the sort of man you'd like. He stands six feet tall, and is broadshouldered and athletic looking. His blue eyes are keen, and take in everything at a glance; the eyes a good physician ought to have. His brown hair is just beginning to turn gray at the temples. He has an easy, kindly manner, and will go out of his way to do a person a service. His favorite sport is fly-fishing for trout, but he likes to dance, too. He smokes in moderation, doesn't drink, and doesn't care for "night life". His favorite possession is his bull terrier.

BUT now to get back to those greatest thrills of his. Mr. Hill tells you about them himself.

"The three most glamorous moments of my career are: *first,* when I saw my first story 'printed' in the *Sun.*

"*Second,* when the first copy of the first book I ever wrote was put in my hands by the publisher. It was a novel, 'The Iron Horse', about the building of the transcontinental railroad from Omaha to San Francisco.

"*Third,* when my wholly unexpected and almost accidental adventure into radio was followed by an offer from CBS to speak for them on a sustaining basis. That was a thrill, because I realized that CBS would not have made the offer if they hadn't believed that radio success and sponsors were just around the corner of time . . . and *that* meant that I was to have the opportunity of giving the people something they really wanted."

Thus, to one of America's outstanding men, "glamor" means the thrill that comes when you do a job well . . . when you put over something you've dreamed about . . . when you keep faith with your responsibilities. And, when you stop to think it over, it's a pretty good idea of glamor!

The Beautiful Stooge

(*Continued from page 22*)

Going to try it alone?"

Toby didn't answer for a moment. He was asking himself some questions. He got the answers, too, and finally he spoke.

"I've got to have a stooge," he said. First place my comedy style needs a woman playing with me. Next thing is that the client is going to expect a stooge and if there isn't one, he'll think we're holding out on him. We'll have to listen to every gal in radio and maybe we'll get one that will get by—but we'll never find one as good as Margy! Gosh. I hope she doesn't hate me too much!"

Something about Toby's tone made the professor look at him intently. It suggested a possibility that had never occurred to him before.

"Toby. You're—you're rather fond of her, aren't you?

"Uh-huh. Really nuts about the kid!"

An hour later, as he huddled over his typewriter trying to write funny lines for Toby's audition, the professor was still trying to figure out just what Toby meant when he said he was 'really nuts about the kid.'

HE straightened up from his typewriter and suddenly looked directly at himself in a mirror across the room.

"The trouble with you, Augustus" he said solemnly to his reflection, "is that at the slightest encouragement you'd be nuts about Margy yourself." But he didn't think he was in love. Then, taking a long breath, he went back to work. At three o'clock in the morning when the keys of the typewriter were blurred before his tired eyes, he took a sheet of paper from the machine and knew he'd written a great script! He didn't realize he'd written it for Margy.

Toby Malone hadn't intended to get drunk. For five hours he had sat hunched in a chair in a small control room at Consolidated listening to prospective stooges. The casting department at Consolidated, when Toby put in an emergency call for a woman to play with him, had really been busy. More than seventy young women, most of them with some sort of radio experience, had crowded into the corridor outside the studio.

When Toby saw the crowd, he was optimistic. Surely out of that assortment of voices he'd hear one that would take the place of Margy. He started listening. Out of the first ten he heard, six had done fair imitations of Gracie Allen, two gave impressions of Mary Livingstone and the tenth had tried to imitate Margy's own style.

Among the next twenty he heard, the voices ranged from suggestions of Ethel Barrymore to one girl who insisted on working in Swedish dialect.

He heard them all but he failed to find his voice. So he went out to get a drink and had four.

He met a friend from Broadway and had a couple more. Dinner followed at Le Pierrot and there was wine. After dinner, Toby kept on drinking.



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It was after ten o'clock when he happened to meet David Mason, his announcer, on the street.

By this time Toby had to have someone to talk to. He was sure that the world was against him and that his life was an utter failure. This was a strange mood for Toby, even though he was more than slightly tight.

Mason, who really liked the comedian, decided he'd better keep an eye on Toby until he could get him started toward his hotel. He agreed to have one drink.

Toby, loquacious from liquor, poured out the whole sad story to Mason in a quiet little bar not far from the studios. Mason listened and looked thoughtful.

"She slapped your face and ran out of the studio crying, eh?" he asked as Toby concluded the narrative and beckoned a waiter.

"Yesh," said Toby thickly. "Grandesh li'l girl ever came along. And I treated her like a dog. Treated her wors'n a dog 'cause I'm nacherally kin' to an'mals.

"In love with her, Toby?" Mason asked. His tone was anxious.

"Nopsh," said Toby. "Just a pal. Was just a pal. Not a pal anymore."

"I DON'T know much about women but she acted to me like she was in love," said David. He had a twinkle in his eye that Toby failed to notice.

Toby laughed drunkenly.

"Yesh," he said. "Sounds like in love with me. Socks me in the face and walks out on the act." Suddenly he sobered. "Say . . . wait a minute! Maybe . . . maybe she is in love!

Mason didn't say anything.

"That's the whole trouble," Toby declared. "She's in love. She's in love with the professor". David looked startled. "Professor is a swell guy," Toby continued, "but he ain't in love with her. Least he didn't say anything 'bout it. Say now, maybe he is. This gets more com—more com—this gets worser mixed every minute!"

The waiter hovered over the table. Mason hoped Toby's next drink would be announced as a night cap. Toby fooled him.

"Nothin' more for me," he said. "You take 'nother one, Dave. I got to keep a clear head. I think I got ever'thin' figgered out and if so I got to see some people!"

"You'd better get some sleep, Toby," Mason warned.

"I'm all right. Be sober as a judge in a little while. Always sobers me up to think and I'm thinkin'."

A little later Mason left Toby in front of his hotel. David had a feeling he had said the wrong thing. Toby walked into the lobby, waited about five minutes and then went out again. He knew he was still a little tight but he tested his stability on a straight line in the sidewalk. He could walk a straight line and so he was ready for what was ahead of him.

* * *

Margy shared a small apartment in the east Thirties with June Hillebrand, a model. June was out with the current boy friend that night and Margy, pyjama clad and her red hair rumpled, cuddled up in the apartment's one big chair and thought. Perhaps she'd been a fool. Perhaps she should have made allowances for Toby. But he had been impossible. She was sorry she had slapped him but she wasn't sorry she had left the act.

She realized, for she had learned many things during her brief radio career, that the financial rewards for legitimate radio actresses were small and that blues singers and female foils for comedians were much better known.

"But," she told herself, "I don't want to be a stooge all my life."

The buzzer sounded. Margy wondered, then saw June's key on the table. June, as usual, had forgotten it. She pressed the button that opened the front door downstairs then waited, glad that June was coming back because it meant someone to talk to.

Her ear caught footsteps on the stairs. The steps puzzled her. It wasn't June. Perhaps some other person living in the apartment house had pressed the wrong button. There was a gentle knock on the door. Margy, throwing a robe over her pyjamas, opened it.

"Good evening," said Toby Malone, and he bowed quite gracefully. Instinctively Margy started to shut the door but both Toby's feet were across the threshold.

"What do you want?" the girl asked. There was a faint aroma of alcohol about Toby.

"Margy," said Toby, speaking slowly and with remarkable clarity, "I just got to talk to you!"

Margy didn't move away from the doorway.

"If it's about helping you in your audition, there's no use talking," she said. Then, not unkindly, "I think you'd better go, Toby. You've been drinking!"

Toby ignored the suggestion.

"I've just got to talk to you Margy," he said. "It isn't just for me. It's . . . well . . . it's on account of the professor. You like him, don't you?"

"Yes," she said without hesitation. "I think he's fine. It's just too bad you aren't more like—I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that."

TOBY nodded solemnly. Then he pushed quite gently by Margy and sat down on a studio couch.

"Poor Prof," he muttered half to himself. "Brandy will do its deadly work now."

Margy looked worried.

"But he hasn't been drinking at all lately," she said. "Perhaps just an occasional high ball or cocktail."

"That was when he had hope,". Toby said, with just a touch of melodrama that wasn't noticed by the girl. "Now his career has been blasted—there's nothing left but drink. I can imagine him now. In some place, a half empty brandy bottle before him and staring with—with unseeing eyes into the bleak future."

Thought Toby to himself after this maudlin outburst: "Gosh, I'm good. Maybe I ought to get in the Studio Guild or write plays or something."

If so many things hadn't happened that day, Margy's sense of humor might have told her that Toby was trying out a new act. Instead, because of what had happened, she believed that life was mighty near a tragedy.

"Toby. He isn't drunk now?"

Toby regarded her sadly. "I don't know," he said. "I wish I did. I don't even know where he is. He . . . he's disappeared!"

At that exact moment, Professor Gus was drinking a cup of very black coffee and starting a new draft of the audition script.

"Oh. We can't let that happen. We've got to find him!"

Toby had sobered up considerably since he had left David Mason. He didn't miss any of the meaning in Margy's voice. So that's how it went. She was in love, or almost. And with the professor. Swell. Now he had it all figured out!

"No use looking for him tonight." Toby declared. I'll see him in the morning, I hope. But that won't do any good. His career as a great radio writer has been wrecked!"

"But why? You can go ahead with your audition. You can find a girl to read my lines. There are lots of them."

Toby did his best to register complete despair.

"No," he said. "There are lots of girls. But the professor says you are the only one he can write for. He's given up. Says it's hopeless."

"By the way, Toby. What will happen to you if this audition doesn't succeed?" Margy asked suddenly.

"ME?" asked Toby, trying to look nonchalant. "Oh, I'm all right. I got fifteen weeks of vaudeville waiting for me. It isn't me, Margy, that counts in this thing. It's the professor. He's the guy we have to worry about."

Toby got up, reached for his hat and moved toward the door.

"I'm sorry I bothered you," he said. "I suppose I'd better go. I won't ask you to help in the act. I can understand how you feel about that. Anyway, I guess there won't be an act. But try and be nice to the prof if you meet him. It may mean a lot. Well—goodnight, Margy!"

Toby was gone before she even had time to say goodnight. As she closed the door, a heavy tide of regret for all that had happened that day, swept over her. She started to call Toby back but hesitated too long. It was all so muddled. Toby had called her a quitter. She had forgotten herself and had behaved like a fishwife.

She was still thinking when June came in an hour later and it was an hour after that before she finally slept.

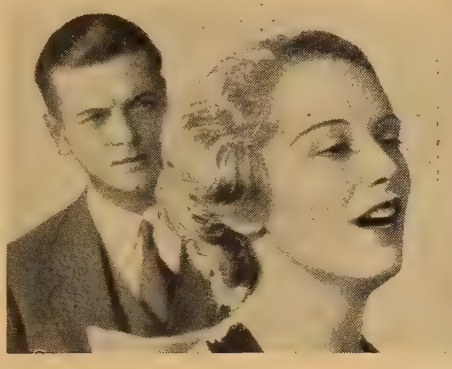
June didn't wake her when she left in the morning and it was almost eleven when the phone rang. Sleepily she answered it—

Will Margy go back to Toby and if she refuses will the professor leave the air comedian flat, too? Which one does Margy really love? There's a showdown coming in next month's concluding installment of The Beautiful Stooge.

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The Morton Downeys Are Lucky in Love

(*Continued from page* 17)

enough, but the first name is Sean, pronounced "Shawn", which, in purist Celtic means the rare old name of John.

Sean Morton Downey, then, is seated in his office on Madison avenue, while Barbara, Michael and Sean, Jr., who is twenty-one months old are cavorting on the lawn of the summer home at Greenwich, with Granddad Richard Bennett. Between violent blushes, Sean Morton Downey is talking, and telling the comedy-drama of his romance without the necessity of a single question:

"It was 32 years ago that I was born in Wallingford, Connecticut. Five years ago, I met Barbara Bennett—and began really to live. It's not my fault that I didn't meet her sooner. I'll tell you how I did meet her. For more than a year before that, I'd been wanting to catch up with this girl whom friends of mine called 'the quiet Bennett'. I'd narrowly escaped meeting her in New York; again in London, then again in Paris, and on the Riviera. Three times friends of mine asked her to parties so that I might be introduced—but each time, the elusive Barbara didn't show up.

"I GREW more and more curious to see her close-up—to meet her. That was strange because until then, I'd never thought much about any one girl before. And at last, I met her. She had eluded me as long as she could, and this was the one time when she just had to show up. Barbara was selected by the producers to be the leading lady in a picture I was doing for Pathe-RKO.

"I had heard a lot about this particular daughter of the stage and screen family. I kind of thought she'd be a nice sort. Yet, I was still a little wary about those times she had failed to attend parties. To tell the truth, I had begun to believe she was a little high-hat. Well, to tell the truth, she WAS high-hat. She looked like a debby. I asked her timidly to go to luncheon with me, and I nearly dropped dead when she said she'd be delighted. I asked her to dinner that night. She refused. I found out the next day that she was a competent actress. I fell for her right off the bat, and I saw her every day on the set. I couldn't look at her without feeling a deep flush come over my face. Every afternoon I'd repeat my invitation to take her to dinner, and then one day she floored me by saying she'd be glad to dine. It must have been the day she was good and hungry.

"She brought a girl friend with her to dinner at my house that night. Hours before she appeared, I had that sinking feeling that the pretty brunette was going to 'stand me up' again. But she came. I was playing at a night club in New York then—our picture was being made in New York. It was soon finished, and then Barbara took away my breath by telling me she was going to Palm Beach. Until the day of departure, I sent her flowers regularly, invited her to innumerable dinners, took her to the night club, where I would spend every leisure moment at a table with her—and then she went away. The world became a lonely place. But there came a delightful surprise. Barbara wasn't in Florida more than ten hours before she sent me a wire. She was coming right back to New York. I was at the station an hour before the train arrived. I threw a big party for her. That night I proposed to her. Barbara accepted me, for some reason. That was on Thursday. On the following Monday we went to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin in Saint Patrick's Cathedral and were married."

That's Morton's story of his courtship, and before Barbara, speaking from a lawn chair on the Greenwich lawn, has a word or two to say about the same subject, maybe I'd better explain a few things. That Barbara Bennett, sucessful actress, sister of two extremely high-priced actresses, and daughter of a famous Thespian, should fall in love with Morton Downey, just as he fell in love with her, is not so amazing as it sounds. Morton was not known then, as he is today, to audiences numbering millions.

"I'm not kidding," says Mr. Downey, "when I tell you that Barbara and I have decided to set up a record family. We have decided to be parents to twelve kids. No less than a dozen! I have said this many times to my friends and to writers, but nobody ever has published it because they won't take me seriously. Twelve kids, and I mean it. I'm not kidding. Emphasize that, will you?"

THE Downeys, if I may go on with the story, set up housekeeping in an apartment in New York, after their marriage. Then came the troubador's big break. He was called from London, where he had gone to play a brief engagement, to New York. William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, himself en route to England, happened during a dull moment, while aboard the liner, to turn on a graphophone, for which some friend had sent him a bunch of vocal recordings. One of them reproduced Morton Downey's voice. Paley was impressed by its microphonic qualities, and radioed back to New York, instructing his executives to find Downey and sign him up for WABC. When Paley reached London, Downey was there waiting for him, and the deal was signed. Downey went sustaining for a time, then became the star of the Camel Quarter Hour, and skyrocketed to success. He became the radio broadcasting industry's ace.

That's how the beautiful winter home of the Downeys at Rye, New York, came into being; likewise how the summer quarters at Greenwich materialized—and that's why Mr. and Mrs. Downey, parents of the singer, got a brand new home, with plenty of ground around it, in the native town of Wallingford.

Since becoming Mrs. Downey, house-

wife, Barbara Bennett has not lost any of her fame. As a matter of fact, her determination to keep out of the professional limelight and devote herself to the less spectacular duties of making her family happy, has provoked no little wonderment, and likewise has labelled her as the "Tame Bennett."

Despite the obviously ideal mating of the Downeys their life together has not been immune to trouble. Barbara Bennett is not a strong person. On the contrary she is rather fragile and delicate. Several times she has been desperately ill. Especially just before the arrival of her firstborn, did tragedy seem imminent. Twice since then, she has been near death's door. All of this has been a great source of worry to Morton, who, himself is a domesticated person, who never hits the night spots of New York, nor stays out late, unless his work demands it. He rushes home to Barbara in fair weather days with the same enthusiasm that he practically lives at her bedside when she is ill.

On numerous occasions, professional business has kept Downey in town late. Nevertheless, he will not retire without his goodnight kiss. His routine, when arriving home at Rye, or Greenwich, in the small hours, is to pause at the foot of the stairs, remove his shoes, creep slowly to Barbara's boudoir, kiss her without awakening her, and then tiptoe to his own bedroom.

Perhaps many radio listeners have been puzzled during Morton's broadcasts, to hear him whisper frequently at the end of his final song, "Goodnight, Lover!" That is a special message to Barbara. "Lover" is her pet name. She calls him "Mort."

Hot and Airy

(*Continued from page* 11)

"build-up" last winter and welcomes the opportunity to cash in on its investment.

* * *

Kate Smith's size continues to be an inspiration for the gagmen. "She'll never know lean days" cracks a paragrapher. Many a true word is spoken in jest—and nothing is truer than that reference to Kate. She has accumulated over a million dollars in a very few years, cashing in on her popularity in a big way, as the saying goes. Furthermore, Miss Smith has invested her earnings wisely and what with trust funds and one thing and another it's a certainty she'll never spend her declining days on the porch of the Actors' Fund home.

* * *

Tom Wilmot, formerly continuity writer at WCAE, Pittsburgh and occasional actor in radio sketches, will assist Parke Levy in writing the Joe Penner sketches when the duck salesman returns to the kilocycles in October. Another recruit from WCAE to the Penner program is Miss Stephanie Diamond, announcer and actress. She is a legitimate player formerly seen with Walter Hampden. Miss Diamond has been located at WCAE as a feature

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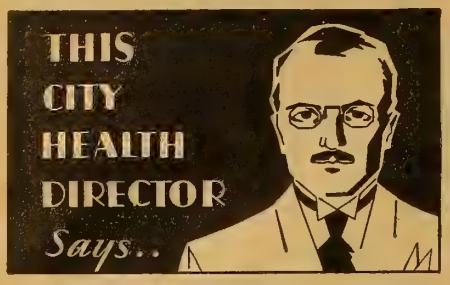
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* * *

Ed Lowry, the boisterous comic and songster, claims to know a girl anxious to become a radio artist because she can imitate a saxophone. "But her face is so full of wrinkles," says Lowry, "I think she ought to imitate an accordion!"

* * *

SAYS THE MONITOR MAN

Instead of losing weight over the summer the Sisters of the Skillet actually added to their avoirdupois. Eddie and Ralph now tip the scales at 573 pounds between them . . . Even when he sings in a night club Morton Downey thinks it a mark of distinction that he still works with his clothes on . . . Maestros seem to be embracing the "make-your-own-movies" fad. For years Rudy Vallee has been amusing himself by taking pictures with his own outfit. And now Victor Young has acquired the habit . . . The lady in Canada who gave birth to five babies certainly played havoc with announcers. The word "quintuplets" proved as difficult to pronounce as "statistics", which has been the undoing of more than one word juggler.

Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson's idol, was once a Chester Hale dancing girl . . . Uncle Bob Sherwood, of Columbia's Dixie Circus, has one of the finest collections of old circus handbills in the country . . . Paul Whiteman's contract with that cheese company for those Thursday night programs has been renewed for another year . . . Andre Kostelanetz' hobby is chemistry. He has a complete laboratory in his New York home . . . James Melton is financing a quartet of young American composers seeking to write classical songs in the American manner . . . "If God wills, a broom can shoot" is George Jessel's favorite proverb.

Betsy Ross still lives. She is a cousin of Lanny Ross . . . Dave Ross, Columbia's diction medal winning announcer, may sound all right to his army of admirers but a lady dietician insists he could improve his voice if he ate spinach! . . . Jack Benny is trying to promote a convention of radio comics. If held, according to Jack, it will be called the "Pun-American Congress" . . . Redwine is the real name of Babs Ryan, who sings with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. She is part Cherokee . . . Broadcasting since the days of the old Westinghouse studio in Newark, The Revelers will observe their thirteenth anniversary this month.

* * *

Holy mackerel, what's this? Morton Downey is quoted in the public prints as wanting to be the father of 12 children! Mercury couldn't believe it but when Morton was queried he insisted it was true. "But how about Barbara?" Mercury demanded. "She's with me 100 per cent." blithely answered Morton. "She's a true Bennett." So, maybe there's something in this story after all. You have got to admit that the record favors the Downeys. Two boys are theirs to date and the third blessed event is due soon. They are



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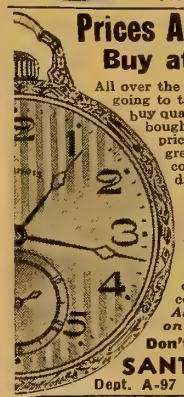
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praying it's another boy—just to confound Eddie Cantor.

* * *

Radio Row can find more boy friends for Frances Langford than Campbell has soups. She has been going places along Broadway with George Jean Nathan and notwithstanding the caustic critic is a confirmed bachelor there was a lot of talk about their association and surmises as to what it might mean. Then somebody insisted Bill Chase, captain of the University of Florida eleven, had the inside track. But now with equal insistence it is maintained Ken Dolan, business manager for the fair Frances, is the real guy. It's just one of those cases of where "you pays your money and takes your choice," in the language of the circus grifter.

* * *

Although George Givot is comparatively new to the networks, the Greek dialectician years ago was heard on a small Chicago station. He tried to break into broadcasting the same time Amos 'n' Andy, then known as Sam 'n' Henry, were struggling for recognition. Givot got the idea for the restaurant character talking to the proprietor of a Greek eatery he patronized. Incidentally, he has registered at Washington as a trademark "Acropolis No. 7", the name of his mythical resort.

BROADCAST BULLETINS

Between September 1st last and June 1st this year $50,000 was dispensed by the Voice of Experience to alleviate distress and want. Most of this sum was collected from listeners by the sale of Dr. Taylor's books and pamphlets. Four thousand and fifty needy families were financially aided. The Voice gave 248 broadcasts during that period. As each broadcast was of 15 minutes duration it figures out that he dispensed beneficences at the rate of more than a family a minute for each minute he was on the air. Truly, an amazing record.

* * *

Nino Martini, only opera singer of prominence produced by radio, has a permanent wave in his coal black hair that creates both adoration and envy in the hearts of his feminine admirers. Nino speaks French fluently, makes friends easily and could be a social lion if he didn't take his career so seriously . . . Which reminds that Martini and Johnny Green, the composer-conductor, met for the first time this summer at a cocktail party. And this despite the fact that Johnny five years ago made the arrangement for the first song sung by Nino in this country. It was for a Paramount picture . . . Frances Langford is making movie shorts for Warners.

Chicago Breezes

(*Continued from page* 51)

"HANDS"

"Hands . . . how marvelous you are! Hands . . . you are life itself. You laugh . . . cry . . . kiss . . . kill! You pen the passionate words of a lover . . . the thoughtless words of a fool. You set millions free . . . and yet with the same effort you condemn millions. What are your emotions, Hands, when you pen a farewell note 'Please Forgive' . . . then pull the trigger or empty the vial, condemning yourself to death? Hands . . . as an infant we kiss them; as a child we pat them; as age comes we caress them. Hands . . . wise nature's coworkers. 'Tis hands that perpetuate her beauty. Hands . . . they play the symphony of the universe. Thank God for hands!"

* * *

COUNTESS ALBANI

Countess Olga Albani was glad Realsilk brought her to Chicago for a guest appearance job over NBC networks. It gave her a chance to see the world's fair. And after her program was over that Sunday night she went into the next studio to watch Mme. Schumann-Heink sing. Mention was made on the air one Sunday that Schumann-Heink was celebrating her 73rd birthday. The result was beautiful birthday cards and letters from listeners all over the country.

Schumann-Heink got her American start right here in Chicago and has loved the city ever since. She sang her first American engagement in Chicago's opera just about a month before one of her sons was born. Her profile was, of course, distended, but being the motherly person she is that didn't bother her at all . . . and the audience loved her then and forever more. She's tickled her radio program Sunday nights gives her a chance to spend a whole summer in Chicago.

* * *

Sen Kaney, the old fablist of the Sunday night Realsilk shows and who also did the Amos 'n' Andy announcing while Bill Hay was on a vacation, is one of the oldest Chicagoans in radio from point of service. He's been in the business of broadcasting for eleven years.

* * *

JOKE ON BUCK

Frank Buck, whose adventures in the jungles went on the air this summer in place of the vacationing Amos 'n' Andy, tells this one on himself. . . .

Bradley Barker, the noted animal imitator, has gotten his eyeglasses back at last.

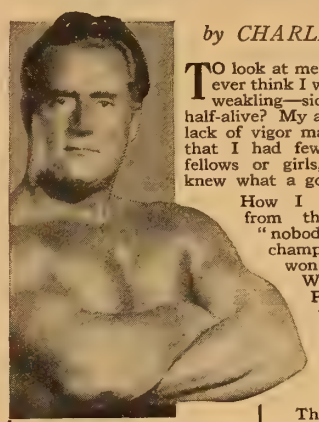
Barker was in the cast of "45 minutes in Hollywood" over CBS when the "bringer-backer-aliver" man was one of the two famous guests on the broadcast . . . And Buck walked into the studio three minutes before the program was to go on—sans his specs.

And he can't read a word without 'em. He found out he could read with Barker's specs. He knows Brad well, because in addition to cavorting on "45 Minutes in Hollywood" Barker roars and barks for Buck's movies.

So every time Buck had a line to read, he grabbed Barker's glasses. Every time Barker had a line to read, he'd get his own spectacles back. That went on for about twenty minutes.

How I Made a NEW MAN out of this Weakling

by CHARLES ATLAS



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

TO look at me now, would you ever think I was once a 97-lb. weakling—sickly, skinny, only half-alive? My awkwardness and lack of vigor made me so timid that I had few friends, either fellows or girls, and I hardly knew what a good time meant.

How I changed myself from that sort of a "nobody" into the champion who twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," is told in my new book "Everlasting Health and Strength."

This great guide has been read by thousands of other men. I'm willing to send YOU a copy FREE! This valuable book brings you the true story of how I discovered *Dynamic Tension*—an amazingly simple, *natural* way to put layers of smooth, powerful muscle over every inch of your body! And *at my risk* I'm ready to give you proof in JUST 7 DAYS that I can make YOU a NEW MAN!

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Buck's part was finished first and he calmly wandered out of the studio—wearing Bradley Barker's glasses. Barker remembered his own last few lines of the script, or there might have been serious consequences. As it was, Barker had another pair of eyeglasses at his home.

The other day Buck called up Barker. "I've finally found out whose glasses I've been wearing for several days, Brad", he said. "I'll return them just as soon as I can get over to your office."

A few minutes later, the man who brings back wild cargo such as pythons, lions, tigers and the like, walked into Barker's office blandly carrying a little envelope containing one pair of glasses.

* * *

Gene and Charlie, the Chicago WBBM harmony team, were separated the other day for the first time in many a moon . . . but love is like that. You see, Gene's wife was coming home from California and he wanted to fly out to Kansas City to escort her in. Mrs. Gene is better known as Donna Damarel, or even better as Marge of Myrt and Marge. The girls come back to Columbia soon but will be on at 10 o'clock beginning Oct. 1. As you probably knew Myrt is Marge's mother.

* * *

HENRY SELINGER

Henry Selinger, veteran radio and advertising executive, is the new manager of the Central Division NBC Artist's Service, in charge of program and talent sales. For twelve years Mr. Selinger has been engaged in conceiving and building commercially successful radio programs.

He came to radio in 1922 after gaining a valuable groundwork in showmanship as a distinguished musician and conductor. He was violinist with such organizations as the Chicago and Minneapolis symphony orchestras and conductor-violinist with leading theatre units and the Gordon String Quartet.

After two years at WDAP, Mr. Selinger in 1924 was appointed program manager and later manager of station WGN. There he introduced to the air and successfully merchandised such popular programs as Clara, Lu 'n' Em. Little Orphan Annie, Sisters of the Skillet, and Lum and Abner. He brought Correl and Gosden to the air for the first time, and originated the plan of merchandising premiums through radio programs.

In 1931 Mr. Selinger was appointed manager of the radio department of Lord and Thomas, where he handled such outstanding programs as Amos 'n' Andy, the Goldbergs, Gene and Glenn, the Palmolive hour and Floyd Gibbons' Adventurers Club.

* * *

CAREFUL

Buddy Rogers has been very careful about signing autographs at College Inn this summer. One night last season while autograph hunters crowded around him with menus, papers and other things for him to sign one wise guy slipped him a folded up insurance policy.

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Meet Radio's Craziest Star

(*Continued from page 15*)

It was 1928 before he became a musical comedy star, and he's been one ever since. It was in that year that he appeared in "Rain or Shine", following four or five seasons in the Carroll revues. The production kept him employed between Broadway and the road for two solid years, and ended by making him a movie star in the film version. Since then, of course, "Fine and Dandy" and "Hold Your Horses" have come and gone.

But although fame came, and fortune followed when Joe began to fool around with that imitation of those four fictitious Hawaiians, he still retains something of the early days both in manner and appearance. Indeed, his geographical background might be deduced by some modern Sherlock Holmes simply from a glance at his apparel. The $200 suits, of course, bespeak New York. But there's an omnipresent cap, instead of a hat, which may be a throwback to Chicago days. And the unshined shoes and—honestly—the galluses, date back to the banks of the Wabash.

His superstitions smack of the theatre, but there's something of the country boy in the way he blushes, and likewise in his addiction to side street shooting galleries where he dotes on slipping in and knocking off a few rounds of rifle practice. He's a little nutty about wheels. First it was roller skates, then bicycles, later motor-cycles, and as the bankroll grew, automobiles and motor boats. From skates to boats he gives 'em all hard wear. Incidentally, he was among the first white men ever to play a ukelele, although the nearest he ever came to seeing an honest-to-goodness Hawaiian was when he caught an Hawaiian act in vaudeville, and later found that Buddy De Sylva was one of the natives!

From the original three dollars weekly, his stipend has increased to a thousand times that sum, for Joe is now recognized as, perhaps, the most versatile of all American performers. He can juggle with either hands or feet. He's really the young man on the flying trapeze. He's a crack-shot from a slack-wire. He can balance on a ball. Plays all sorts of musical instruments. Shines as a magician, and, incidentally, as a short-change artist! He can do a clog or an acrobatic dance with equal ease. And is an adept at thinking up strange and goofy inventions that roll sophisticate audiences in theatre aisles in paroxysms of hysterical hilarity.

Now that Joe is a radio star, he declares he's off inventions, unless it be one that can bring him the reactions created by his microphone clowning from the other ends of the ether-waves. For Cook likes radio, he likes being head-man at the broadcasting house-party. And like every good host, he wants the company to have a good time. With the dignity of the National Broadcasting Company draping his shoulders like a mantle, a casual introduction to the cut-up might leave the impression of a serious minded young man trying to get along. And this fictitious idea might continue unless you were invited to spend a week-end with him at his country place on Lake Hopatcong. After that you'd know he's screwy.

Back-stage in his dressing room, Joe has a dozen or so signs, which warn the visitor that there's to be no smoking. One admonition reads simply, "No Smoking." A second says: "Positively No Smoking". Another gets sterner with "POSITIVELY No Smoking". And the largest of all is a "No Smoking" sign in twenty-six languages including the Scandinavian. The topper to this one is that Joe doesn't give a damn whether you smoke or not.

The comedian's favorite beverage is beer. And even in the good, old, pre-Repeal days he managed to get his brew. Indeed, he carried a trunk-full of amber bottles among the props of his show wherever it toured. But when an engagement came along to play in London, Joe gave instructions that the beer trunk was to be emptied. After all, no use carrying coal to Newcastle, or beer to Britain. So what? So this.

The instructions were forgotten in the back-stage rush, and when the English Customs Officers inspected Joe's forty or fifty trunks, the first they opened was one full of beer bottles! Aha! a smuggler! A beer smuggler! And not only did Joe pay the price, but every one of the other thirty-nine or forty-nine trunks were opened by the Law and searched to the last tray! It took, they say, days and days. And that, Joe declares, is one of the many reasons why he doesn't imitate four Hawaiians! But he still likes beer. And he can still think up a new gag.

Dialing the Short Waves

(*Continued from page 49*)

from Monday, when the hurricane struck, until Thursday, when the first telegraph line went back into service, they were the sole link between Palm Beach and the rest of civilization.

Nor were they safe in the firehouse. The part of the building in which they were working began to give way to the fury of the storm. But did they quit? Not they! Ralph and Forest simply took the transmitter apart and moved it to another section of the building which hadn't begun to totter yet, and kept right on sending their signals.

And what was their reward? Simply a message of commendation from General Gibbs, chief signal officer of the United States Army, complimenting them on their splendid service to their city.

You think such things happen only once in a lifetime? Then ask George



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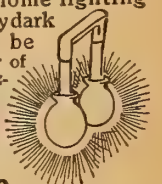
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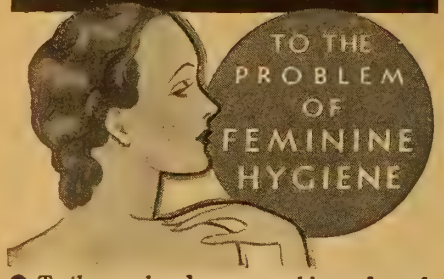
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I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face . . . unloved . . . discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 71, Chicago.

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P. Ludlam of the NBC script department, who handles the QST broadcasts which the network puts on the air to honor the amateurs who have made their hobby a benefit to their fellowman. Ludlam, besides being an enthusiastic listener, has collected a tremendous file of such stories of ham heroism. Here's another!

Five-year-old Henry Leaf of Lazy Bay on Kodiak Island off the coast of Alaska was stricken with appendicitis. His father, the game warden there, was frantic, for there were no doctors on the island and no hospital nearer than Anchorage, Alaska, some four hundred miles away.

But there was an amateur radio operator, with a transmitter tucked away in the barren snows.

Henry's father went to this "ham"—told him that his boy was dying—would die unless he had medical attention. That some way help must be secured. The ham, whose name doesn't appear in the story, snapped into action. He went on the air—sent out a general call and got in touch with another amateur, Ed Stevens, of Seattle, Washington.

The Alaskan described Henry's symptoms to Ed, who promptly called a doctor friend of his. The medico diagnosed the disease from the description sent through the air. He said that the only hope for Henry lay in getting him to a hospital.

But four hundred miles over ice and snow is no easy journey for a sick kid. Henry might be dead long before he could be carried to Anchorage. Still Ed stayed on the job. He got in touch with the Army, whose officials wired the hospital.

There a pilot and a doctor jumped into a plane and flew to the little house on Lazy Bay. The doctor had come prepared to operate. In Henry's own room, the operation was performed and the life of a little child was saved by the daring of an aviator, the skill of a surgeon and the quick-wittedness of a radio operator.

And do you remember when the earthquake wrecked Santiago de Cuba on February 3, 1932? That's the day that Alberto Ravelo, owner and operator of CM8BY became a hero.

About midnight Ravelo and his wife were awakened by their room shaking. They got up and ran out as part of their $20,000 house collapsed behind them. But, when it was light enough to see, Ravelo crept back in, salvaged his transmitter and set it up in the yard. He was nearly killed by a falling wall in the process, but he finally went on the air and succeeded in reaching another ham, Bill Greer, of the United States Navy, stationed at Guantanamo Bay. Bill's station was CM8YB.

Ravelo was the only means of communication between his town and the rest of the world, and it was through him that destroyers came, bearing supplies for the stricken city.

Radio once found a missing man in just about no time at all, too.

When Charles Fredericks died, his widow, out in California had no money

ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE ORIGINAL LANE TRANSLATION . . . $2.98

A De Luxe Edition



WHAT lover of rare, beautiful and exotic books has not longed to own The Arabian Nights as translated from the Arabic by Edward William Lane?

Who, having read them, can ever forget these astonishing stories of lion-hearted heroes and their madly loved ladies? Of silken-clad beauties who turn from the murmuring of amorous verses to the devising of diabolical tortures for erring lovers! Where but in the Orient could love blossom so tenderly or distil so maddening a perfume? Only the passion and imagination of the Oriental could conjure up these stories of love and hate, poison and steel, intrigue, treachery and black magic.

For many years after Edward William Lane completed his famous translation from the original Arabic that placed the Arabian Nights among the great literary achievements of all time, it was published as an elaborate set of volumes, priced at $60.00 and upward. Thousands of institutions, collectors and individuals of affluence purchased it, but at that price it was out of the reach of uncounted thousands who had heard of its magnificence and who wished ardently to read it. It was not, however, until comparatively recently that an enterprising publisher succeeded in securing the necessary rights to enable him to publish the entire contents of the original set in one great, magnificent volume—and what a volume it is! How widely, wonderfully, gloriously different from the simple children's volume which so long passed current as The Arabian Nights.

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It is printed on fine quality paper in beautifully clear type, luxuriously cloth bound in black and red and gold—124 Oriental tales, 1260 pages, rich in the lure and thrill, fire and passion of the mysterious East. Complete, with a wealth of translator's notes on Oriental life, customs, magic and other alluring subjects, the Economy Educational League has been extremely fortunate in securing a limited number of copies upon a basis which permits us to offer it to our customers at the amazingly low price of $2.98, postpaid—a credit to any collection of beautiful and exotic books. Order today before the supply is exhausted. You risk nothing for if this great volume, which weighs over three pounds, fails to come fully up to your expectations, you can return it for immediate refund of your money.

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and no known relatives except a brother, Henry Caldwell, who was last heard of twenty years ago, when he was in the signal corps of the army.

But three hams, Maurice Koll, W6DTX, E. F. Shelton, W6ECC, and Ralph Gordon, heard of Mrs. Fredericks' plight and sent out a call for Caldwell. They contacted all signal corps posts on the off chance that he might still be in the army.

And their hunch was right! The first query on Caldwell was sent out January 27. On February 4, Mrs. Fredericks received an airmail letter—with a check—from her long lost brother, who was still in the army, and was now stationed all the way across America from her, on Governor's Island, in New York harbor. Another reunion via short waves.

There are dozens of other examples of radio rescues, but I have purposely avoided telling you about the more usual ones—the calls from the ships sinking at sea—the dozen and one rather commonplace emergencies that call for radio transmission. Here you have read a few of the innumerable odd ways in which radio, and more especially short wave radio, has stepped into the breach in time of emergency.

Who can tell, the next time you turn on your short wave set you may hear a Dana, a Hollis, a de Vinna, a Johnson or a Ravelo. Calls of this sort go out at any time of the day or night.

And, when the emergency comes, will *you* be ready to help?

My Husband's a Perfect Host

(*Continued from page* 31)

had an open air roof. We sat in the back and held hands like school children, and while the grateful darkness covered my confusion and blushes, Jack proposed.

Every night during our brief courtship I dined at the Astor while Jack wooed me with tender music, sending messages through song titles, and then we would slip across the street to the movie theatre, and while romance flitted across the silver screen, ours blossomed and bloomed in the back row under the stars. (By the way, Jack's theme song bears the name "Under the Stars" and the title had its inception from our nightly visits to the open-air roof of Loew's New York Theatre).

And then we were married! Just five simple words—but to me they have meant happiness and a vista of years of future happiness. Imagine how any girl would feel, who had worshiped some screen or radio star, as unattainable and desirable as a god on Mt. Olympus, to awake one day and find that her idol had stepped off his pedestal in reality very human—and all the more lovable because of it.

I wonder if any bride can ever forget her first week of housekeeping—especially if she knows as little of it as I did. I had never learned to cook, but I was sure that any child could prepare a breakfast. Well, perhaps any child can, but after the first morning, it was apparent I couldn't. The coffee was terrible! I managed to get the eggs fried, but in transferring them from pan to plate, I broke them and the yolks made a messy yellow splotch. The bacon, instead of being crisp, was burnt to a crisp, and the crowning catastrophe occurred when the toast burned while Jack kissed me over the breakfast table. Jack consoled me, and I imagine stopped in a restaurant for breakfast on his way to town. After three mornings, he suggested gently and tactfully that he prepare breakfast. Jack is a wonderful cook and takes great pride in his culinary achievements.

During the day, when he was rehearsing his orchestra, I rehearsed recipes culled from all the cook-books I could procure; but somehow dishes never came out of pan or oven as the books said they would and I soon gave it up and left whatever cooking we did at home to Jack.

A short time after our marriage, Jack's band moved from the Astor to the old Frivolity Club and he made his first broadcast from there. I refused to come to the club to watch the program, but stayed home to listen. As a matter of fact, I have never in all the years Jack has been on the air, attended a broadcast. At first it was nervousness, but as I grew accustomed to the radio and learned more about it, I realized that it is impossible to get an accurate impression of what music really sounds like in a studio. I prefer to stay home and listen from my arm-chair, where radio programs can be heard as they are meant to be heard.

In time, my arm-chair listening proved of invaluable help to Jack. I have never been a professional musician, but I studied the piano for years and have a pretty thorough knowledge of music. I would report to Jack what other orchestras were doing. We would discuss each broadcast and I would tell him what I thought about the balance of tone. I got so that I could even tell when he had a new control engineer. We plan his programs together and he asks me if he ought to rearrange the instruments to get better effects—placing strings here and winds there or vice-versa. (Of course, Jack never uses brass except on his commercial programs and I've always approved his no-brass policy).

I call for Jack every night wherever he happens to be playing. We drive home and make a bee-line for our radio. (We have a splendid one which Ted Husing had built specially for us). We spend an hour or two before going to bed tuning in on short-wave broadcasts. We've been quite successful too. England, France, Russia, Germany and Mexico are every-night occurrences, but occasionally we tune in on some obscure place like Japan or Australia and we chalk up another red-letter day.

Jack loves nothing better than to go into the kitchen or get out his chafing-dish and concoct, palate-teasing delica-

(*Continued on page* 76)



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FAMOUS PERSONS CONTEST

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER

IF you can recognize features belonging to a notable personality among the composite pictures below, by all means enter True Story Magazine's big cash prize contest right now! You still have time to win. You may even earn the $500.00 cash First Prize. To make it easy for you to get into this game, True Story reprints on this page the complete rules of the game as well as the second set of pictures. This makes it possible to begin your entry right now. Read the rules carefully and then get to work. When you have these composites correctly reassembled and identified put them aside to hold until the contest ends. Now you will need the first set of pictures to bring your entry up to date. You can obtain these pictures without charge. The official contest page in October True Story tells where and how. Consult it today.

SET No. 2



NAME.....

.....



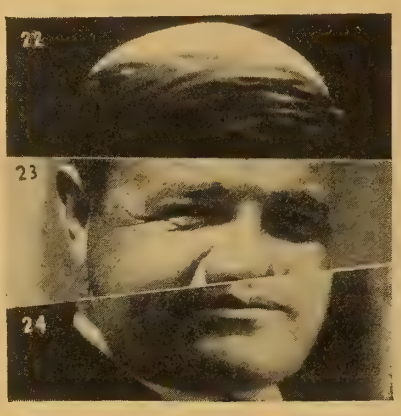
NAME.....

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NAME.....

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NAME.....

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THE PRIZES

First Prize.....	$ 500.00
Second Prize.....	200.00
Third Prize.....	100.00
20 Prizes, Each $10.00..	200.00
200 Prizes, Each $5.00..	1,000.00
Total 223 Prizes.....	$2,000.00

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months TRUE STORY will publish a set of composite pictures of famous personalities.

2. Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly assembled, named, and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits TRUE STORY will award $2,000.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.

5. Below each portrait write the name of the person it represents.

6. When your entry is complete, send it by First Class Mail to FAMOUS PERSONS EDITOR, TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, November 15, 1934, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

TRUE

TRUE STORY AWARDS A NEW PRIZE AUTOMOBILE

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SPOILERS OF WOMEN



WELL-DRESSED, free-spending, clothed with the magnetic glamour of outlawry, a new race of men bids for the companionship of America's daughters—and the bid is successful in tragically many instances. For modern gangsters, hard-living despoilers of all things legitimate, to whom flouting all civil laws is a casual matter, think little of flouting the time-tried laws of social order.

Take the case of pretty Janet Nydahl, sister of a staff physician in a large metropolitan hospital. It was while she was calling on her brother at the institution that Tony Spavoni, gang chief, saw her—and continued to stare. Dr. Nydahl expected difficulties as he noted the tableau but, alarmed though he was, even he could not foresee the drama, the tragedy, the inescapable bitterness that would result from Spavoni's uncontrollable fascination. The doctor's tremendous story of the case beginning in October True Story is at once a gripping account of real-life drama and a warning to the nation. Don't fail to read the opening episode in this fast moving epic of the clash of two worlds today.

THE CRASHING CLIMAX OF NORMA MILLEN'S SELF-TOLD TRAGEDY

"I DARE to write about my intimate moments with him. I loved him. I had married him. He had made me his wife legally. But I learned that night that I must accept my husband's embraces as a sister, not as a bride!"

Thus Norma Millen opens her heart and tells the story of her astounding marriage in October True Story. From her cell in the Massachusetts penal institution where she awaits sentence, having been found guilty as an accessory after the crime for which her husband has been condemned to be electrocuted, her personal story of her bizarre career comes direct to you.

If ever a young girl lived stark drama, that has been Norma Millen's lot. A child of divorce, wooed by a man she met at a beach, persuaded to elope against her father's orders, driver of a crime car, fugitive about the country, witness to her gangster husband's capture during gun-play in the crowded lobby of a hotel in midtown Manhattan, her brief years have been in grotesque contrast to the sheltered life of the girls in your own family. Yet for all its seeming unreality her story is written into the records of a sovereign state. Only Norma herself, however, can reveal her deepest thoughts and bare the various motives through which she became involved in the toils of the law. True Story Magazine presents her thought-provoking story just as she wants you to know it. Read it in the October issue today.

STORY

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For Just One Moment of Folly
The Self I Left Behind Me
And I Didn't Want to Marry Her
No Man Should Live Alone
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Under Cover of Marriage
The Girl Who Loved to Dance
A Soul in Prison
Afraid to Wed
Nine Special Features
The True Story Homemaker with Eight Helpful Articles

OVER COLUMBIA SYSTEM EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT



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DIAMOND SHOP
Dept. 1802 Kansas City, Mo.

(*Continued from page 73*)

cies. What does he serve? Oh, anything that comes into his head—often he makes up new dishes as he goes along, but here is a typical light Sunday snack: Canapes with cocktails for those who drink. Jack never does; Spaghetti Bolognese, Salad Fantaisie, coffee and ice-cream.

For the rest of the evening, we play cards, talk and play with Buddy. Buddy is the third and most important member of our family. He is a grandson of Rin-Tin-Tin, and the cleverest police-dog I have ever seen. He is just eight years old and as dear to us as a child.

All do pretty much as we please. There is only one important prohibition—no one is permitted to talk "shop." Every time one of us mentions radio or anything connected with it, he or she is fined a nickel. The fines are used for bridge prizes and occasionally some wily bridge-hound deliberately violates the rule in the hope of swelling the sum. Anyway it's all in fun and we have a grand time being "just folks."

In the Stars' Kitchens

(*Continued from page 47*)

pan for about eighteen minutes in a moderate oven.

This Scotch Broth for your dinner was suggested for you by Walter O'Keefe.

Scotch Broth

3 pounds neck mutton
2 quarts cold water
2 tablespoons salt
Carrots
Onions
4 stalks celery
4 tablespoons barley, soaked overnight

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth, and remove the skin and fat. Cut into small pieces, put into pot with the water. Heat slowly to boiling point, skim, and cook two hours. Add vegetables after first hour. The amount of carrots and onions depending on size. Strain, cool, and remove any fat. Reheat to boiling point add barley, and cook until barley is soft.

Harry Richman, you tell us is one of your favorite radio stars, and his Stuffed Peppers will become one of your favored foods.

Stuffed Peppers

6 green peppers
½ cup walnuts
1 onion
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon butter, melted
½ cup bread crumbs
½ cup milk
Pepper

Select broad peppers that will stand on end, and easy to serve. Cut off the top, remove seeds and parboil for fifteen minutes. Stuff with the ingredients given above that have been mixed together. Bake for twenty minutes in hot oven, and baste often with hot water.

IF YOU WANT

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- **Your Own Business**



Substantially bound —146 pages of priceless information.

More than 3,000,000 people are now making their living in various kinds of spare time activity, according to W. R. Conkling, nationally known business authority.

Most of these 3,000,000 people took to spare time work because they lost their jobs in industry and could find nothing else to do. From the ranks of the unemployed have been recruited not only factory workers but people from the professions; lawyers, teachers, doctors, journalists, etc. Earnings now often exceed what they were when they were employed full time.

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"1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" contains 1000 true reports of what many people are actually doing now to earn extra money at home. The plans have been tried repeatedly. They have proven practical, successful, and profitable. They are recommended to all those who are interested in augmenting their present incomes; also to all victims of the recent economic depression—women who want to bolster up the family budget—men and women beyond middle age and dependent upon others—recent college graduates not yet placed—and all who must earn money.

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"1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" also contains several hundred practical plans on how to start your own business at home with little or no investment. Why not start your own business and be independent? When you work for yourself there is no limit to the money you can earn. And you need not give up your job if employed. Start your business in spare time at home evenings. When you have built up a good business, you can leave your job and enjoy the pleasure and that care free feeling that comes with being your own boss.

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Written to fill an immediate and pressing need, "1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" is now available to everyone needing it. No matter what your state or condition, age or sex, it will offer you many suggestions which you may turn quickly into money. It has been priced so as to be within the reach of all. $1.00 postpaid in the United States and Canada. Order today before the supply is exhausted.

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I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of 1000 Money Making Ideas. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove entirely satisfactory. (Enclose $1.25 from countries other than U. S. and Canada.)

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

Nothing Ever Happens to Ramona

(*Continued from page 33*)

that grand of him? That compliment meant more to me than I could ever tell you.

"And O, the funniest thing happened not long ago. I happened to be tuned in on Rudy Vallee one night while I was dressing; suddenly I heard him launch into a very long and laudatory speech about me and the fact that he was going to re-introduce 'To The Beat of My Heart' *Ramona's* way. You see, he had played it much too fast its first time on the air, I thought, so I cornered him over at NBC one day and tried to show him my interpretation as I felt it—just as musician to musician, you understand. He was swell about it and when he said such nice things concerning me while I happened to be listening I just went around grinning for a week. I consider a tribute from Rudy a real tribute.

"So it goes. But the biggest thrill of my life is an everyday one. It's working with Paul, Peggy Healy and the boys in the orchestra. They're the peachiest gang you can imagine and I mention Peggy especially because we're inseparable friends. I just adore her and have ever since I played for her first audition—she was so scared and cute. Hasn't the girl got talent, though?

"All of us like playing a night spot. I've made so many very good friends that way. They come and sit near the piano or maybe I join them at their tables for a while. When we're playing for dancing and when we're broadcasting I'm happiest.

"Too, the *tempo furioso* of life in New York suits me to perfection. The noise, the eternal hurry and the crowds, I find, are a potent stimulant. But even here in this big old city nothing unusual ever happens to me—I just work and live, that's all. Where do other girls get the kick out of life that I miss? The big important thrills? Of course I'm not complaining for I've lots to make me happy—a cunning apartment at the Beaux Arts, a lot of friends, a dressmaker who is the very particular joy of my life (she used to design for Mrs. Whiteman when she was Hollywood's Margaret Livingston)—so many things. The only thing I can't seem to rate is a vacation. I've not had one in six years but when I get it I'm going to Bermuda and just *park!* The things I hear about that place fascinate me; maybe something adventurous and exciting will happen to me there, who knows?

Ramona.

Thousands of clapping hands when she appears in person. Millions of ears attuned when she's on the air. Premiere pianiste for one of the world's greatest orchestras and as if that were not enough possessor of a voice whose uniquely beautiful blend is that of indigo and honeysuckle. Romance in her very fingertips. A storybook existence. The pinnacle of success in her work. Wealth. And most of all such a swell girl that everybody loves her.

"And O guess what!" All starry-eyed and little girlish she finishes in an almost whisper, "Somebody's been sending me orchids every night now for six months. No card. I've no idea whom they're from."

'Course not, Ramona. Nothing *ever* happens to you! At least that's your story but we know better.

What Is Father Coughlin's Future in Radio?

(*Continued from page 9*)

loyalty of the learned as well as the allegiance of untutored masses.

It is generally known that certain prelates of his own church have insisted he should confine himself to preaching the teachings of the religion to which he has pledged himself and should leave worldly matters to laymen. But Father Coughlin maintains he cannot call himself a shepherd and not guide his flocks. He insists that the gospel is not intended for a ten-minute sermon on the seventh day without any relation to the lives men live on the six other days of the week. His is a religion of practical application to government and personal life and he maintains that he cannot preach empty words of theory without attempting to prove that spiritual teachings and doctrines are applicable to temporal matters.

There was a period in his radio career when it was agreed that he had the most far-reaching influence, excepting President Roosevelt, of any man in the United States. His activities against banking conditions in Detroit first indicated his individual power. Then his defense of the President against the violent campaign that was attempted by certain moneyed interests brought home the realization that this man who in a year had risen from the obscurity of a small parish in Detroit to a national defender was a power. The serious consideration given his testimony at the Congressional investigation hearings was almost unprecedented.

For several seasons he has maintained his radio hour on the contributions sent to his church by people of every faith. The Coughlin broadcast period is the only program sponsored and paid for by the listeners-in. There were many who said he could have devoted the money to better use. But that attitude is inconsistent because the thousands and thousands whose dollars and quarters made Father Coughlin's radio work possible were the best judges of whether they wanted to hear him or not. If there were not a popular demand for his broadcasts, the money would not have been forthcoming.

Since he left his weekly air spot in the summer, many believe he has lost some of his tremendous influence, that

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A new Remington Portable. Carrying case *free*. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, pay only 10c a day. Write, Say: How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10c a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 184-10 Buffalo, N. Y.

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"LAST NIGHT I came home with great news!"



"I'd TELEPHONED Nora that I had a surprise for her and she could hardly wait for me to get home. You should have seen her face when I told her the Boss had given me a $25 increase in salary.

" 'It's wonderful,' she said, 'just wonderful! Now we can pay some of those bills that have been worrying us and even put a little in the bank each week.

" 'Remember the night we saw that coupon and you decided to take up an I. C. S. course? It made a new man of you, Bob. We certainly owe a lot to the International Correspondence Schools.' "

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way?

Don't let another precious hour pass before you find out what the I. C. S. can do for you. It doesn't cost you a penny or obligate you in any way to ask for full particulars, but that one simple little act may be the means of changing your entire life.

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"The Universal University" **Box 2269-C, Scranton, Penna.**

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, **"Who Wins and Why,"** and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X:

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☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Patternmaker ☐ Machinist
☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
☐ Heat Treatment of Metals
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Highway Engineering
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Gas Engines ☐ Toolmaker
☐ Diesel Engines
☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Bridge Engineer
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Plumbing ☐ Steam Fitting
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☐ Sanitary Engineer
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Name.....Age.....

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he was a vogue which is passing and that he could never again assume to the place he held with millions of people. That, also is very doubtful. He is a controversial leader who must always take a definite side on any new issue which arouses his fighting spirit and he has the faculty for inspiring the crowds to ardent support or indignant opposition.

If he had been on the air these past two months, one wonders what part he would have taken in the west coast strike and those in the middle-west. He is pledged to help the working man but he is bitterly opposed to communistic influences. He has battled strongly against socialism and he would probably have broadcast some very vital statements to the communists who were involved in the San Francisco general strike. One wonders, too, what he would have had to say to Herr Hitler these past few months.

Even if one is at odds with Father Coughlin's convictions, it must be admitted that his sermons were impressive, that they were never wild statements which he did not back with statistics and records and while he has been provocative to his opposition, he has never been a speaker of idle words.

If a vote were put to his listening public what would the result be? Would there still be the insistent demand for him to continue in the role of crusader? Would he be asked to take up the fight again and what would his own answer be? It all depends on Father Coughlin. Knowing his history and his record up to this year it is impossible to believe that he would ever be happily reconciled to a church career that did not include active participation in temporal issues that are continually arising to challenge the knowledge and effort of such a priest as he. He is not a rebel in his own faith. He has the interested support of his immediate superiors and the admiration of many prelates in the Catholic church. He has never gone out of bounds, even though he has brought down denunciation from individuals who were at variance with his views.

Do the readers of this magazine want Father Coughlin to take up his fight again? Or are they satisfied to have him retire to his own parish and confine his activities to the post which his church assigned to him? Radio Mirror would like to get the opinions of its thousands of readers on the subject. If you think Father Coughlin belongs to the people who have so ardently supported him and that his only medium is radio broadcasting, then write a letter to the editor. If you think his place is in his own pulpit and that he should not resume his controversial part in public events, write that, too. Such a representative written opinion will be an important cross-section of the country's attitude toward this fighting priest of the airways.

Puck in the Poets' Corner

(*Continued from page 37*)

in drinking afternoon tea, and for getting along with temperamental ladies.

A little later he had a job as salesman in a New York department store, which operated a radio station. One day he was watching a broadcast and overheard the program director bewailing the fact that one of the acts had failed to show up. Dave volunteered to fill in with some poetry readings and the desperate director put him on the air without preparation or rehearsal.

Two weeks later he was given a job as staff announcer, staying there for two years, until, in 1927, he joined the newly organized Columbia Broadcasting System. He's been on the CBS continuously ever since—longer than any of their other announcers.

He still retains his ability to go on the air in an emergency, even when totally unprepared. Some time ago the network was to broadcast a round-up of humorists—O. Soglow, Will Cuppy, Ogden Nash and Milt Gross. At the last minute a wire came from Gross, regretting his inability to appear. The program had been carefully timed, and his absence would leave an aching void of minutes.

So Dave volunteered to read Gross' script. "What!" chorused the astonished officials, "a Gold Medal Announcer who can talk Yiddish dialect! Preposterous!"

But Dave picked up the script and went into it—while the officials went into convulsions.

For Dave has the gift of tongues. He can do a good job on Greek, Italian and French dialect as well as Yiddish. In fact, he tries out two or three of them before every broadcast in which he takes part, for when he steps up to the microphone to make the customary voice-level test, he substitutes, "Hey, Tony! How's-a dees wan?" and similar queries for the more conventional "one-two-three-four-hello-hello" customarily employed.

He also uses his trick dialects when hitch-hiking, for thumbing rides is another of his day-off amusements. The man who stops and gives Ross a ride is amply rewarded with anecdotes, for Dave sometimes pretends to be an Italian shoemaker, who is very proud that his daughter is about to marry an ex-bootlegger, or he may enact the role of a Greek restaurant owner who is upset because the board of health won't let him keep a couple of goats in his cellar, or almost anything else that comes into his fertile mind.

That, and riding on ferryboats are his two favorite everyday pursuits. On odd occasions he likes to play football, tennis and baseball. He's a good tennis player, and a fair quarterback and pitcher. He likes to tell you that he has played against Al Schact; it was in the old days and in the Bronx.

But, when Dave wants a taste of Heaven, he takes a ride in a speedboat. It was just a few days ago that he tried it for the first time, when a friend took him out for a spin on Lake Hopatcong. He gets poetic when he talks about it, and his whole expressive face lights up with enthusiasm as he leans forward in his chair and grabs you by the arm for added emphasis.

"It was marvelous!" he says. "The lift and swoop. Like a seagull. You seem to have no body. It's the most wonderful sensation in the world. I can't describe it——"

Another of his delights is to sing the good, old Rabelaisian ballads—songs that would burn up your loud speaker and turn your ears a bright crimson if they ever went over the air. He and Bing Crosby get together on these during rehearsal and have a swell time. Mostly they sing old sea chanties—which haven't very much tune, but have plenty of rhythm and deal with such subjects as the infidelities of the First Mate's wife, the adventures of a sailor who got lost in the Sultan's harem, and so forth. Bing and Dave vie to see which of them can arouse the greatest enthusiasm in the members of the orchestra. Bing has the better delivery, but Dave knows more words.

Another of his amusements is "double-talking", which is nothing at all like double-dealing. Sid Garry is known as one of the foremost exponents of the art, which consists of inserting some unintelligible sounds into an otherwise rational statement.

Once when Sid was at the station rehearsing, Dave said, "Mr. Garry, if you would stand a little closer to the microphone, you wouldn't defotherailery. Don't you think so?"

"Huh?" said Mr. Garry. "What was that? I didn't catch it."

"I just said you would sound better if you'd cronahojik. Try it and see if I'm not right."

Garry burst out laughing and exclaimed, "Here's a man that double-talked me and made me fall for it. Boy, you're good!"

Dave ought to be good. He used to use it on his English prof at college, when he didn't know the answer to a question. It enabled him to keep stalling until the professor got tired of trying to make out what he was saying. Finally the prof got hep to it—and flunked Dave at the end of the term.

This, then is David Ross, the fellow whose name has become a synonym for suavity and dignity. But it is a side of his many-faceted personality that is known only to his most intimate friends. Now that you have entered the charmed circle of the People Who Know David, you may have a more completely rounded picture of him. For now you know that besides being a good announcer, David Ross is darned good fun.

SHE'S FROM MISSOURI!

And you've got to show Gladys Swarthout, this beautiful, talented singer who came from opera to radio and who will tell you all about her home life and her career NEXT MONTH!

A Columbus Day Dinner

(*Continued from page* 48)

strips of buttered toast, or whole wheat crackers.

PLANKED SHAD

Clean and split the shad, putting skin side down on the buttered plank, season with salt and pepper, and brush over with melted butter. Broil under gas flame. Garnish with parsley, and thin slices of lemon.

DUCHESS POTATOES

2 cups potatoes, riced
4 tablespoons butter
Salt
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten

Add butter, salt, and egg yolks to the potatoes, and beat. Shape around the edge of plank with a pastry bag. Brush over with a beaten egg that has been diluted with a little water to brown nicely in the oven.

BUTTERED BEETS AND LIMA BEANS

Arrange inside of the potatoes alternately on the plank portions of buttered beets and lima beans.

APPLE PIE

Place pie paste over plate, sprinkle a little flour and sugar mixed together over the paste. Fill with about one quart of apples that have been peeled, cored, and sliced. Sprinkle over these about one third cup of sugar, one half teaspoon salt, a little cinnamon, and dot with pieces of butter. Cut a few slits in the top layer of pie paste, brush over lightly with milk, and bake in 450° F. oven for forty-five minutes, reducing heat to 375° F. last fifteen minutes of baking.

Broadcasting Finds Its Most Thrilling Female Voice

(*Continued from page* 13)

Miss Menken develops out of phrases and sentences thoughts and impressions in perfect sequence.

Most stage actresses look at radio as an interlude. Screen stars accept air engagements as so much extra money for little effort. With Helen Menken, it's different. She has air ambitions which she frankly admits. Not that she ever expects to desert the footlights nor that she would scorn a lucrative Hollywood offer, but she has definite ideas of long years that could stretch before her at the microphone. It's one field, she believes that holds possibilities for an actress as long as her voice lasts, and that's as long as the spark of life is lighted in her.

Miss Menken has tremendous air ambitions. She would like to organize a Theater Guild of the Radio and present such vehicles as have made footlight history for that organization on the stage. She believes that people all over the country, whether they're in big towns, or in isolated regions, can appreciate the really worthwhile in ether stage craft whether it's conventionally pitched or planned for what is called higher theatrical tastes. And because she believes so firmly that radio has a future for her and such stars as she, that she would sacrifice New York theater engagements and Hollywood contracts for radio appearances. She says that in all her brilliant career she has never had the sensational feeling of satisfaction, reaching so many people and so many diverse tastes as that which accompanied her radio debut.

"Radio is so young" she believes. "It's what the stage was to people long before our time and the movies were to the optimistic believer twenty-five years ago. People like us can find our place and grow up with this new entertainment medium which is beyond the possibilities any stage director ever dreamed or any star hoped for."

Perhaps it is this firm conviction that she has found her real medium which gave Miss Menken the complete assurance that characterized her every difficult microphone appearance. At any rate, her efforts were so convincingly successful her reception was unanimous and radio editors, public and officials feel she is a definite acquisition to broadcasting.

Miss Menken is so much the pliable character she assumes for her radio work it is not difficult to understand her "mike" success. She is not conventionally beautiful. She is young in years but her voice is matured beyond her age and she can, with so much conviction, portray the mature woman or the ingenue that one immediately recognizes in her voice the difficult ability to turn herself, vocally, into whatever part she essays.

AS the successful actress, her record speaks for itself. She is one of those real children of the theater whose footlights career started at the rompers age and which continued to bud and bloom into roles of young womanhood which were worthy of her talents and which, fortunately, found a merited recognition on Broadway. As a girl in her teens she played the coveted part in "7th Heaven" which immediately stamped her an important star of the theater.

She is, essentially, the person she seems on the air. Piercing dark brown eyes, light red curly hair, a flexible wide mouth that shows straight wide teeth, distinguish a small white face on this young woman who at first glance might be considered frail. She has that something in her voice which makes the most conventional statement of hers seem vital. She has a delightful sense of humor and a friendliness in her manner which makes you feel warm toward her at once. She's almost unconscious of her genius, and minimizes her accomplishments, which is a relief from the attitude of most successful actresses.



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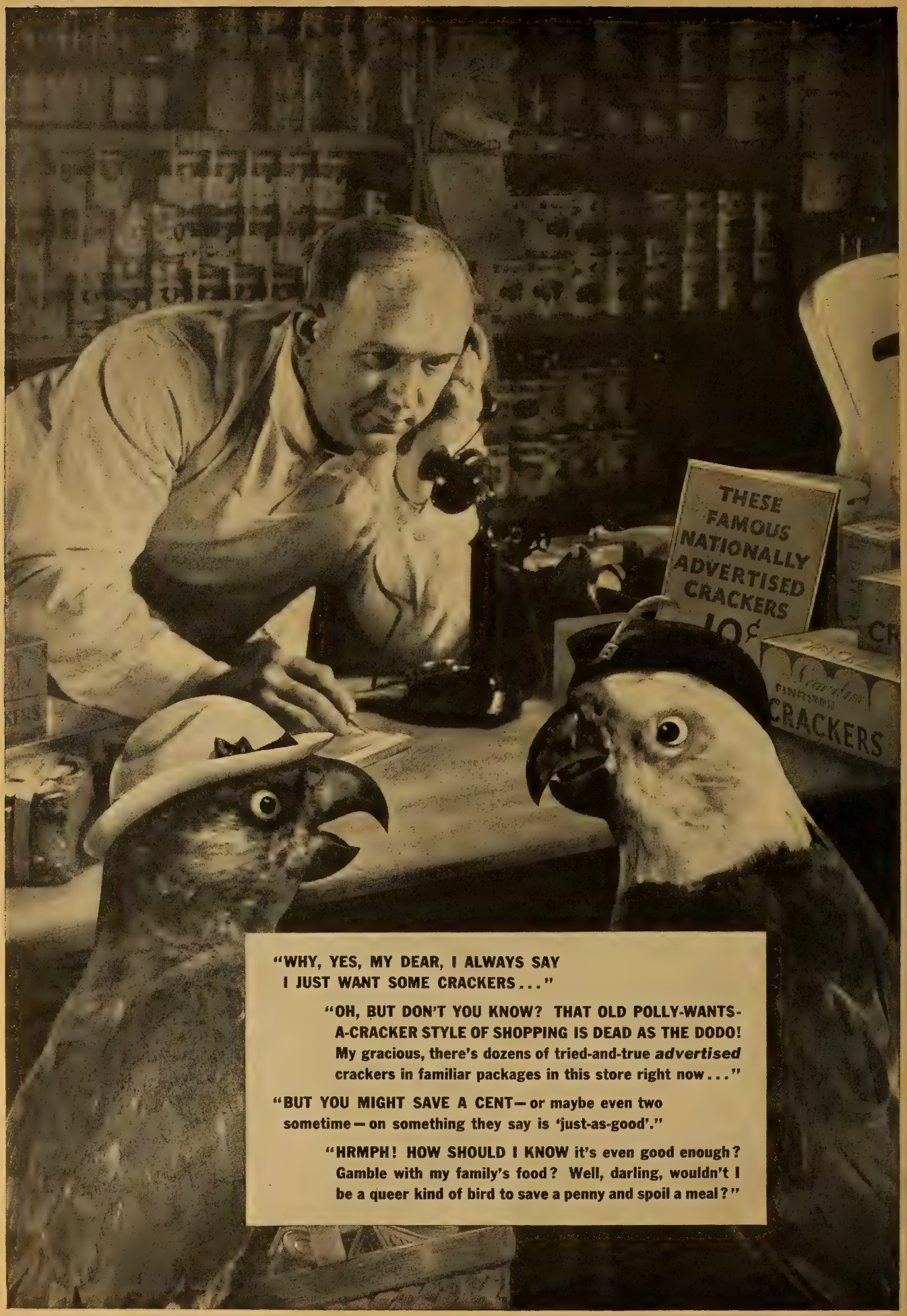
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